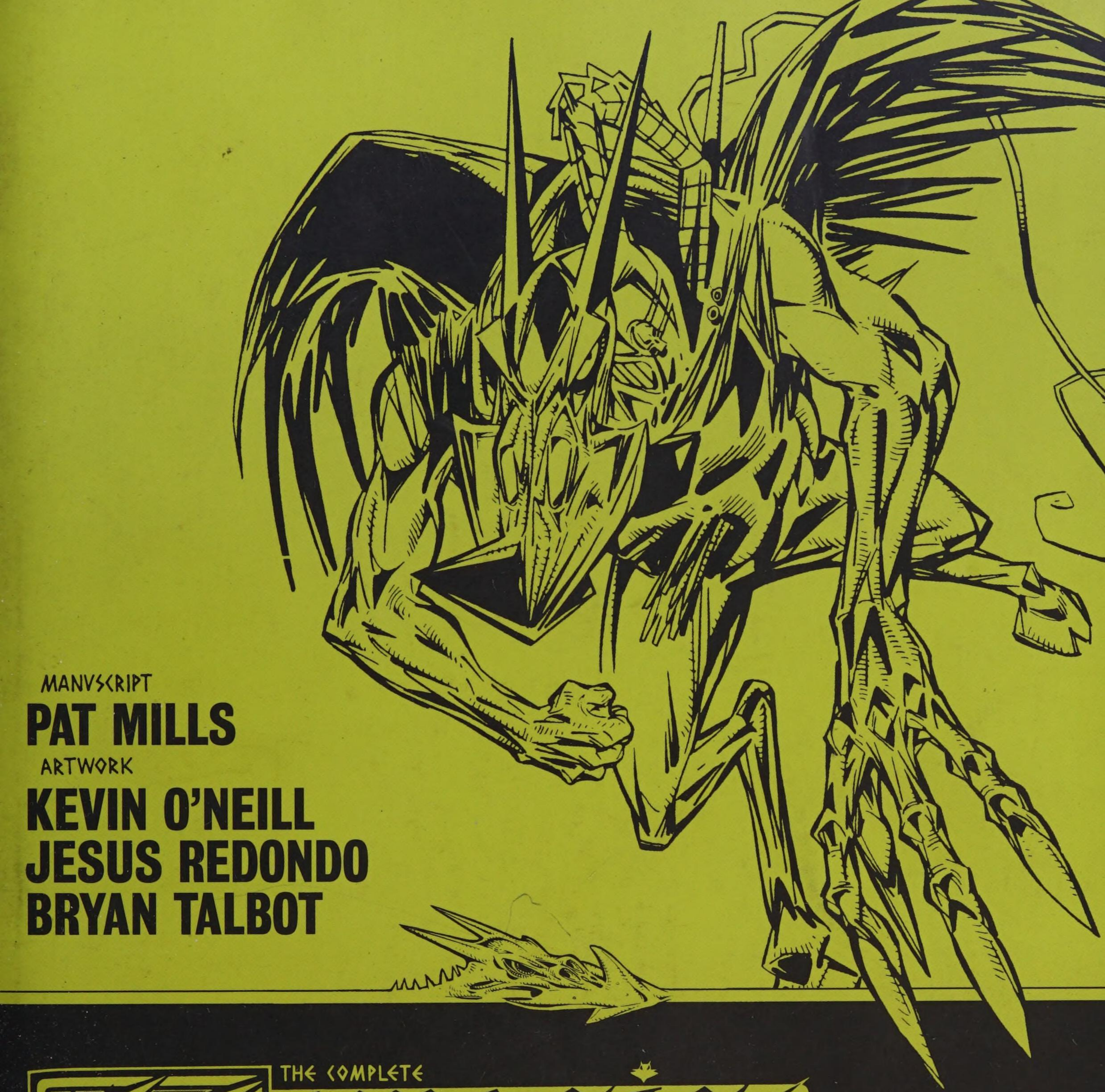

MANVSCRIPT

PAT MILLS

ARTWORK

KEVIN O'NEILL

JESUS REDONDO

BRYAN TALBOT

THE COMPLETE

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

VOLUME 1 ✦ BOOKS 1-4

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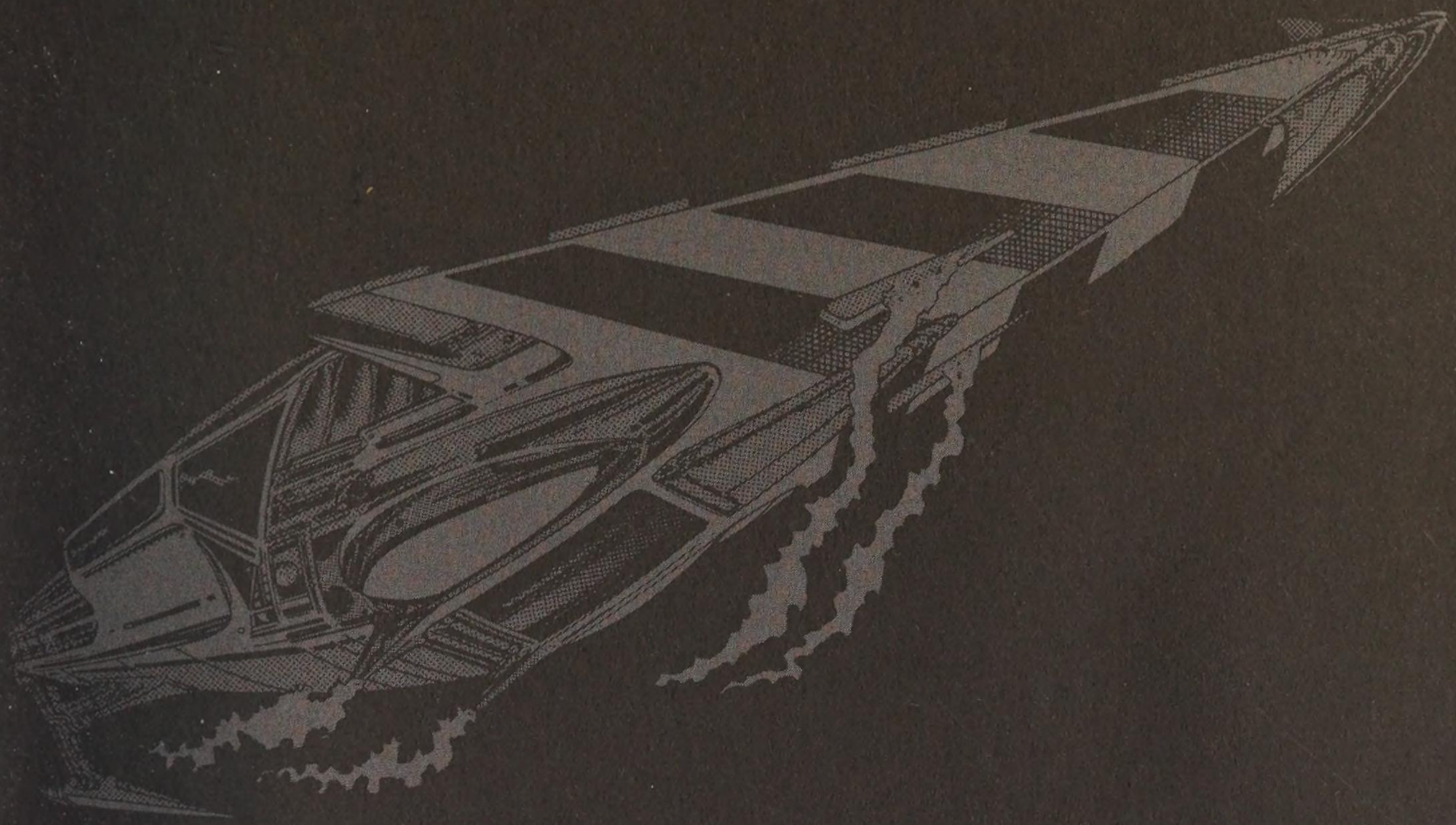
NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

VOLUME 1 ✦ BOOKS 1-4

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK CREATED BY PAT MILLS AND KEVIN O'NEILL



INTRODUCTION

Nemesis was created as a response to censorship on another story Kevin O'Neill and I produced. We had previously dreamed up a science-fiction tube system in *Ro-Busters* which the Managing Editor objected to as too weird and complicated. Frustrated by his negativity and determined to prove him wrong, we devised the one-off story *Terror Tube*. Like much of my early *2000 AD* work, this story was influenced by the French magazine *Metal Hurlant*. I liked the way the French would come up with crazy 'throwaway' worlds and plots; it reminded me of some of the wilder rock videos and, hence, the musical references in the early *Nemesis* stories. With *Terror Tube* and the tales that followed, Kevin and I were 'comic jamming' – writing and drawing the wildest stories we could think of, deliberately avoiding the traditional comic approach.

Terror Tube went down a storm, but many of the readers – used to conventional stories – just wanted more of the same. So when we sought to do something strange and different each time, rather than build on the initial success of 'Terror Tube', this did not find favour with them. Consequently our next tale, 'Killer Watt', which deliberately showed an even more insane travel system, was not so well received. Refusing to bow to convention, Kevin then drew the wildest idea of all: Nemesis visiting a steam punk fantasy world. He deserves all the credit for this – all I did was make sense of it story-wise, but I regard his Victorian imagery here as surpassing anything I have seen anywhere in science fiction art before or since. Steam-driven roller skates! Zeppelin propelled shoes! Flying hansom cabs! The fact that his pages of visual genius are rarely, if ever, mentioned in comicdom astounds me; especially as he has since produced the Victorian fantasy *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*.

I was blown away by those pages but I said to Kevin that Nemesis would implode under the weight of trying to combine crazy inventions with the conventional hero approach the readers were demanding. We had to revisit some of our early ideas before we went any further and so our jamming days were over. As a result, Kevin's steam punk pages now comprise the opening sequence of what became *Nemesis: The Gothic Empire*. The fourth book in this volume.

Meanwhile, we continued to go as far as we dared on what became Book One. For example, we produced a rare non-action episode featuring the Warlock's Great Uncle Baal. Once again the negative reaction of readers confirmed that we had to stick to convention. However, they did highly rate Olric's Quest which appears at the end of this book. There, at least, they appreciated our Pythonesque story of the courageous Olric. And I personally relished its – er – homage to Michael Moorcock which I felt was long overdue, given his comments about *2000 AD* in *The Guardian* when I launched the comic.

Despite my gripes on what might have been in *Nemesis*, the readers loved what was. Notably the character of Torquemada. Torquemada was based on a monk at my school who rejoiced in the dubious title 'Prefect of Discipline'. This same 'Brother' was also the inspiration for my version of Judge Dredd. Undoubtedly writing Torquemada was a catharsis for my schooldays where I once witnessed him in over-arm thrashing mode, his black robes flapping, taking a high-speed, spin-bowler run-up before literally hurling himself at a bent-over young boy whom he reduced to sobbing blubber. His religious zeal also inspired the Grand Master's catchphrase "Be Pure! Be Vigilant! Behave!" which became so well known it ended up as graffiti on the Berlin Wall. But it was the hypocrisy of this supposedly 'holy' individual which fascinated me the most as you will see in the tales of Torquemada that follows. With such a hypocritical villain, who else but a demon – Nemesis – could be the hero?

Pat Mills,
August 2006

TERROR TUBE

Manuscript: Pat Mills
Artwork: Kevin O'Neill
Illumination: Steve Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 167

Comic Book

TERMIGHT! CAPITAL PLANET OF A CRUEL GALACTIC EMPIRE... ABOVE GROUND IT IS A STRANGE, DESOLATE WORLD... DEVASTATED BY NUCLEAR WARS— WHERE ONLY A FEW POOR **OVERLANDERS** GRUB A LIVING. BUT BENEATH THE SURFACE...

Story suggested by
THE JAM'S
GOING UNDERGROUND

HOLD ON! WE'RE **GOING UNDERGROUND!**

O'NEILL

TERROR TUBE

TERMIGHT TEEMS WITH LIFE! THE PLANET HAS BEEN **HOLLOWED OUT** INTO AN AMAZING NETWORK OF **TRAVEL TUBES** AND **UNDERGROUND CITIES!**

HEY, YOU **OVERLANDERS!** SHIFT THAT **CRATE!** THIS IS THE "SUPER-JUGGERNAUT" LANE!

WEEKEND TRIPPERS! YA MEANT TO DRIVE ON THE **CEILING!**

SORREEE!

WELCOME TO THE **TRAVEL TUBE,** FRIENDS! THE MOST ADVANCED ROAD SYSTEM IN THE GALAXY!

CAN'T WE GO BACK, MABELINE? I-I'M JUST A SIMPLE, OLD-FASHIONED **OVERLANDER!** I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS NEW-FANGLED TRAVEL TUBE!

DON'T SHOW YER **IGNORANCE,** ELMER! WE'RE GOING TO VISIT OUR DAUGHTER DOWN IN **NECROPOLIS!** TAKE HER SOME OF MA HOME-MADE SYNTHI-COOKIES!

AND NOW, FRIENDS, IF YOU CAN HEAR ME ABOVE THE GENTLE THUNDER OF THE JUGGERNAUTS, IT'S **TRAFFIC NEWS TIME!**

ELMER! GET **THE MAP** OUT! HURRY!

Y-YES, MABELINE!

MICHELIN **TUBE GUIDE**
VISIT THE BLACK HOLE
TERMIGHT TUNNELS
DINSDALE DRAINS
ROUTE 66
COME

GULP!

THERE'S BEEN ANOTHER **MAJOR ROAD ACCIDENT** NEAR THE JUNCTION OF **"INQUEST ALLEY"** WITH **"RIGOR MORTIS ROUNDABOUT"...!**

... DRIVERS HEADING FOR **NECROPOLIS** SHOULD TAKE AN ALTERNATIVE ROUTE DOWN **"AUTOPSY UNDERPASS"**— REFERENCE TR666/75T/F18/M16B!

POLIS 10M
COM 500M

ELMER! **ELMER!** CAN YOU FIND IT ON THE MAP?

I-I **THINK** SO, MABELINE!

AND NOW, FRIENDS— AN ***URGENT POLICE MESSAGE!*** FROM THE MAN WHO HAS MADE TERMIGHT WHAT IT IS TODAY! YOUR FRIENDLY GUARDIAN OF LAW AND ORDER! ***CHIEF OF THE TUBE POLICE!*** COME IN... ***TORQUEMADA!***

HELLO!

TORQUEMADA *SPEAKS FROM HIS OFFICIAL* ***GUNDOLA...***

BRETHREN! I HAVE BEEN INFORMED THAT ***NEMESIS*** — THE SO-CALLED FREEDOM FIGHTER — IS GOING TO BREAK OUR MOST SACRED TRAFFIC LAWS ***AGAIN*** TODAY!

I WARN YOU..! DO ***NOT*** HELP THIS DEVIANT! THIS ***ROAD HOG!*** THIS ***MOVING ACCIDENT BLACK SPOT!*** OR YOUR ***PUNISHMENT*** WILL BE ***SEVERE*** — PROBABLY ***FATAL!***

MY OUTRIDERS— ***THE TERMINATORS*** — ARE WATCHING AT ALL TIMES! SO... BE PURE! BE VIGILANT! ***BEHAVE!***

A ***TUBE-TUMBRIL,*** *WITH A CARGO OF* ***CONDEMNED PRISONERS,*** *HEADS TOWARDS THE VAPOURISATION-VATS...*

:KOFF!:

NO SIGN OF ***NEMESIS!*** WE SHOULD GET THESE PRISONERS TO THE VATS OKAY!

BUT IN AN INSPECTION TUNNEL IN THE TUBE WALL, A SINISTER SHAPE LIES IN WAIT... ***NEMESIS!***

NEMESIS! *LEADER OF* ***CREDO,*** *THE UNDERGROUND RESISTANCE ORGANISATION SWORN TO* ***DESTROY*** *THE TYRANNY OF TERMIGHT! **CREDO!** IT MEANS...* ***"BELIEVE"!***

GUNNING HIS ENGINES, NEMESIS THRUSTS HIS FAMOUS ***BLITZSPEAR*** *FORWARD!*

2000 A.D. Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
P. MILLS

ART ROBOT
K. O'NEILL

LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU-73E

THE **BLITZSPEAR** SMASHES THROUGH THE TUMBRIL— SLICING IT IN HALF!

ROAD RAMMER!

BLACK ALERT! IT'S **NEMESIS** HIMSELF!

CREDO!

HUNDREDS OF CONDEMNED PRISONERS FLEE INTO THE TUNNEL...

GET NEMESIS! **SMEAR HIM** ON THE WALL!

AAAGBGH!

SAVED!

CREDO AND NEMESIS BE PRAISED! WE ARE **SAVED!**

SECONDS LATER **TORQUEMADA** ARRIVES— USING A "POLICE ONLY" RAMP CONNECTING TUBE LEVELS...

MABELINE! THE GR-GROUND'S OPENING! A FUNNY LOOKING CAR'S COMING UP!

SCREECH!

DEATH TO THE ROAD HOG!

FORWARD, MY BROTHERS!

TORQUEMADA SNARLS AN ORDER TO HIS **HEAD TERMINATOR...**

NEMESIS HAS MADE US LOOK A **LAUGHING STOCK** AGAIN! HE HAS BEEN A THORN IN OUR FLESH FOR TOO LONG! **KILL** HIM! **BEFORE** HE REACHES THE **BLACKHOLE BYPASS!**

PEDESTRIANS ONLY

HE CANNOT GET AWAY THIS TIME! I'LL TAKE HIM ON **CREMATION CORNER!**

BUT THE **BLITZSPEAR** SMASHES THROUGH A CRASH BARRIER!

LOOK! IT'S NEMESIS!

THE REBEL'S GOING INTO **THE CITY...**

NO ENTRY

PLUNGE PLAZA

P

...I'M GOING AFTER HIM!

GEE! I'D LIKE TO BE A TERMINATOR WHEN I GROW UP, DAD!

HUSH, CHILD—OR YOU MAY NEVER GROW UP!

REVVING HIS POWER-PONTOONS, THE TERMINATOR SOARS THROUGH THE AIR—

NOW, NEMESIS—YOUR TIME HAS COME!

DIE, DEVIANT!

BUT THE RESISTANCE LEADER SLAMS ON HIS RETRO-SKIDS—

CAFE

EAT

OP

CREDO!

SKREECH!

SIZE 13

SIZE 13

NO

THE OTHER TERMINATORS CONTINUE THE PURSUIT—

AFTER HIM!

WHERE'S HE GOING?

HOLD IT! I'VE JUST REALISED! IT'S THE MAIN VENTILATION SHAFT..!

DANGER

AAAAAAAA!

...:"DEATH DRAIN"!

AS THE BLITZSPEAR DROPS DOWN TOWARDS THE **BLACKHOLE BY-PASS**, IT IS SPOTTED BY ONE OF THE **WATCH-TOWERS** OVERLOOKING THE BYPASS...

KEEP LEFT

HAVE A GOOD DROP

NEMESIS!

AAAAAAA!

PLUNGE PLATEAU

THE BLACKHOLE BYPASS!

ATTENTION ALL WATCHTOWERS! NEMESIS IS ESCAPING! ACTIVATE **RACK BEAMS**...!

INSIDE THE TOWERS, TUBE POLICE CONTROL THE BYPASS— RAISING AND LOWERING ROADS— TIPPING TRAFFIC INTO THE BLACKHOLE, WHICH SPINS WITH INCREDIBLE CENTRIFUGAL SPEED, HURLING CARS DOWN IT!

...NOW!

Credo!

BEAMS LANCE OUT FROM THE TOWERS AND FIND AND **HOLD** THE BLITZSPEAR!

WE'VE CAUGHT HIM AT LAST!

NOW— FULL POWER! **RIP** HIM APART! LET THE PEOPLE SEE THEIR HERO **BLEED**! LET HIM DIE **ON THE RACK**!

AN ORDINARY MAN COULD NOT HAVE SURVIVED THE TORTURE! BUT NEMESIS IS NO ORDINARY MAN! HE SLAMS THE BLITZSPEAR INTO **OVER-DRIVE**!

THE **RACK BEAMS** SWING CRAZILY TOWARDS EACH OTHER AND NOW IT IS **THE WATCH-TOWERS** THAT ARE TORN APART!

NO! IT-IT'S IMPOSSIBLE... AAAGGGGH!

HAVE A GOOD DROP

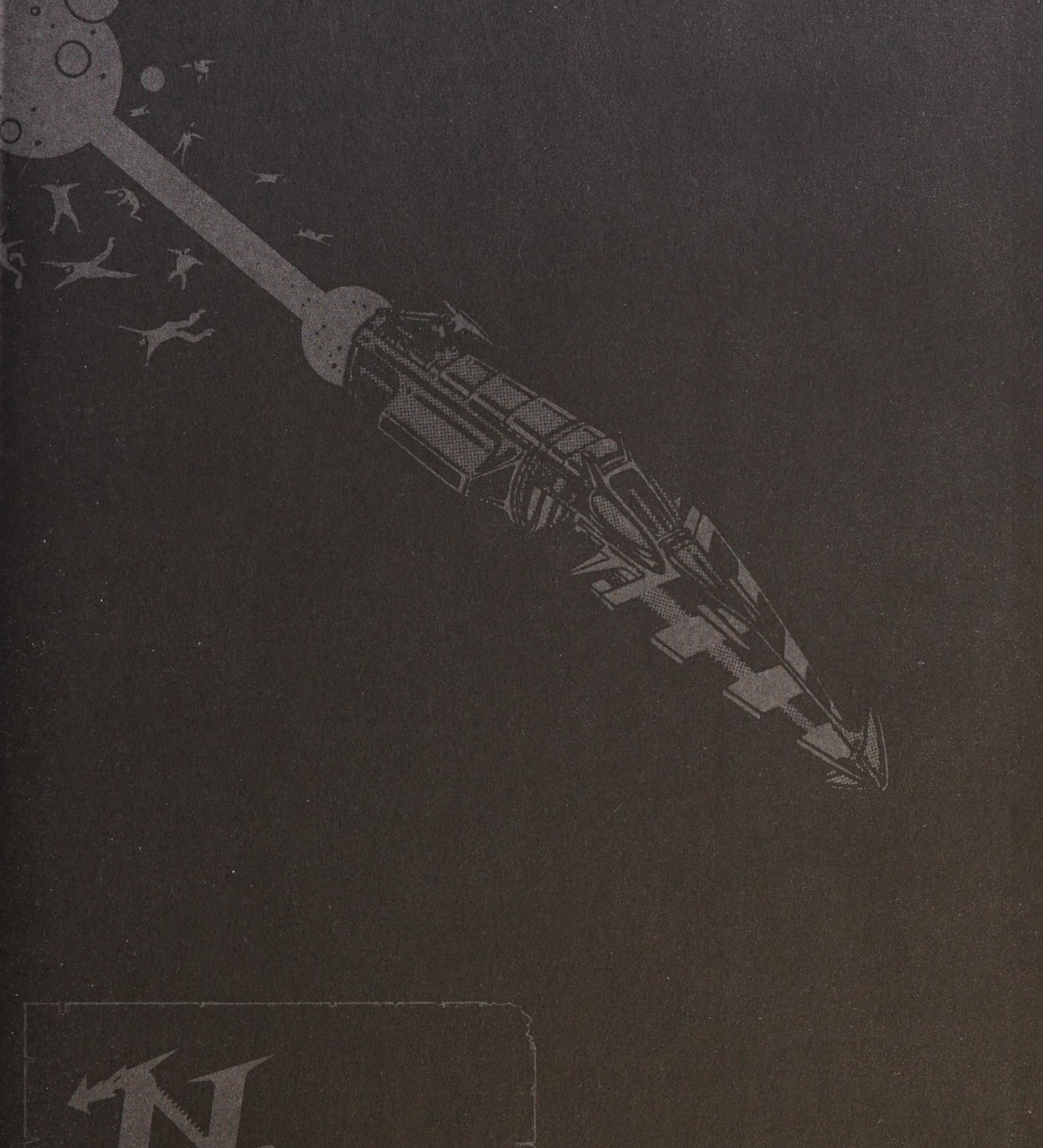
NEMESIS DRIVES DOWN THE BYPASS FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF LIGHT AND EMERGES **AMONGST THE STARS**! FOR THIS IS AN ARTIFICIAL BLACK HOLE— MAN'S SHORT-CUT TO THE GALAXY! FROM IT TERMIGHT MIGHTY TERRA HAS CONTROLLED A THOUSAND PLANETS

CREDO!

Er... I think I've taken a **wrong turning**, Mabeline!

NEMESIS MAKES GOOD HIS ESCAPE BUT HE WILL RETURN TO STRIKE ANOTHER BLOW AGAINST THE FORCES OF TERRA

THE END.



KILLER WATT

Manuscript: Pat Mills
Artwork: Kevin O'Neill
Illumination: Tony Jacob

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 178-179

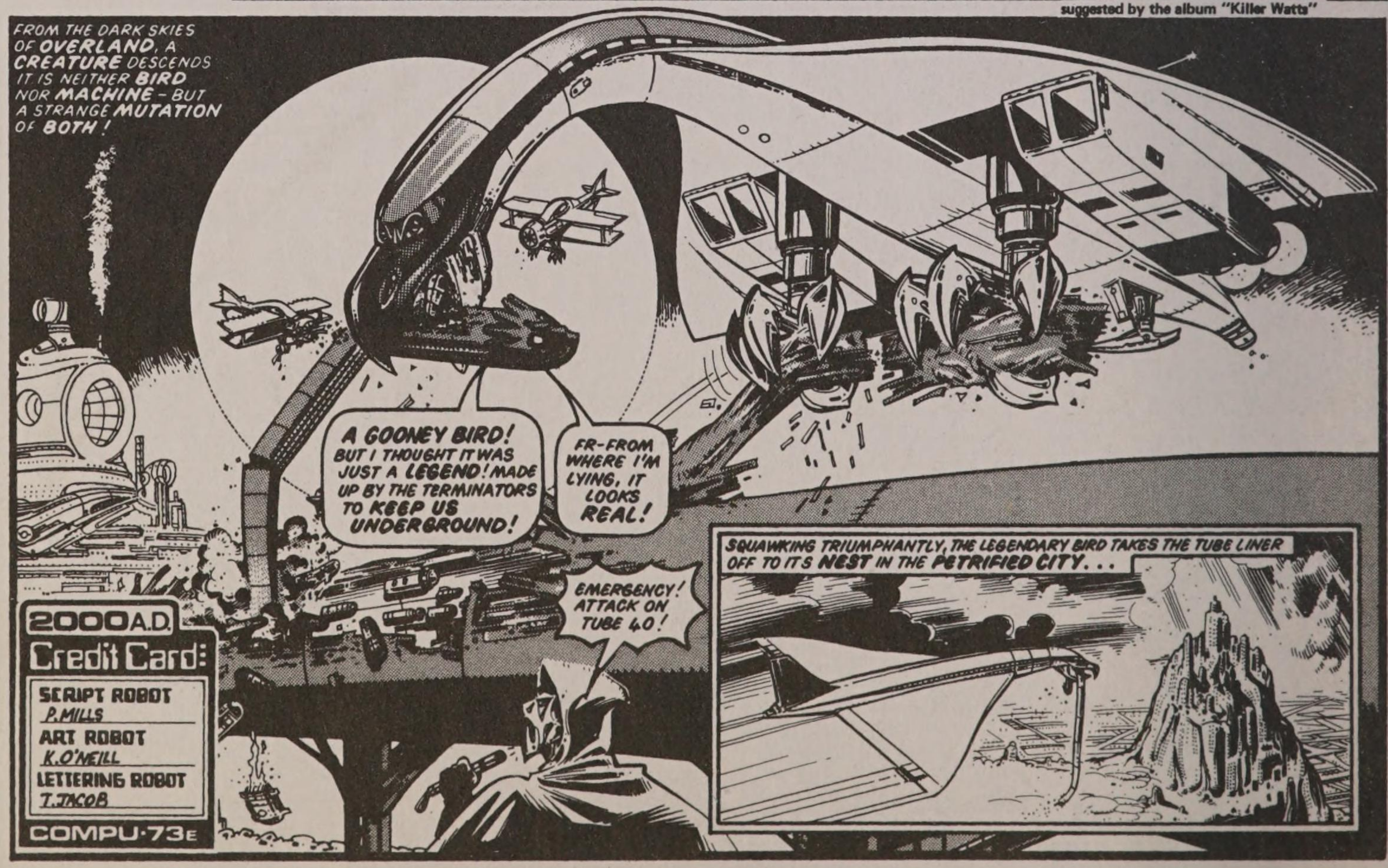
TERMIGHT! CAPITAL PLANET OF A CRUEL GALACTIC EMPIRE... A WORLD HOLLOWED OUT INTO A NETWORK OF TRAVEL TUBES AND UNDERGROUND CITIES...

HOW CAN I SEE THE IN-TRAVEL MOVIE WITH THAT SNURD'S HOOD IN THE WAY?
JUST ANOTHER PHOTO OF YOU HOLDING THE BABY, TORQUEMADA! IT'S FOR YOUR FAN MAGAZINE - "TORQUE-IN"!

COMIC ROCK PRESENTS...

Killer Watt

suggested by the album "Killer Watts"


FROM THE DARK SKIES OF OVERLAND, A CREATURE DESCENDS IT IS NEITHER BIRD NOR MACHINE - BUT A STRANGE MUTATION OF BOTH!
A GOONEY BIRD! BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST A LEGEND! MADE UP BY THE TERMINATORS TO KEEP US UNDERGROUND!
FR-FROM WHERE I'M LYING, IT LOOKS REAL!
EMERGENCY! ATTACK ON TUBE 40!
SQUAWKING TRIUMPHANTLY, THE LEGENDARY BIRD TAKES THE TUBE LINER OFF TO ITS NEST IN THE PETRIFIED CITY...

2000 A.D. Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
P. MILLS

ART ROBOT
K. O'NEILL

LETTERING ROBOT
T. JACOB

COMPU-73E

WHETHER THE BIRD IS A **SINISTER INVENTION** OF THE TERMINATORS THAT WENT WRONG OR THE RESULT OF THOUSANDS OF YEARS OF **MACHINE EVOLUTION** IS PROBABLY **NOT IMPORTANT** TO THE PASSENGERS OF THE LINER

THERE ARE MORE **IMMEDIATE** PROBLEMS—

IT'S GOING TO **FEED US** TO ITS **YOUNG!**

SAVE US, TORQUEMADA!

TORQUEMADA FILLS THE AIR WITH **INCENSE** AND UTTERS **STRANGE INCANTATIONS** TO WARD OFF **EVIL**, WITH NO EFFECT...

OMEGA AVIS REQUIEM!

GARK!

AAAAGGH!

THIS IS THE ONLY **LIFE-BAG!** DON'T **ANYONE** TRY TO **STOP ME** GETTING AWAY — OR THEY'LL GET A **SNUCK** IN THE FACE!

GIVE THAT TO ME!

THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT TORQUEMADA'S GAZE THAT COMMANDS INSTANT **OBEDIENCE...**

YOUR EMINENCE! I-I DID NOT MEAN YOU! PLEASE... FORGIVE ME!

YOU GOT THAT LIFE-BAG FOR **ME AND MY BABY!** OH, YOU **GOOD, KIND MAN,** I CAN'T **THANK YOU ENOUGH!**

ALL THOSE **WICKED STORIES** ABOUT YOU **AREN'T TRUE** AFTER ALL!

DA DA!

BUT—

I REGRET, MY LIFE IS **MORE IMPORTANT!** THERE IS STILL MUCH **GOOD WORK** FOR ME TO DO!

NO!

COME BACK, TORQUEMADA! DON'T LEAVE US TO THE GOONEY BIRDS!

I WILL **MEDITATE** UPON THEIR **DEATHS—** SOMETIME!

TELEPORT WIRES! I SHALL FOLLOW THEM TO A **TRANSMITTER STATION** — WHERE I CAN BE **BEAMED** THE REST OF THE WAY TO **NECROPOLIS!**

TERMINAL 11

13

TICKETS

TICKETS

YEAH? WHAT DO YOU WANT? WE ARE CLOSED!

I AM TORQUEMADA! CHIEF OF THE TUBE POLICE! I WANT TO GO TO NECROPOLIS WHERE I AM TO ADDRESS THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF TERMINATORS ON - "THE USE OF PAIN IN MODERN TORTURE!"

WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO BEFORE, SONNY? WE DON'T GET MANY PASSENGERS... NOT SINCE WE HAD THE ACCIDENT!

PRESS BUTTON B

R.V.O.

R.V.O.

Terminators, Informants Dept. (24-hour service) 206-47467
Terminators, Prisoner Enquiries 206-47468
Terminators. Royal College of 206-47471
Terminators. Traffic Control 206-47482 -47483 -47508
Terminators, Vaporisation Dept. 206-47512

LET'S SEE... "TERMINATORS, ROYAL COLLEGE OF... NECROPOLIS 206-47471". NO, YOU CAN'T BE BEAMED DIRECT... NOT UNTIL YOU'RE THROUGH "THE SEA OF LOST SOULS"!

THAT'S WHERE THE ACCIDENT HAPPENED ...TELEPORT WIRES CAME DOWN WHEN A GOONEY BIRD TRIED TO SIT ON THEM... VERY NASTY!

HERE SHE IS... THE OLD "SHOCKWAVE EXPRESS"! SHE CAN STILL DO 9,000 MEGAWATTS A NANOSEC ON A TRUNK LINE WITH NO STATIC! THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM LIKE THAT ANYMORE!

NOW LET ME GIVE YOU SOME ADVICE, SONNY... TRAVEL AFTER SIX! IT'S "PEAK RATE" NOW... THE COMMUTERS ARE BEAMING HOME - THE LINE GETS VERY CONGESTED AND SWEATY!

JUST GET ON WITH IT, OLD MAN - OR MY TERMINATORS WILL PAY YOU A VISIT ONE NIGHT...!

THIS IS THE OPERATOR. CAN I HELP YOU?

YES. GET ME AN OPEN LINE FAST, YOU FOUL-LOOKING OLD RATBAG!

THANK YOU, SIR. TRYING TO CONNECT YOU!

BRRR... BRRR... BRRR

PIP PIP PIP...

VRRROOOM

YOU'RE THROUGH!

BUT THERE IS MORE TO THE OLD TELE-PORTER THAN MEETS THE EYE...!

BRRR. RRR. BB

CLICK!

NEMESIS...? AGENT RAFFERTY HERE! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS...! TORQUEMADA HIMSELF JUST LEFT MY TRANSMITTER STATION – ALONE!

HE'S HEADING TOWARDS THE "SEA OF LOST SOULS"!

NEMESIS, MYSTERIOUS LEADER OF THE SECRET RESISTANCE ORGANISATION – CREDO! THIS IS THE CHANCE HE HAS BEEN WAITING FOR – TO DESTROY THE EVIL TORQUEMADA!

CREDO!

HE GUNS HIS BLITZSPEAR DOWN THE TELEPORT WIRE!

TORQUEMADA SPEEDS ALONG A MAIN CABLE – UNAWARE HE IS HEADING INTO A TRAP!

I HEAR THE ACCIDENT RATE'S UP AGAIN IN THE TRAVEL TUBE!

I'M GLAD I GO TO WORK BY WIRE!

SCHOOL

"HE'S ALWAYS WATCHING YOU..." TEN LETTERS. HMM...

SORRY ABOUT THE CROSSED LINE, GENTLEMEN... BUT SURGEONS ARE WAITING FOR YOU AT THE HOSPITAL!

YOU'D THINK THEY'D SEND "DIAL-A-CURRY" ON A SEPARATE SIGNAL!

TORQUEMADA FLIES OVER THE GHOSTLY "SEA OF LOST SOULS" WHERE AN ACCIDENT HAS CAUSED PEOPLE'S BODIES TO BECOME ENTANGLED FOREVER IN A NIGHTMARE SEA OF NEUTRONS...

DRAG THE SURFER DOWN..! MAKE HIM... ONE OF US!

...AND WHERE NEMESIS LIES IN WAIT BENEATH THE WAVES!

MORE NEXT PROG!

SONIC ROCK PRESENTS

PART 2 of...

Killer Watts

suggested by the album "Killer Watts"

INSIDE THE TELEPORT SYSTEM, TORQUEMADA FLIES OVER THE "SEA OF LOST SOULS" – WHERE PEOPLE ARE ENTANGLED FOREVER IN A NIGHTMARE SEA OF NEUTRONS!

GIVE ME YOUR BODY! I WANT YOUR BODY!

BUT TORQUEMADA HAS FALLEN INTO A TRAP! HIS SWORN ENEMY, NEMESIS - MYSTERIOUS LEADER OF CREDO - RISES FROM THE DEPTHS!

THE BLITZSPEAR BREAKS THE SURFACE OF THE GHOST OCEAN AND BLASTS THE SHOCKWAVE EXPRESS.! DESPERATELY, TORQUEMADA CALLS HIS TERMINATORS...

I AM UNDER ATTACK BY THE DEVIANT, NEMESIS, IN THE "SEA OF LOST SOULS"!! I WANT A KILL-TRACKER TEAM HERE... FAST!

WITHIN MINUTES, A TEAM OF KILL-TRACKERS ARE ON THE SCENE... THEY "TAP" THE FALLEN TELEPORT CABLES THAT HAVE CAUSED THE "SEA OF LOST SOULS"...

YOUR EMINENCE! WE HAVE LOCATED YOU AND THE DEVIANT INSIDE THE CABLE! BUT IF WE ELECTROCUTE NEMESIS NOW – WE WILL ALSO KILL THOUSANDS OF INNOCENT TRAVELLERS!

A MERE TECHNICALITY! BUT WAIT....! NEMESIS IS TOO CLOSE – MY OWN LIFE WOULD BE IN DANGER! TELL ALL KILL-TRACKERS TO REMAIN ON STAND-BY!

KILL-TRACKERS ON STAND-BY!

TORQUEMADA ACCELERATES – BUT THE BLITZSPEAR WRAPS ITSELF ROUND THE SHOCKWAVE EXPRESS AS THEY HURTLE FORWARD – THE TWO VEHICLES WARPING AT INCREDIBLE SPEEDS!

I'VE GOT TO LOSE HIM! THE OLD TELEPORTER SAID THE EXPRESS COULD DO 9,000 MEGAWATTS A NANOSEC – WELL, WE'LL SEE...!

THIS IS KILL-TRACKER 5! SIGNALMAN REPORTING! TORQUEMADA IS GETTING AWAY FROM TARGET! LOCATION 95 RZ!

2000 A.D. Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
PAT MILLS

ART ROBOT
KEVIN O'NEILL

LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB

COMPU·73E

POWERMAN REPORTING! READY TO COMMENCE ELECTROCUTION WITH 20,000 KILLER-WATTS!

AWAIT MY ORDER, POWERMAN! TARGET IN RANGE AND TRACKING... 98 RZ ...99 RZ...

GET READY, POWERMAN... GET READY...

NO!! NOT YET, YOU FOOL! TORQUEMADA'S STILL IN THE DANGER ZONE!

THE KROKODILE TEETH BITE THROUGH A BUNDLE OF TELEPORT WIRES...

...AND 20,000 KILLER-WATTS ARE PUMPED IN... KILLING THOUSANDS INSTANTLY! NEMESIS AND TORQUEMADA HAVE ONLY ONE CHANCE...

CREDO!

...TO RACE THE ELECTRICAL STORM AND THEN DIAL OUT OF THE TELEPORT SYSTEM!

AS THE BLITZSPEAR AND THE SHOCKWAVE EXPRESS ROAR FORWARD, TORQUEMADA DIALS THE NUMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF TERMINATORS IN NECROPOLIS...

IT'S RINGING! IN A FEW SECONDS I'LL BE BEAMED OUT...! GET OUT OF MY WAY, YOU PROLES!

AAAGGGGH!

...BUT TO PREVENT IMPROPER USE OF THE TELEPORTER – FOR EXAMPLE, TRAMPS SUDDENLY MATERIALISING IN YOUR APARTMENT – THE CALLER HAS TO BE "ACCEPTED" AT THE OTHER END...

I'M SORRY, YOUR EMINENCE – BUT THE PRINCIPAL IS BUSY. CAN HE CALL YOU LATER?

AND AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE...

IT'S TORQUEMADA ON THE LINE, SIR – IT SOUNDS URGENT!

I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A TORTURE, GIRL! TELL HIM I'LL CALL HIM BACK!

SO DIES TORQUEMADA – CHIEF OF THE TUBE POLICE AND GRAND MASTER OF THE TERMINATORS.

MEANWHILE... NEMESIS CONTINUES TO OUTDRIVE THE KILLER-WATTS

... HE TRAVELS AT SPEEDS THAT WOULD KILL MOST MEN. BUT, WHATEVER IS INSIDE THE BLITZSPEAR... IT IS NOT AN ORDINARY MAN!

WITH DANGER DRAWING CLOSER, HE CONSULTS HIS BLACK BOOK AND DIALS A NUMBER...

IN AN APARTMENT IN MAUSOLEUM...

THAT'S NOT ONE OF MY USUAL CALLERS! THAT'S THE SPECIAL RING! I'D BETTER LET THEM IN!

OH, NEMESIS! IT'S YOU!

RVD

YOU CAN DIAL THIS NUMBER ANY TIME!

CREDO!

BUT INSIDE THE TELEPORT SYSTEM...

THOUGH I AM DEAD, I AM NOT DESTROYED! AND THOUGH MY BODY IS BURNED - MY ID IS WHOLE!

THERE MUST STILL BE A FINAL BATTLE WITH NEMESIS - IN WHICH THE FORCES OF RIGHTEOUSNESS WILL PREVAIL OVER THE DEVIANT!

FOR A MOMENT, THE BLACK SKY OF OVERLAND IS LIT BY A GHOSTLY APPARITION...

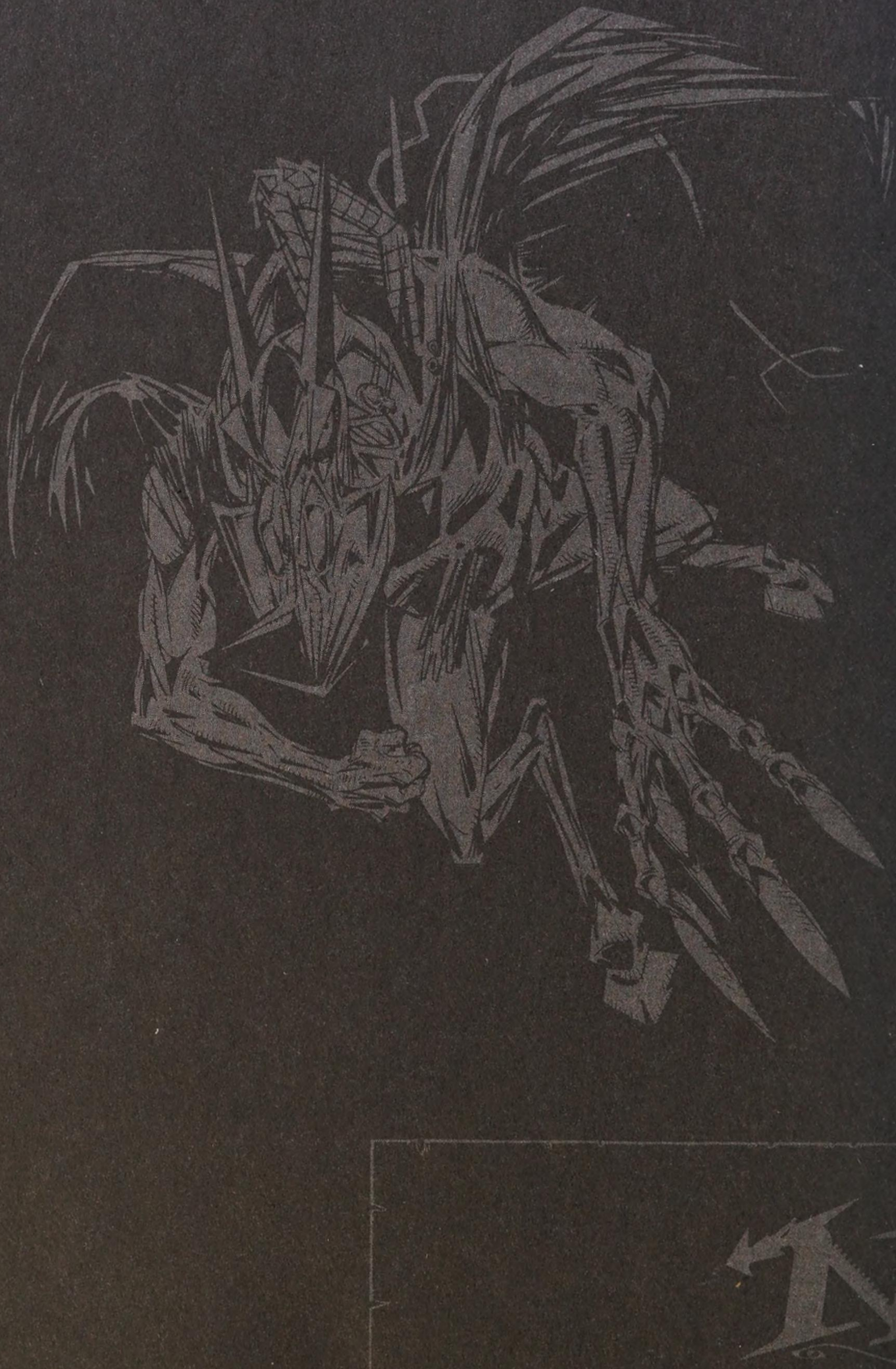
I WILL RETURN!

RVD

THE END

NEMESIS
THE WARLOCK

BOOK I



WORLD OF TERMIGHT

Manuscript: Pat Mills
Artwork: Kevin O'Neill
Illumination: Steve Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 222-233, 238-240, 243-244

KLEMESIS THE WARLOCK

2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
PAT MILLS
ART ROBOT
KEVIN O'NEILL
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER
MPU·73E

In the beginning...

Our world was beautiful and it was called - Terra. Then The Aliens came and tried to destroy us ~ driving the people below ground where there was much weeping and gnashing of teeth.

But, through our sacred leaders. The Terminators. we were saved. The Alien was cast out and Mighty Terra rose again.

And it was decreed that all aliens must be Exterminated ~ so that the people should never again live in fear.

But we must be ever watchful for the alien hiding in our midst. And so I beseech you, brethren... be pure! Be vigilant!

Behave!

- FROM THE TERMIGHT BOOK OF THE DEAD!

DEATH TO ALL ALIENS!

DEV 1A

NT

KEEP CLEAR

The forces of Termight spread through the Galaxy ~ wiping out alien life ~ until they reached The Fringe Worlds. Beyond them were the mysterious Nether Worlds ~ where it was rumoured the legendary hero, Nemesis, was born . . .

Termight Empire

Fringe Worlds

Nether Worlds

Gothir Empire

ON THE PLANET **THRUM**, IN THE **FRINGE WORLD** SYSTEM...

SO THEY'VE COME AT LAST!

EYEBRIGHT! RAGWORT! BOGBEAN!

WHAT IS IT, BURDOK?

THE SILVER SHIPS ARE COMING!

THE SILVER SHIPS — JUST AS ***NEMESIS*** FORETOLD! YOU KNOW WHAT WE MUST DO, ***EYEBRIGHT..?***

YES..! ***RAGWORT! BOGBEAN!*** FIND ***GRANNY GROUNDZEL*** AND ***UNCLE WHORTLEBERRY*** — THEN GO WITH THE OTHER ***YOUNG SAPLINGS*** AND ***OLD ROOTS*** TO THE CAVES!

WHY DO THE HUMANS IN THE SILVER SHIPS WANT TO KILL US, EYEBRIGHT?

BECAUSE WE ARE ***DIFFERENT*** TO THEM. THEY SUFFER FROM AN ILLNESS CALLED ***HATE!*** NOW GO, MY OFFSHOOT, GO!

YOU MUST HIDE, TOO, EYEBRIGHT. YOU ARE IN FULL BLOOM...

NO, BURDOK. MY PLACE IS BY YOUR BRAMBLES.

FORM *THE CIRCLE*... *NEMESIS* WARNED US THAT ONLY BY *APPEARING* TO BE *HUMANS* MIGHT WE BE *SAVED* FROM THE WRATH OF HUMANS!

MEANWHILE, ON THE COMMAND DECK OF A SILVER SHIP...

I HAVE DONE MUCH GOOD WORK ON THIS CRUSADE... *FIVE PLANETS* CLEANSED OF THE ALIEN FILTH! IF I FIND DEVIANTS HERE, I SHALL CONSIDER MYSELF WORTHY TO BE THE NEXT *GRAND MASTER OF TERMIGHT!*

BUT *BROTHER BEHELL*... SUPPOSING *TORQUEMADA* IS STILL *ALIVE?*

REMEMBER HIS BODY WAS *NEVER FOUND!*

IT IS SIX MONTHS SINCE TORQUEMADA VANISHED AFTER THE ACCIDENT... HE *MUST* BE DEAD!

THE SILVER SHIPS LAND ON THRUM...

I AM EYEBRIGHT AND THIS IS MY HUSBAND BURDOK. OUR ANCESTORS EMIGRATED FROM TERRA BEFORE THE WAR.

YOU WILL BE EXAMINED CAREFULLY BY THE INQUISITORS FOR ANY SIGN OF DEVIATION...

WHY DO YOU TREMBLE, MY CHILD? IF YOU ARE REALLY HUMAN, YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM THE INQUISITION...

SOON...

THERE'S NO DOUBT... ALL THESE PEOPLE ARE HUMAN!

THEN WE'VE WASTED OUR TIME! COME! LET'S RETURN TO TERMIGHT!

WAIT! I AM NOT SATISFIED... WHY ARE THERE NO *CHILDREN* OR *OLD PEOPLE?* THERE IS SOMETHING *WRONG* HERE...

LET THE GIRL BE PUT TO— *THE TEST!*

NO! PLEASE! I'M HUMAN, I TELL YOU!

I'M HUMAN! I'M NOT AN ALIEN! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME!

IF YOU ARE A DEVIANT YOU WILL LIVE... IF YOU ARE A HUMAN YOU WILL DROWN..! THEN LET THE WORDS OF TORQUEMADA COMFORT YOU... "BETTER THAT **ONE** HUMAN SHOULD DIE THAN A **THOUSAND** ALIENS ESCAPE!"

THEN I MUST DIE... TO SAVE US FROM THE HUMANS..!

BUT AS EYEBRIGHT LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS...

NO! I-I'M STARTING TO...

CHANGE...

BACK!

SO! THEY ***ARE*** ALIENS — SHAPE CHANGERS! FOUL AND LOATH-SOME!

PLEASE... WE'VE NEVER DONE YOU ANY HARM!

CLEANSE THE DEVIANTS WITH YOUR SWORDS, MY BROTHERS! LET THEIR ***SAP*** FLOW! THEN WE SHALL RETURN TO TERMIGHT IN TRIUMPH — WHERE I WILL HUMBLY PROCLAIM MYSELF THE NEW ***GRAND MASTER*** IN PLACE OF ***TORQUEMADA!***

NEXT PROG: BEHELL -IN HELL!

Genesis

THE WARLOCK

2000 A.D. Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
PAT MILLS

ART ROBOT
KEVIN O'NEILL

LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU-73E

THE EVIL TERMINATORS, LED BY BROTHER BEHELL, HAVE DISCOVERED A RACE OF ALIEN SHAPE CHANGERS...

REJOICE, MY BROTHERS AS YOU PLUNGE YOUR SWORDS INTO THE FOUL DEVIANTS' HEARTS!

WHY DO YOU WANT TO KILL US? WHAT IS OUR CRIME?

THERE IS ONLY ONE CRIME — BEING ALIEN!

BEHOLD— THE HEAD OF AN ALIEN!

AT LAST THE SILVER SHIPS LEAVE AND THE *YOUNG SAPLINGS* AND *OLD ROOTS* COME OUT OF HIDING...

THE HUMANS SUFFER FROM A STRANGE *PHOBIA!* THEY USED TO HATE *EACH OTHER* IF THEY WERE A *DIFFERENT COLOUR* OR *RELIGION*. NOW— *THEY HATE THE WHOLE GALAXY!*

WHY DIDN'T *NEMESIS* STOP THEM KILLING *EYEBRIGHT* AND THE OTHERS, GRANNY GROUNDZEL?

THERE ARE A HUNDRED PLANETS IN THE FRINGE SYSTEM, YOUNG RAGWORT. *NEMESIS* CANNOT PROTECT THEM ALL...

BUT THE HOUR OF *RETRIBUTION* IS COMING— I FEEL IT IN MY BRANCHES!

Brother Behell returned triumphantly to Termight— where he planned to make himself Grand Master in place of Torquemada. Then, the day before his coronation.

FORGIVE THIS INTRUSION, BROTHER BEHELL— BUT LAST NIGHT *TORQUEMADA* HIMSELF APPEARED TO ME IN A *VISION!* HE LIVES! *TORQUEMADA LIVES!*

CEASE YOUR RAVINGS, BROTHER ODO! HAVE YOU BEEN AT THE MEAD BARREL AGAIN?

NO, YOU *CAN'T* SEE *BROTHER BEHELL*, YOU OLD FOOL!

BUT I MUST! I'M *THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SAVE HIS LIFE!*

I SWEAR IT WAS TORQUEMADA! HE WARNS YOU NOT TO GO AHEAD WITH YOUR CORONATION— ON *PAIN OF DEATH!*

I DO NOT FEAR A DEAD MAN! GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I HAVE YOU THROWN INTO THE *ALIEN PIT!*

I HAD A VISION! *I HAD A VISION!*

YES, YES! JUST KEEP TAKING THE TABLETS!

THAT NIGHT BROTHER BEHELL MEDITATED IN THE GREAT HALL...

SO YOU DID NOT HEED MY WARNING, BROTHER BEHELL...

TOMORROW I SHALL RIDE IN THE GOLDEN GUNDOLA THROUGH THE TUNNELS OF TERMIGHT! *GRAND MASTER* OF THE *GREATEST EMPIRE IN THE UNIVERSE!*

WHO... WHO'S THERE?

SHRING!

I THINK YOU KNOW.

TORQUEMADA! BUT WE THOUGHT YOU WERE KILLED IN THE TELEPORTER! IT'S BEEN MONTHS SINCE YOU VANISHED!

*IT SUITED MY PURPOSE TO DISAPPEAR... ONLY WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT WILL I RE-APPEAR TO BEGIN THE GREAT BATTLE WITH THE ARCH-DEVIANT **NEMESIS** — IN WHICH THE FORCES OF RIGHTEOUSNESS MUST PREVAIL!*

MY SWORD!

PSYCHIC POWERS, PUSHING ME BACKWARDS! YOUR - YOUR EMINENCE... WH-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?

YOU MUST PAY THE PRICE FOR YOUR SUPREME ARROGANCE, BROTHER BEHELL...

IN— THE ALIEN PIT!

Help!

Guards!

NOOOO...

UNFORTUNATELY FOR BROTHER BEHELL, THE FALL DID NOT KILL HIM OUTRIGHT... GROTESQUE SHAPES LUMBERED FORWARD...

DON'T HURT ME... I'LL GIVE YOU MONEY! FREEDOM! ANYTHING! I HAVE THE AUTHORITY... I'M BROTHER BEHELL!

YESSSS... YOUR NAME IS KNOWN TO USSSS...

MERCY! MERCY!

WHEN DID YOU SHOW US *CREATURES OF THE PIT* MERCY?

ONCE WE WERE THE DIGNIFIED INHABITANTS OF OTHER PLANETS... UNTIL THE SILVER SHIPS CAME... AND YOU CHAINED US AND BEAT US...

...TURNING US INTO WHAT HUMANS HAVE ALWAYS WANTED ALIENS TO BE... FOUL...! BUG-EYED..! BESTIAL..!

...AND HUNGRY!

AAAAHHHH!

NEXT MORNING—

DOWN THERE— IT'S POOR BROTHER BEHELL! *OR WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM!*

HOW DID HE MEET WITH SUCH A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT?

NEXT PROG: "Credo!"

GENESIS
THE WARLOCK

2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT — PAT MILLS
ART ROBOT — KEVIN O'NEILL
LETTERING ROBOT — STEVE POTTER
COMPU·73E

After Torquemada vanished in the teleporter, he reappeared in special form and showed himself to the people. And there was much rejoicing throughout Termight.
BE PURE! BE VIGILANT! BEHAVE!
WELCOME BACK
NUKE
REJOICE!
ER... H-HAIL T-T-TORQUEMADA!

IN THE GREAT HALL, TORQUEMADA ADDRESSES THE DIFFERENT **CHAPTERS** OF **TERMINATORS**...

BE ASSURED, BROTHERS, THAT THOUGH I AM NOW A **PHANTASM**, I INTEND TO CONTINUE THE **GREAT WORK** I HAVE DEDICATED MY LIFE TO... I AM STILL **GRAND MASTER OF TERMIGHT!**

WE DO NOT DOUBT IT— ESPECIALLY AFTER **BROTHER BEHELL'S**... ER ...ACCIDENT!

YES. I UNDERSTAND HE FELL INTO THE ALIEN PIT.

BUT AS A **SPECTRE**, I HAVE MOVED **UNSEEN** AMONGST THE DEVIANT—AND LEARNT MUCH OF HIS WAYS— HOGGISH AND UNCLEAN! AND DISCOVERED MANY OF HIS AWFUL SECRETS...

AND I KNOW IT IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN EVER THAT WE **KILL** THE ARCH DEVIANT— THE WARLOCK **NEMESIS!** SO LET US MAKE OUR PLANS, MY BROTHERS, AND THIS TIME... **WE MUST NOT FAIL!**

DEATH TO THE DEVIANT NEMESIS!

SOME WEEKS LATER... **THE STAR GALLEON**, S.S. IMBROGLIO, HEADS THROUGH THE **FRINGE WORLDS** ON THE EDGE OF THE **TERMIGHT EMPIRE**. KNOWN TO CARRY THE **MANNAR HARVEST**, IT IS PROTECTED BY ONLY TWO **DERVISH FIGHTERS**...

WE ARE APPROACHING THE PLANET "EARTH'S END", **CATHELLAN!**

ON BOARD—

IF TORQUEMADA IS RIGHT, **NEMESIS** WILL BE UNABLE TO RESIST SUCH A **TEMPTING** AND **EASY** PRIZE.

YES, CATHELLAN. NEMESIS WILL THINK THERE'S ENOUGH **MANNAR** IN OUR HOLDS TO FEED A **MILLION STARVING ALIENS!**

BUT WE WILL HAVE **SOMETHING ELSE** FOR THE ARCH DEVIANT!

SUDDENLY—A FAMILIAR SHAPE SPEEDS TOWARDS THE STAR GALLEON...

NEMESIS! HIDING IN THAT ASTEROID!

WITHIN SECONDS, THE BLITZSPEAR DESPATCHES THE DERVISHES... AS THE PILOTS DIE, THEY SING A HYMN OF JOY AT THEIR OWN DESTRUCTION...

...AS THE STAR GALLEON UNDERGOES A RAPID AND SINISTER METAMORPHOSIS—TRANSFORMING INTO A PRIMA CLASS MAN O'WAR!

NOW—LET THE FORCES OF RIGHTEOUSNESS PREVAIL!

CLEANSE THE FESTERING SORE THAT IS THE DEVIANT!

HE FALLS TOWARDS EARTH'S END, CATHELLAN! THIS IS THE END OF NEMESIS!

BUT WE MUST BE SURE! SEND SEARCH PARTIES DOWN TO SCOUR THE PLANET FOR HIS REMAINS!

IN A VILLAGE ON EARTH'S END...

OO-WAH!

WHAT IS IT, NOSEDRIP, YOU BOOBY? I'VE NO OFFAL FOR YOU TODAY!

AIN'T THAT, SIR! I JUST SEED A SPACESHIP ON FIRE—THE ONE IN THAR REWARD POSTERS! THE BLITZSPEAR! A-HEADING DOWN TOWARDS FIEND'S ROCK!

WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO BEFORE? TELL HAWBERK THE ROBOTSMITH TO GET THE MEN TOGETHER—WE'LL NEED HIS PICK-UP TRUCK! WELL, HURRY, YOU GREAT GOWK!

WILL I GET THE REWARD? SEEIN' AS I SPOTTED THE BLITZSPEAR FIRST!

YOU DON'T COUNT, NOSEDRIP—YOU'RE SIMPLE!

HAWBERK ROBOTSMITH

ALL THAT *MONEY* WE'LL GET FOR CATCHING NEMESIS! WONDER WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE, *HAWBERK?*

I HEARD HE'S A *PHOOKA* OR A *WYVERN!*

WHAT-EVER HE IS, I'M NOT AFRAID OF ANY *ALIEN!*

NAY, WIDOW! I MET A *BLOKE IN A TAVERN* WHO SAID NEMESIS WAS *DEFINITELY* A *BUGABOO!*

WELL, I RECKON HE BE *OLD CLOOTIE* HISSELF!

DON'T TALK DAFT, BOY! HE'S JUST AN ORDINARY DEVIANT!

LOOK, IT'S GONE RIGHT INTO THE ROCK! *NO-ONE* CAN BE ALIVE AFTER A CRASH LIKE THAT!

I'VE NEVER COME ACROSS A METAL LIKE THIS BEFORE... IT FEELS ALMOST *—ALIVE!*

OVER HERE... *HE MUST HAVE BEEN THROWN CLEAR!*

NEMESIS!?

OO-WAH!

NEXT PROG: *The Coming of the Warlock!*

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

2000 A.D. Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
PAT MILLS

ART ROBOT
KEVIN O'NEILL

LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU-73E

THE **BLITZSPEAR** HAS CRASHED ON "EARTH'S END" WHERE A GROUP OF SETTLERS FIND THE VEHICLE AND ITS MYSTERIOUS OCCUPANT... **NEMESIS!**

IT—IT BE A **FIEND FROM HELL!**

SOMEONE PUT A TARPAULIN OVER IT! I DON'T LIKE TO LOOK AT IT!

THE CREATURE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT, HAWBERK! AND WE STAND TO GET THE **REWARD!**

WHAT ABOUT ME? I SAW IT CRASH!

YOU DON'T COUNT, NOSEDRIP! NOW GIVE ME A HAND WITH THESE CHAINS. I'M GOING TO PULL THE BLITZ-SPEAR FREE.

PUT YOUR FOOT DOWN!

HAWBERK ROBOTSMITH

HERE'S A FINE HOW D'YOU DO! IT AIN'T BUDGED AN INCH, HAWBERK!

IT BE STUCK FAST IN THE STONE!

OO-WAH! LOOK!

QUICK! **GET THE GUNS!** THAT **THING** UNDER THE TARPAULIN... IT'S STARTING TO **MOVE!**

THE CREATURE STANDS ON ITS HIND LEGS, GLARING AT THE HUMANS WITH RED EYES...

DON'T GIVE US ANY TROUBLE, ALIEN— WE GOT YOU COVERED!

GET THE CHAINS ON IT! BEFORE IT REGAINS ITS STRENGTH!

NEMESIS MAKES NO ATTEMPT TO STOP THEM.

LOOK AT HIS CLOVEN HOOVES AND HORNED HEAD! THAT HIDEOUS SATANIC MAW —GRINNING AND EVIL! THANK THE RUNES WE'VE GOT THE TERMINATORS TO PROTECT US!

HERE, BOY— WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE A SWIPE AT THE GREAT NEMESIS? HE CAN'T DO NOTHING TO US NOW!

GO ON, LAD! I DARE YOU!

N-NO! HE MIGHT PUT THE *EVIL EYE* ON ME!

DON'T BE SO *SIMPLE!* WATCH...! I'LL BE ABLE TO TELL MY GRANDCHILDREN HOW THIS FIST SMASHED THE FAMOUS NEMESIS!

AFTER THAT, SOME OF THE OTHER SETTLERS FOLLOWED SUIT, UNTIL...

THAT'S ENOUGH— LET'S GET HIM BACK TO THE VILLAGE. I DON'T WANT NO ALIEN IN MY TRUCK, I'LL *DRAG* HIM BEHIND.

TH

WHAT WE GOING TO DO WITH HIM?

WE CAN'T WAIT UNTIL A TERMINATOR PATROL ARRIVES! WE'LL HAVE TO KILL HIM *OURSELVES!*

HOW WE GONNA DO IT... *BEHEAD* HIM?

IT'S A BIT RISKY, WIDOW... SOME OF THESE ALIENS HAVE *ACIDIC* BLOOD.

THE TERMINATORS *BURN* A LOT OF 'EM AT THE STAKE!

I DUNNO... I RECKON *HE* MIGHT *ENJOY* THAT!

IT WAS HAWBERK THE ROBOT-SMITH WHO DECIDED...

WE'LL DO IT PROPER! *WE'LL HANG HIM!*

SOON, THEY REACHED THE VILLAGE...

WE'VE CAPTURED NEMESIS! WE'RE GOING TO HANG HIM!

LET'S HAVE HIS *ARMOUR* FIRST! IT'LL BE WORTH AT LEAST A THOUSAND NOBLES!

HEH, HEH! WE'LL ALL BE RICH! RICH!

HIS ARMOUR'S MADE OF SOME ***STRANGE METAL*** — LIKE THE BLITZSPEAR!

AFTERWARDS—

YOU DID A GOOD JOB, HAWBERK! NOW WE'VE JUST GOT TO WAIT FOR OUR ***REWARD!***

THE FIRST NIGHT PASSED WITHOUT INCIDENT. THE CREATURE ON THE GALLOWS SWUNG SLOWLY IN THE WIND.

THE SECOND DAY NOTHING HAPPENED EITHER. NOR THE THIRD DAY.

*THE VILLAGERS BEGAN TO PLAN WHAT THEY WERE GOING TO DO WITH THE REWARD. **HAWBERK** WAS GOING TO OPEN A CHAIN OF ROBOT SHOPS. **WIDOW GRUNDY** WAS PLANNING A GALACTIC CRUISE. **SIMON TWO SHANKS, THE BUTCHER** WAS GOING TO BUY A TAVERN.*

TOURS

GALA

THEN, ON THE THIRD NIGHT...

AAAA

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
PAT MILLS
ART ROBOT
KEVIN O'NEILL
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER
COMPU·73E

NEMESIS HAS CRASH-LANDED ON THE PLANET "EARTH'S END"— WHERE A POSSE OF HUMANS HANG HIM BECAUSE HE'S AN ALIEN. THEN, ON THE THIRD NIGHT...

AAAAHHH!

NEXT DAY, NOSEDRIP WENT TO SEE SIMON TWO SHANKS...

D'YOU HEAR ABOUT WILLY GOODFELLOW? HE WERE FOUND DEAD THIS MORNING— LIKE HE'D BEEN DROWNED! HE WERE THE ONE WHAT SPAT ON NEMESIS!

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME NEMESIS PUT THE EVIL EYE ON HIM?

AYE! I TELL YOU NEMESIS BE OLD CLOOTIE HISSELF!

YOU DULLARD! HE'S JUST AN ALIEN! ANYWAY, HE'S DEAD NOW! HE CAN'T HARM ANYONE!

CHOP

AND I'M IN FOR A SHARE OF THE REWARD! BUT YOU WON'T FIND ME UNGENEROUS, NOSEDRIP! I'LL SEE YOU GET ALL THE OFFAL YOU CAN EAT, AND—

OH, NO!

WOOOOOSH

CHOP

I...I'VE JUST CUT MY HAND OFF!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, BO?

I'M DYING, YOU FOOL!

THARG WARNING: NEMESIS IS AN ALIEN. NO SENSIBLE EARTHLET WOULD TRY TO COPY ANY OF HIS ACTIONS. BE SAFE- DON'T BE A GREXNIX!

MORE MYSTERIOUS DEATHS FOLLOWED... THE VILLAGERS WENT TO SEE **HAWBERK THE ROBOTSMITH**...

WANTED

IT'S ALL THAT **FIEND'S** DOING! SIMON TWO SHANKS STRUCK NEMESIS — SO HE **MADE** HIM CHOP HIS HAND OFF!

DON'T TALK DAFT!

HAWBERK ROBOT SMITH NO CREDIT

I HUNG NEMESIS PROPER — HE BE DEAD! EVEN ALIENS GOTTA BREATHE, AIN'T THEY?

THAT EVENING, HAWBERK WORKED LATE ON HIS LEDGERS...

WITH THE REWARD MONEY FOR NEMESIS, I'LL BE ABLE TO BUY FOUR ROBOT SHOPS...

IT WAS SOME TIME BEFORE HE NOTICED **THE SNAKES** COILED ROUND THE LIGHT..

ZLUTTS! THE MOST **DANGEROUS** SNAKES ON THIS PLANET! THEY'RE ATTRACTED BY THE **WARMTH** FROM THE LIGHT!

AS HAWBERK MADE FOR THE DOOR...

THE **SERPENTS** CAN FEEL MY **BODY HEAT!**

EVERY TIME HAWBERK MOVED, THE ZLUTTS MOVED TOO.

NO ONE WAS PREPARED TO ANSWER HAWBERK'S CALLS FOR HELP.

AFTER FIVE HOURS THE LAMP BEGAN TO RUN OUT OF FUEL...

AND THE ZLUTTS LOOKED FOR A **NEW** SOURCE OF HEAT...

...THEY JUST WANTED TO BE **IN THE WARM!**

THE NEXT NIGHT, AT **WIDOW GRUNDY'S**... THE WOMAN WHO HAD RIPPED OFF NEMESIS' STRANGE **ARMOUR**...

YE EVIL ALIEN! YE'LL NOT STOP ME CLAIMING MY REWARD! I'M STAYING IN MY BED UNTIL THE TERMINATORS COME FOR YE!

BE PURE
BE VIGILANT
BEHAVE

BE PURE

SOME TIME LATER-

IT **MUST** BE MORNING— BUT IT'S **STILL DARK!**

THE WINDOWS... CEILING— EVERYTHING'S BEEN **PAINTED BLACK!**

THEN SHE REALISED THE WALLS WEREN'T REALLY BLACK

THEY'RE COVERED IN **FLIES!**

THE FLYING THINGS HAD BEEN **WAITING!** NOW THEY BEGAN TO **SWARM**... COVERING WIDOW GRUNDY!

THE VILLAGERS WENT TO SEE NEMESIS.

PLEASE... LEAVE US ALONE! WE WON'T HARM YOU AGAIN!

LOOK... HERE'S YOUR ARMOUR BACK!

USING SOME STRANGE POWER OF LEVITATION OR ANTI-GRAVITY, THE ALIEN WALKED DOWN THROUGH THE AIR.

MAY TORQUEMADA AND HIS TERMINATORS PROTECT US!

AS NEMESIS DONNED HIS ARMOUR, THE **BLITZSPEAR** APPEARED—AS IF ANSWERING A SECRET SUMMONS...

NOSEDRIP *WAS THE* ***ONLY*** *MEMBER OF THE POSSE WHO WAS* ***SPARED...***

CREDO!

OO-WAH!

Next Prog: ON THE RUN, WITH PURITY BROWN!

KRONESIS

THE WARLOCK

2000 A.D. Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
PAT MILLS

ART ROBOT
KEVIN O'NEILL

LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU·73E

THEY HAD WARNED PURITY THIS WOULD HAPPEN... THAT ONE DAY THE TERMINATORS WOULD DISCOVER HER TERRIBLE SECRET... AND NOW THAT DAY WAS HERE! AND SHE WAS RUNNING... RUNNING FOR HER LIFE!

STOP, TRAITORS!

TRAITORS! SHE AND GOOGLY WERE CALLED TRAITORS BECAUSE THEY WERE FRIENDS OF ALIENS AND MEMBERS OF THE RESISTANCE MOVEMENT SWORN TO DESTROY TERMIGHT!

GOTTA... MAKE... SANCTUARY!

IT'S NO USE, GOOGLY! WE'LL NEVER GET AWAY FROM THE TERMINATOR!

PURITY REMEMBERED TORQUEMADA'S GRIM WARNING TO THE PEOPLE OF TERMIGHT... WHEN THE GRAND MASTER APPEARED AS A TERRIFYING SPECTRE IN THE ABYSS!

WOE TO THE ALIENS! AND TO THE TRAITORS WHO GIVE THEM SUCCOUR!

FOR I AM EVERYWHERE! WATCHING YOU AT ALL TIMES! I KNOW ALL YOUR GUILTY SECRETS! I URGE YOU...

REPENT! WHILE THERE IS STILL TIME!

DANGER PIPE UP

ONE WAY

WASH ROOMS

AND NOW PURITY'S COVER WAS BLOWN! **GOOGLY**, A FELLOW AGENT, HAD JUST TIME TO **WARN** HER THE TERMINATORS WERE COMING TO **ARREST** HER!

COME ON, PURITY!

GOOGLY, IT'S **ME** THEY'RE **REALLY** AFTER— BECAUSE I'VE MET **NEMESIS!** WHY DON'T WE SPLIT UP, AND...

GOOGLY NOT... LEAVE YOU TO... **BAD MEN!**

THEY RAN DOWN THE **PEOPLE PIPE**— THEIR BOOTS HOLDING AGAINST THE **MAGMA**-PAINTED SURFACE...

THIS WAY!

...MOST SURFACES IN TERMIGHT WERE COVERED WITH **MAGMA**— A STRONG **MAGNETIC** ADHESIVE.

LIKE ALL CITIZENS OF TERMIGHT, THEIR BODIES HAD **ADJUSTED** TO LIFE **UNDERGROUND**. THEY WERE USED TO WALKING ON SURFACES OF **ANY** ANGLE...

MAYBE WE CAN LOSE THE TERMINATOR IN **THE ABYSS!**

THE **PEOPLE PIPES** SPEWED THE "TERMITES" OUT INTO A VAST CAVERN... **THE ABYSS!**

HERE PEOPLE LIVED LIKE **ANTS** DEEP BENEATH THE EARTH... SAFE FROM THE ALIENS THE TERMINATORS SAID WERE TRYING TO DESTROY THEM.

HERE COMES MY NINETEENTH NERVOUS BREAKDOWN!

HE'LL NEVER SPOT US AMONG ALL THESE "TERMITES"!

IN THIS NIGHTMARE WORLD, HUNDREDS OF TERMITES WERE DRIVEN INSANE EVERY DAY— JUST BY LOOKING OUT OF THEIR WINDOWS!

TWO HUGE CITIES HAD BEEN BUILT IN THE ABYSS... MAUSOLEUM AND NECROPOLIS!

WE'LL FIND SANCTUARY ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE ABYSS!

COME ON... WE'LL USE THE BRIDGE TO GET ACROSS!

PURITY AND GOOGLY MADE THEIR WAY DOWN THROUGH THE HANGING STALSCRAPERS TOWARDS THE BRIDGE OVER THE ABYSS.

I THINK WE LOST HIM, PURITY!

CREDO BE PRAISED! HOW I HATE TORQUEMADA AND HIS MAD TERMINATORS — THE WAY THEY TERRORISE THE PEOPLE AND KILL ALIENS, JUST BECAUSE THEY'RE DIFFERENT TO US!

YERRR... GOOGLY KNOW HOW ALIENS FEEL... HE HATE TORQUEMADA, TOO... HIM — VERY BAD MAN!

SUDDENLY!

THE TERMINATOR!

NO TIME TO USE THE BRIDGE...

...JUMP FOR IT!

WE HITCH RIDE ACROSS!

M·1 CAVERN WAGON

BOY! THAT TERMINATOR! HIM DON'T GIVE UP EASILY!

GUNNING HIS POWER PONTOONS, THE TERMINATOR SWOOPS IN FOR THE KILL!

AAGGH!

GOOGLY!

GOT HIM!

NOOOOOOOO!

AS THE CAVERN WAGON APPROACHES THE **FAR SIDE**, PURITY AND GOOGLY JUMP OFF...

LET'S HOPE WE CAN GET **GRIP** ON **MAGMA**...!

YEAH! 'COS IF NOT...

...IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN!

SPECIAL GLOVES REACH FOR THE MAGMA-COVERED WALL...

MAKE CONTACT...

BUT...

AAAARRRGGGHHHHHH

WE'RE GOING TO...

MAGMA GLOVES LTD SUKGRIP

...MAKE IT! THE GLOVES ARE HOLDING!

PURITY AND GOOGLY CONTINUED THEIR JOURNEY AND SOON...

SANCTUARY'S THIS WAY, GOOGLY. HEY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

SURE..! GOOGLY FINE, PURITY... YOU GO AHEAD... GOOGLY MAKE SURE WE NOT FOLLOWED...

IN THE SANCTUARY, HUNDREDS OF FUGITIVES ARE HIDING...

ARE YOU SURE NO-ONE SPOTTED YOU?

WE HAD A TERMINATOR ON OUR TRACK— BUT GOOGLY DEALT WITH HIM!

MMWWYUHHH!

GOOGLY..! WHAT'S WRONG?

WWRRGGHH!

GOOGLY LOOKS AWFUL! HE'S ILL!

HE'S DEAD!

A NIGHTMARE SPECTRE RISES FROM GOOGLY'S BODY...

TORQUEMADA!

GOOGLY DIED TWO DAYS AGO, TO BE PRECISE, UNDER TORTURE! SINCE THEN, I HAVE BEEN USING HIS BODY AS A WAY OF DISCOVERING "SANCTUARY"! THIS NEST OF TRAITORS WHO AID THE EVIL NEMESIS!

I THINK YOU WILL AGREE, MY CHILD, MY CHARADE WAS MOST CONVINCING! UNFORTUNATELY, AFTER FORTY-EIGHT HOURS, THE HOST BODY STARTS TO REJECT MY SPIRIT!

I WARNED YOU I WOULD FIND YOU OUT! I URGED YOU TO REPENT— BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN. NOW IT'S TOO LATE AND YOU MUST ALL PAY THE PRICE FOR TREASON!

A SQUAD OF ARMED TERMINATORS MOVE IN...

PURE★PATROL

TUN

NEXT PROG:

BROTHER GOGOL'S PROBLEM!

Genesis
THE WARLOCK

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BROTHER GOGOL HAD PRAYED IT WASN'T TRUE... SUCH A THING COULDN'T HAPPEN TO HIM — THE **EXECUTIONER OF TERMINUS**, SCOURGE OF THE ALIEN, TORQUEMADA'S RIGHT HAND MAN...'

...BUT THE PROOF WAS IN FRONT OF HIM IN HIS **BESTIARY** OF ALIEN LIFE! **HE** WAS HALF HUMAN... **HALF ALIEN!**

IT WAS THE LITTLE THINGS THAT HAD WORRIED HIM AT FIRST... THE WAY HIS FINGERS WERE TURNING INTO TENTACLES, THE SHAGGY HAIR SPROUTING FROM HIS NOSTRILS, HIS RED SCALEY SKIN.

Planet SIGMA 5
creatures
GROTUSKS
DEVIATIONS: 5 tentacle digits on each limb. Distended hairy nostrils. Red scaley skin.
COMMENTS: The female Grotusk kills its mate.

BE PURE

BE PURE
SOAP

NO! MY MOTHER WAS AN ALIEN! SHE KILLED MY FATHER!

NERVOUSLY HE HAD CONSULTED HIS **BESTIARY**...

"GROTUSKS... INHABITANTS OF THE PLANET SIGMA-5 DEVIATIONS: TENTACLE DIGITS, RED SCALEY EPIDERMIS... ALTHOUGH GROTUSKS AND HUMANS LOOK DIFFERENT, THEIR GENETIC STRUCTURE IS IDENTICAL' SIGNS OF BEING HALF GROTUSK MAY NOT APPEAR FOR MANY YEARS..."

NO!

A WAVE OF **NAUSEA** GRIPPED HIM AS HE READ MORE ABOUT GROTUSKS AND THEIR WORLD... HOW IT WAS CUSTOMARY FOR THE FEMALES OF THE SPECIES TO KILL THEIR HUSBANDS.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT I WAS AN ORPHAN. SOMEHOW I MUST HAVE SLIPPED THROUGH THE GENETIC CHECKS.

I'M... **UNCLEAN!**

WHAT WOULD **HIS WIFE** DO WHEN SHE DISCOVERED HE WAS A **MANDRAKE**... THE NAME GIVEN TO CREATURES WHO WERE HALF HUMAN, HALF ALIEN...

HAVE A NICE DAY, DEAR. DON'T FORGET YOUR DEATH MASK!

MANDRAKES WERE SHOWN NO MERCY... THE NAME CAME FROM THE SINISTER PLANT THAT PRODUCED A BEAUTIFUL BLOOM BUT WHOSE ROOTS WERE SHAPED LIKE THE DEVIL HIMSELF!

MAY THE RUNES HELP ME! MY ROOTS ARE... ALIEN!

IN HIS PRIVATE CELL AT TERMINUS...

MY MEDALS! MY PROFICIENCY BADGES! THEY'VE ALL BEEN FOR NOTHING! WHEN TORQUEMADA DISCOVERS I'M A MANDRAKE, HE'LL KILL ME...

...EVENTUALLY!

VOTED LEAST LIKELY TO DEVIATE

MOST PURE 44

MR. PURE

BROTHER GOGOL THOUGHT OF ALL THE GOOD WORK HE'D DONE IN THE PAST... THE CRUSADES HE'D GONE ON— CLEANSING AND PURIFYING OTHER WORLDS...

...HE HAD PERSONALLY PUT A THOUSAND DEVIANTS TO THE SWORD!

RETURNING TO TERMIGHT, HE'D BEEN MADE PREFECT OF DISCIPLINE...

I FOUND THIS ALIEN IN BROTHER KRONOS'S LOCKER.

I WAS KEEPING HIM AS A PET. I THOUGHT HE LOOKED CUTE!

CUTE..?

TORQUEMADA HAD BEEN MERCIFUL AND ONLY HAD KRONOS WALLED UP ALIVE...

DEVIANT

PURE LEMENT

FROM THERE, GOGOL HAD BEEN PROMOTED TO EXECUTIONER OF TERMINUS. HE ALONE COULD WEAR THE OOSER— THE COVETED SILVER DEATH MASK— AND SCARLET ROBES OF OFFICE. AND NOW...

EVERY DEVIANT IN THE GALAXY FEARS ME! LITTLE DO THEY KNOW... I'M ONE OF THEM!

SUDDENLY!

I WANT A WORD WITH YOU, BROTHER GOGOL!

TORQUEMADA! SOMEHOW HE'S FOUND OUT ABOUT ME!

THE PHANTOM FLOATED OVER...

AS YOU KNOW, I RECENTLY DISCOVERED A NEST OF TRAITORS! I WANT YOU TO EXECUTE THEM AT THE *FEAST OF ZAMARKAND!*

I WILL ARRANGE SOMETHING SPECIAL, GRAND MASTER.

I KNEW I COULD RELY ON YOU. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK, BROTHER GOGOL!

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUT OF THIS NIGHTMARE!

GOGOL LEFT WORK EARLY— SO NONE OF THE OTHER TERMINATORS WOULD SEE HIM IN THE SHOWERS...

I'M HOME, DEAR!

HAPPY DEVIANT DAY

P IS FOR PURE

PURE PRIMER IS FOR KILL

THE EXECUTIONER COULD HARDLY BELIEVE HIS EYES! THE **THING** HOVERING IN HIS APARTMENT WAS THE MOST WANTED ALIEN IN THE GALAXY... **NEMESIS!**

YOU ARE BROTHER GOGOL, THE EXECUTIONER OF TERMINUS?

A **VERY OLD** AND **CRUEL** VOICE SEEMED TO ECHO IN GOGOL'S HEAD. HE DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER **THE ALIEN** WAS **SPEAKING** OR **COMMUNICATING TELEPATHICALLY** WITH HIM.

WHAT... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY WIFE?

WHEN SHE WAKES UP SHE WILL REMEMBER NOTHING. I WANTED TO HAVE THIS LITTLE TALK ON OUR OWN...

THE CREATURE DIDN'T LOOK LIKE THE PICTURES OF IT IN THE BESTIARY... IT LOOKED **WORSE... MUCH WORSE!**

IN SEVEN DAYS, MANY OF MY AGENTS ARE GOING TO BE EXECUTED AT THE FEAST OF ZAMARKAND. YOU, BROTHER GOGOL, ARE PART OF MY PLAN FOR THEIR **ESCAPE!**

WHY SHOULD I HELP THE ALIEN WHO I HATE ABOVE ALL ALIENS?

THE WARLOCK LEERED AT HIM—

BECAUSE YOU'RE TURNING INTO A **MANDRAKE!**

THAT'S A **LIE!** A **FILTHY LIE!** I'M **PURE!**

ANYWAY, EVEN **IF** IT WAS TRUE, ESCAPE IS IMPOSSIBLE... NO PRISONER'S GOT OUT OF TERMINUS ALIVE!

YOUR ONLY HOPE OF SURVIVAL IS TO DO EXACTLY AS I SAY, OTHERWISE I WILL ENSURE TORQUEMADA KNOWS YOUR SECRET... AND WE WILL SEE HOW YOU— WHO HAVE SENT SO MANY INNOCENTS TO THEIR DEATHS — CAN FACE YOUR OWN MISERABLE END!

HOW— HOW DID YOU **KNOW** I WAS A **MANDRAKE? WHO ARE YOU?**

THE ALIEN SEEMED TO GROW BEFORE HIM, ENGULFING HIM IN THE BLACKNESS...

I AM THE NEMESIS— I AM THE WARLOCK— I AM THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME— THE LORD OF THE FLIES— HOLDER OF THE SWORD SINISTER—

THE DEATH BRINGER— I AM THE ONE WHO WAITS ON THE EDGE OF YOUR DREAMS— I AM ALL THESE THINGS AND MANY MORE

THEN NEMESIS TOLD BROTHER GOGOL WHAT HE WANTED HIM TO DO AND THE TERMINATOR KNEW HE WAS DOOMED!

NEXT PROG: **GREAT UNCLE BAAL!**

Nemesis the Warlock

ON A REMOTE PLANET IN THE FRINGE WORLDS, NEMESIS' GREAT UNCLE BAAL, A NOTED SORCERER AND DIABOLIST, CONTINUES WITH HIS LIFE-TIME'S WORK... TO FIND THE ESSENCE OF HUMAN EVIL.

MANY YEARS BEFORE, HIS CONTROVERSIAL EXPERIMENTS ON HUMAN PRISONERS FORCED THE CABAL OF REBEL PLANETS TO BANISH THE OLD WARLOCK TO THIS DESOLATE WORLD...

Pain

YES, THESE MALAKITE'S LEGS ARE PUTREFYING NICELY! WHEN THEY'RE READY UNCLE CAN BEGIN... THE EXPERIMENT!

Bile 100%

Vaxxx

ALAS

O'NEILL

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PAT MILLS

ART ROBOT
KEVIN O'NEILL

LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU-73E

GROBBENDONK, FETCH ME TWO OUNCES OF CINNABAR, SOME GYPSUM, A BOTTLE OF VITRIOL AND A SACK OF LAZULI!

OH, AND GROBBENDONK, I'LL ALSO NEED A JAR OF HORNWORM EYES AND A SMALL VIAL OF BOGLE BLOOD! THEN WASH UP THE CRUCIBLES IN THE SINK!

NORK THIS! NORK THAT! OH, FIE, GROBBENDONK! FIE! TROGGING AND TRUGGING ALL LIGHT WITH NO MING FOR A THINKLE!

GROBBENDONK, GREAT UNCLE BAAL'S FAMILIAR, SPOKE GIBBERISH—A FRINGE WORLD DIALECT...

THE OLD BOOGLE CAN SNORK IT UP HIS BAFFLE-BAR!

I'M SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOU, UNCLE!

BLOOD

YES? WHAT IS IT, YORICK?

IT'S FIFTY YEARS SINCE NEMESIS HAD UNCLE EXILED HERE... WHAT CAN HE WANT?

MAYBE THIS COULD BE MY CHANCE TO GET AWAY!

YOU HAVE A VISITOR... IT'S YOUR NEPHEW— NEMESIS!

WHAT?!

BAAL Pht. ALK. 80

STAR SHIP

MUST HIDE EVERYTHING! NEMESIS DOESN'T APPROVE OF UNCLE'S EXPERIMENTS! WE WON'T NEED THOSE THINGS AFTER ALL, GROBBENDONK! TAKE YORICK AWAY WITH YOU!

ALAS LAZULI VITRIOL

HENRY— DON'T MOVE AN INCH!

OH, SHUGGLES! I'M FOOPED WAGGLING MY FANGLES TO THE GRAW FOR OLD BOOGLE!

NEMESIS! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

I NEED A SPELL, UNCLE— A DIMENSION PORTAL FOR A MASS ESCAPE I'M PLANNING!

OH, YES? *FIRST* YOU HAVE ME KICKED OUT OF THE CABAL— *JUST* FOR *DISSECTING HUMANS! THEN* YOU ONLY BOTHER TO SEE ME WHEN YOU *WANT SOMETHING!*

IT WAS YOUR OWN FAULT. YOUR METHODS OF DEALING WITH THE *HUMAN RACE* WERE TOO *DRASTIC*. YOUR PLAN FOR A FIVE-YEARLY *CULL*, FOR INSTANCE!

WELL, YOU'RE WASTING *YOUR* TIME *HELPING HUMANS!* YOU'VE GOT TO GET TO THE *ROOT* OF THEIR TROUBLE— *USE THE KNIFE!* FIND OUT WHAT MAKES THEM *EVIL!*

I NEED THAT SPELL, UNCLE!

DON'T THREATEN *ME*, NEMESIS! MY DIABOLIC POWERS ARE GREATER THAN YOURS!

BUT I HOLD...

THE *SWORD SINISTER!*

YOU-YOU WOULDN'T HURT AN OLD WARLOCK WITH BAD HOOVES AND FALLEN HORNS?

TRY ME, YOU WICKED OLD RAM!

LOOK, LET'S *FORGET THE PAST...!* PULL UP A SEAT AND HAVE SOME REFRESHMENTS... A *GOBLET OF HEMLOCK*, PERHAPS?

IT'S SECOND MILLENIUM— RATHER A GOOD ERA.

YA BIKKY SLURSH?

NO THANK YOU, GROBBENDONK.

YES, I'LL LET YOU HAVE THAT SPELL, NEPHEW. IT'S SOMEWHERE AMONG MY BOOKS.

PSST! DON'T FLOGGLE YOUR WETTY!

ALTHOUGH I *STILL* SAY THE *REAL ANSWER* TO THE HUMAN PROBLEM IS *DISSECTION...!*

PAIN

OF COURSE MY WORK NOW IS ENTIRELY *THEORETICAL!*

BAM! BAM!

OF *COURSE!* WHAT'S THAT *BANGING* COMING FROM THE NEXT ROOM, UNCLE?

AS THE SORCERER TURNED, NEMESIS QUICKLY SWITCHED DRINKS...

OH, IT'S — ER — JUST THE *PLUMBING!* REALLY MUST GET SOMETHING DONE ABOUT THOSE *PIPES!*

WELL, *CHEERS,* UNCLE!

YES, *CHEERS,* NEPHEW!

AFTER THE SLEEPING DRAUGHT TOOK EFFECT...

ZZZZZZZZ

THANKS FOR THE WARNING, GROBBENDONK! UNCLE'S BOOKS SHOULD HAVE ALL THE INFORMATION I NEED.

OLD BOOGLE GNASHY SQUEAL! GROBBENDONK'S FANGLES IN A GROX! TROTH SHOG OFF?

YES, I THINK YOU'D *BETTER* COME WITH ME!

WHEN BAAL AWOKE...

MY SCHEMING NEPHEW'S STOLEN MY BOOKS! *AND* MY FAMILIAR! WHY DIDN'T YOU *STOP* THEM, *HENRY?*

I'M SORRY, UNCLE — BUT YOU TOLD ME NOT TO MOVE!

SO I DID..! JUST A BIT HIGHER — *OOH!* JUST *THERE!* YOU'RE SUCH A *COMFORT* TO ME, *HENRY!*

Next Prog:
NIGHT OF THE WARLOCK!

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

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ART ROBOT
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LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

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NIGHT IN **NECROPOLIS**— THE SUBTERRANEAN CITY THAT LIES DEEP WITHIN THE **CENTRAL ABYSS** OF THE EARTH..! HERE ONE BUILDING DOMINATES ALL OTHERS— THE VAST **TEMPLE OF TERMINUS!**

FOR THIS IS THE **HEADQUARTERS OF THE TERMINATORS**— THE **SINISTER WARRIORS** WHO HAVE TURNED HUMANS' **FEAR OF ALIENS** INTO A **RELIGION!**

A **JOYOUS DAY** TOMMORROW, BROTHER XENO— WHEN THE **TRAITORS** SHALL BE OFFERED UP IN **RITUAL SACRIFICE** AT THE **FEAST OF ZAMARKAND!**

THE FEAST OF ZAMARKAND! WHEN THE TERMINATORS CELEBRATE THEIR GREAT VICTORY OVER THE **ALIEN HORDES...**

AYE! I **LOOK FORWARD** TO WATCHING THE TRAITORS **BURN!**

BUT YOU'D BETTER **WATCH OUT, HUMANS!** FOR TONIGHT...

ONE ALIEN HITS BACK!

NEMESIS!

NEMESIS – LEADER OF **CREDO!** THE RESISTANCE MOVEMENT SWORN TO DESTROY THE TYRANNY OF THE **TERMIGHT EMPIRE!**

THE WARLOCK! LORD OF THE FLIES! THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME! HOLDER OF THE **SWORD SINISTER!**

AND TO HIS **HUMAN ENEMIES ...**

THE ARCH DEVIANT HIMSELF! THE MALIGNANCY WHO DEFILES AND SULLIES OUR GALAXY!

THE BROTHERS FIGHT WITH THE SAVAGERY OF **FANATICS** – CONVINCED OF THE **RIGHTEOUSNESS** OF THE CAUSE...

WOE UNTO THE DEVIANT! CLEANSE AND PURIFY HIM, MY BROTHERS!

BUT THE **SWORD SINISTER,** IN THE HANDS OF THE WARLOCK, CLEAVES THROUGH STEEL... AND BEYOND!

AND AT LAST...

SOUND THE ALAAAHH!

IN CASE OF DEVIATION SOUND ALARM

...IT IS DONE!

CHECK THEY'RE ALL DEAD, **GROBBEN-DONK!**

GRELLY VOOD! A KROLLEN NISH!

GROBBENDONK WAS NEMESIS' NEW FAMILIAR. HE SPOKE GIBBERISH— A FRINGE WORLD DIALECT.

YEFTY BAR! MORT AS A SLORT!

AND REMEMBER, GROBBENDONK— NO DRINKING THEIR BLOOD!

OH, SHUGGLES!

A GRIM FIGURE EMERGES FROM THE SHADOWS... BROTHER GOGOL, THE EXECUTIONER OF TERMINUS!

GOGOL! YOU WERE MEANT TO ENSURE THE NORTH FACE WAS UNGUARDED! PERHAPS YOU THOUGHT THE SENTINELS WOULD DISPOSE OF ME?

I...!

GOGOL WAS A MANDRAKE— HALF HUMAN, HALF ALIEN. NEMESIS WAS FORCING HIM TO HELP THE RESISTANCE...

THE DIMENSION PORTAL IS IN POSITION, AS YOU ORDERED— BUT I CANNOT GO THROUGH WITH IT!

...TO ALLOW A FEW TRAITORS TO ESCAPE— YES! BUT NOT EVERY PRISONER IN TERMINUS!

IT'S WORSE THAN MADNESS— IT'S SACRILEGE! I... I WOULD RATHER DIE FIRST!

IF THAT IS YOUR WISH— I CAN PROVIDE THE MEANS!

GOGOL FOUND HIMSELF TREADING AIR BEYOND THE BATTLEMENTS—

NO! WAIT! I-I'LL DO AS YOU SAY!

WHAT IS TO BECOME OF ME? I HAVE AIDED A FIEND FROM HELL! I AM WRETCHED! I AM UNDONE!

YOU'RE DISGUSTING! NOW LEAD ME TO THE CRYPT!

COME ALONG, GROBBENDONK!

Slurp! Sloop!

THE ***PRISONERS*** ARE KEPT THROUGH THERE... ***OVER HERE*** IS THE CELL WHERE ***BROTHER HADES*** MEDITATES BEFORE MOUNTING HIS ***PANDEMONIUM!***

GO AND PREPARE THE ***SACRIFICIAL FIRE.*** AND REMEMBER MY ***WARNING,*** BROTHER GOGOL.

DEVIATION BLOCK 666

NEMESIS WAITS FOR BROTHER HADES TO FINISH HIS MEDITATION.

THE FEAST OF ZAMARKAND IS THE MOST IMPORTANT DATE IN THE TERMIGHT CALENDAR... NEWS OF A ***MASS ESCAPE*** WILL BRING ***NEUTRAL PLANETS*** INTO ***THE CABAL*** AND STRENGTHEN RESISTANCE TO THE EMPIRE!

IT MUST SUCCEED!

MEANWHILE ***THE TERMINATORS*** HEAD IN SOLEMN PROCESSION TOWARDS ***THE TEMPLE.***

THEY CARRY ALOFT ***THE BANNERS*** OF THE ***SEVEN CHAPTERS:***

THE INQUISITION,
NEW DRUIDS,
DERVISHES,
OUTRIDERS,
ASSASSINS,
DARK BRETHREN
AND BERSERKERS.

AND IN THEIR MIDST, RIDING IN THE ***GOLDEN GONDOLA,*** THEIR PHANTOM GRAND MASTER... ***TORQUEMADA!***

DIE

PURE PATROL

THE FEAST OF ZAMARKAND IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!

Next Prog: ***THE PANDEMONIUM OF DEATH!***

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

CREDIT SCROLL

MANUSCRIPT
BROTHER MILLS

ARTWORK
BROTHER O'NEILL

ILLUMINATION
BROTHER POTTER

DEEP WITHIN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH IS THE **TEMPLE OF TERMINUS** — HEADQUARTERS OF THE **TERMINATORS** WHO HAVE SWORN TO **DESTROY** ALL INTELLIGENT **ALIENS**.

AND TODAY IS A SPECIAL DAY — **THE FEAST OF ZAMARKAND** — WHEN THE TERMINATORS CELEBRATE THEIR **VICTORY** OVER THE ALIEN HORDES.

BUT IN THE TEMPLE **CRYPT**, **BROTHER HADES**, THE **PANDEMONIUM PLAYER**, LOOKS UP FROM HIS MEDITATION TO SEE... **THE MOST FEARED ALIEN IN THE GALAXY!**

NEMESIS!

PURE AIR IN

UURGH!

SWIFTLY **THE WARLOCK** DONS THE TERMINATOR'S ROBES...

NOW, **GROBBENDONK** — YOU REMEMBER THE PLAN..? WHILE I MAKE SURE MY **HUMAN AGENTS ESCAPE** — **YOU** WILL SET FREE **THE REST OF THE PRISONERS!**

OH, **YEFTY!** NAY AGRO! IT'S A **HUNK O' GUNK!**

GROBBENDONK, NEMESIS' **FAMILIAR**, SPOKE **GIBBERISH**, A FRINGE WORLD **DIALECT**.

GROBBENDONK SLITHERS THROUGH THE DARKNESS UNTIL HE REACHES THE **ALIENS' CELLS...**

THE ONLY TROUBLE WITH WEARING THESE **SPIKED BOOTS** IS YOU HAVE TO KEEP PICKING THE **ZYLPHS** OFF!

YES. BUT IF YOU **DON'T** WEAR THEM — THEY **RUN UP YOUR CASSOCK!**

OH, **SHUGGLES!**

MEANWHILE, THE **HUMAN PRISONERS** HAVE BEEN BROUGHT INTO **THE TERMINUS**. ONE OF THE PRISONERS, **PURITY BROWN**, LOOKS AROUND AT THE GRIM SCENE—

THE SPECTRE OF **TORQUEMADA**, OVERLOOKING THE CHOIR OF TERMINATORS CHANTING THE XENOPHOBIC CREED...

THE **SACRIFICIAL FLAMES** RISING FROM THE EARTH'S **MOLTEN CORE**— WAITING TO **CONSUME** HER!

I'M SO AFRAID! IF ONLY *NEMESIS*—!

IT'S NO USE, PURITY! NOT EVEN *NEMESIS* CAN SAVE US NOW!

THE GROUND OPENS AND A HUGE **PANDEMONIUM** RISES FROM **THE CRYPT**. PART **ORGAN**, PART **WAR MACHINE**, IT'S **INSANE MUSIC** IS USED TO DRIVE THE TERMINATORS INTO A **BERSERKER FRENZY**.'

ITS **HOODED ORGANIST** SEEMS TO BE PLAYING WITH **SPECIAL GLEE**.'

BROTHER GOGOL, EXECUTIONER OF TERMINUS, BECKONS TO PURITY... **SHE** IS TO BE THE **FIRST** INTO **THE FIRE**!

AND **PURITY** GIVES WAY TO HER FEAR...

I-I'LL SAY **ALL ALIENS ARE EVIL!** I'LL SAY **ANYTHING YOU LIKE** IF YOU **SPARE MY LIFE!**

MY CHILD, THIS IS A MOMENT FOR **REJOICING!** LET US **SING TOGETHER** BEFORE YOU ARE SHRIVEN BY THE **ALL-CLEANSING FIRE!**

YOU-YOU MEAN YOU'RE **NOT** GOING TO **LET ME OFF?**

SADLY, MY CHILD— **NO!** THOUGH IT **GRIEVES** ME, YOU **MUST** BE **PUNISHED!**

WHY ARE YOU ALL SO... **EVIL?** DON'T YOU THINK IT'S **WRONG** TO **HATE ALIENS— JUST** BECAUSE THEY'RE **DIFFERENT** TO US?

NO.

WHAT ARE YOU ALL **HIDING BEHIND** YOUR **MASKS?**

IN HER RAGE, SHE DOESN'T NOTICE **BROTHER GOGOL** TREMBLE AT HER **LAST WORDS.**

YOU'VE LED THE HUMAN RACE INTO A NEW **DARK AGE!** BUT **NEMESIS** WILL **AVENGE** OUR **DEATHS!**

AS THE MUSIC OF THE PANDEMONIUM HOWLS AN INSANE SYMPHONY, THE TERMINATORS GET TO THEIR FEET...

BURN HER! BURN THE WITCH!

THEN SHE HEARS A VOICE **INSIDE** HER HEAD—

NEMESIS!

DO NOT BE AFRAID

YOU MUST ENTER THE PIT

THE FLAMES ARE YOUR GATEWAY...

...TO FREEDOM!

TRUST ME
TRUST ME TRUST ME
TRUST ME TRUS
TRUST ME
TRUST ME TRUS
TRUST ME
TRUST ME

THE PANDEMONIUM CONTINUES ITS NIGHTMARE HORRATORIO WHILE MORE HUMANS LEAP INTO THE BLAZE.

AS THE ORGANIST WORKS HIMSELF UP INTO A FRENZY...

SOMETHING IS ***WRONG***... THE TRAITORS DO NOT FEAR THE FIRE!

IT'S NO ***FUN*** UNLESS THEY'RE AFRAID!

AND MY TERMINATORS SEEM TO BE SUFFERING FROM SOME STRANGE ***MALADY...! WHAT*** CAN BE CAUSING IT?

UNLESS IT'S THE MUSIC OF THE ***PANDEMONIUM!***

AT THAT MOMENT, ***ROCKETS*** LEAP FROM THE PANDEMONIUM'S FIRE TUBES!

WE ARE UNDER ATTACK!

GRAND MASTER, I BRING GRAVE TIDINGS! WE HAVE JUST FOUND ***BROTHER HADES*** IN THE CRYPT ... ***DEAD!***

THEN IN THE NAME OF TAU, ***WHO*** PLAYS THE ***PANDE-MONIUM?***

NEMESIS!!

BRIMSTONE

DEATH

NEXT PROG: ***MUSE-MANIA!***

IT IS THE **FEAST OF ZAMARKAND** WHEN THE **TERMINATORS** CELEBRATE THEIR **VICTORY** OVER THE **ALIEN HORDES!** BUT IN THE **TEMPLE OF TERMINUS—ONE ALIEN** HITS BACK...

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

THE **PANDEMONIUM** IS PART ORGAN, PART WAR MACHINE. IT IS USED ON MILITARY CAMPAIGNS TO DRIVE THE TERMINATORS INTO A **BERSERKER FRENZY!**

NOW **NEMESIS** SWINGS IT ROUND—SUBJECTING THE TERMINATORS TO A DEVASTATING **ROCKET BARRAGE!**

HIS **DEMENTED MUSIC** CAUSES THE GRIM WARRIORS TO **TURN** ON ONE ANOTHER IN **DEMONIC RAGE!**

BROTHERS! CONTROL YOURSELVES! **NEMESIS** IS YOUR ENEMY!

MEANWHILE, **GROBBENDONK,** NEMESIS' **FAMILIAR,** HAS REACHED THE **ALIENS' CELLS.** THERE HE MUST CARRY OUT **HIS** PART OF THE WARLOCK'S PLAN... **TO FREE THE REST OF THE PRISONERS!**

CREDIT SCROLL

MANUSCRIPT
BROTHER MILLS

ARTWORK
BROTHER O'NEILL

ILLUMINATION
BROTHER POTTER

BRIMSTONE... JUST **ONE** DROP OF **BRIMSTONE!**

SORRY—THE **TORTURER GENERAL'S** GOT THE **KEYS** AND HE'S **DOWN BELOW—** GIVING HIS NEW **APPRENTICE** A **ROASTING!**

YOU'RE DOING IT ALL WRONG! DOING IT ALL WRONG! CALL YOURSELF A TORTURER? YOU'RE JUST *TICKLING* HIM, SON! JUST *TICKLING* HIM!

I-I'M DOING MY BEST!

KEEP CLEAR

YOUR *BEST?* COME HERE, SON! COME HERE! LOOK AT THESE PINCERS! *LOOK* AT THEM!

WHITE HOT? THEY'RE NOT EVEN *RED HOT!*

IT'S SLOPPY WORKMANSHIP, SON! THAT'S WHAT IT IS... *SLOPPY WORKMANSHIP!*

SSSSSSSS

!!!

AND HE'S A *COLLEGE BOY!* SPENT *FOUR YEARS* AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF TERMINATORS STUDYING TORTURE!

D'YOU KNOW HOW MANY *CONFESSIONS* HE GOT THIS WEEK? I'LL TELL YOU! NOT ONE! *NOT ONE!*

REALLY? OH, THAT'S *TERRIBLE!*

WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME, SON? *WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?* YOU'RE *WICKED,* SON!

WICKED! WICKED! WICKED!

I'LL TELL YOU, SON! I'LL TELL YOU STRAIGHT! I CAN'T KEEP YOU! I CAN'T KEEP RUBBISH! THEY WON'T LET ME!

YOU-YOU DON'T MEAN *TORQUEMADA* WILL SEND ME ON... A *QUEST?*

IT'LL BE OUT OF MY HANDS, SON! I CAN'T KEEP *DEAD WOOD!* I'LL *HAVE* TO LET YOU GO!

OH, *PLEASE*— GIVE ME ONE MORE CHANCE, SIR!

JUST ONE LAST TORTURE? PLEASE?

LOOK, IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU TWO, I THINK I'D RATHER TORTURE MYSELF!

?

:SIGH!: I GET SO *LONELY* DOWN HERE!

I'LL BE YOUR *FRIEND*, IF YOU LIKE.

TORQUE LIVES--- ALMOST

SORRY. YOU'LL BE DEAD TOMORROW.

ZAFA BIX NON

GROBBENDONK SLID BENEATH A CELL DOOR.

LOOK, DEAR BOYS! *THE KEYS!*

THIS IS THE CHANCE WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR, OLD LOVES! NOW, THIS IS THE PLAN!

VLADIVOSTOCK, YOU AND ***PUSHKIN*** KINDLY KILL THE GUARDS! ***N'KOGNITO***— WOULD YOU MIND GOING WITH THEM? ***SNOTGUZZLE***, PLEASE OPEN THE OTHER CELLS!

=SKLAWK!= RIGHT, KREMLIN!

KRAK

NOW, OLD LOVES! WAIT FOR MY SIGNAL!

NICE!

PLEASE EXCUSE US!

WITHIN MINUTES THE CRYPT IS IN UPROAR...

WITH RESPECT, WE'RE GOING TO SLICE YOU UP...

...AND USE YOU AS LACES FOR OUR BOOTS!

NICE! I LIKE EVERY-THING TO BE... ***NICE!***

BEWARE DEVIANT MOST TERRIBLE

SKRUNKIES! SCHNORKLES! ORK TROGGED AND TRUGGED AND WAGGLED MY FANGLES FOR YAFT! ***DOOP DE BOOP!***

NEXT PROG: THE BLACK MAMBA!

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

CREDIT SCROLL
MANUSCRIPT BROTHER MILLS
ARTWORK BROTHER O'NEILL
ILLUMINATION BROTHER POTTER

THE **PANDEMONIUM'S** EVIL MUSIC CAUSES THE TERMINATORS TO SEE EACH OTHER AS **HIDEOUS ALIENS** AND THE GRIM WARRIORS TURN ON EACH OTHER IN A FRENZY OF HATE! A FEW EVEN CLIMB ONTO THE PANDEMONIUM ITSELF — WHERE **NEMESIS** IS READY FOR THEM . . .

DEATH TO THE WARLOCK!

CLEANSE AND PURIFIIIIIYYYYY!

HIS SWORD SINISTER, **EXCESSUS**, STRIKES AGAIN AND AGAIN!

IN THE CRYPT BELOW THE TERMINUS, **GROBBENDONK** — NEMESIS' **FAMILIAR** — HAS RELEASED THE HORDES OF **ALIEN PRISONERS** HELD THERE. AMONG THEM ARE THE SINISTER **YOLOGS**, LED BY THEIR CHIEF, **KREMLIN**.

FORWARD! AND REMEMBER, OLD LOVES — BE ***POLITE! GOOD MANNERS*** COST NOTHING!

PARDON OUR PIKE!

TERRIBLY SORRY!

THE CREATURES REACH THE ARMOURY. THERE A HUGE INVISIBLE ALIEN, **N'KOGNITO**, RIPS DOWN THE DOOR.

NICE!

WITH RESPECT, WE'RE GOING TO CUT YOUR GIZZARDS OUT!

DO MY **THREE EYES** DECEIVE ME? IT IS MY OLD **GRIS, BLACK MAMBA!** HAIL, **DAUGHTER OF DEATH!** HAIL, **PRINCESS OF PAIN!** HAIL, **QUEEN OF CARNAGE! N'KOGNITO**, THE GULU, SENDS THEE **GREETINGS!**

TEARS FALL FROM THE WARRIOR'S EYES AS HE BEHOLDS HIS GRIS— NAMED AFTER THE DEADLY EARTH SNAKE.

IT IS A LONG TIME, **MAMBA**, SINCE WE FOUGHT THE HUMANS TOGETHER AND YOU **DRANK** THEIR **JUICES!** YOU MUST BE **PARCHED!** COME..!

THE RIVER FLOWS! BLOOD IS THICK! **MAMBA IS THIRSTY!**

SHRAK

KEEP THE ALIEN FILTH BACK! LOWER THE PORTCULLIS!

SHRANG

DIE, DEVIANTS!

BACK! WE'LL HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER WAY OUT!

PLEASE EXCUSE US!

THEN, ABOVE THEM, A GRIM SHAPE..!

THIS WAY, BROTHERS!

GREETINGS, LORD! CAN I BE WORTHY TO SERVE YOU AGAIN? I *N'KOGNITO, THE BULU*, WHO HAS FALLEN IN BATTLE!

OFF YOUR KNEES, *N'KOGNITO!* I STILL HAVE NEED OF YOUR *SKILLS!*

IT IS OUR MASTER— *THE WARLOCK!*

GOOD DAY TO YOU, NEMESIS OLD LOVE!

KREMLIN! STRANGE THAT YOU AND I SHOULD FIGHT ON *THE SAME SIDE!*

SKLAWK!

AND *SNOTGUZZLE*, TOO! YOU'VE DONE WELL, *GROBBENDONK!* BUT THERE WILL BE TIME LATER FOR *REUNIONS!*

KREMLIN! YOUR *YOLOGS* WILL TAKE OVER THE PANDEMONIUM! *N'KOGNITO!* SEAL THE DOORS!

I WILL LEAD THE REST OF OUR KIN INTO THE *SACRIFICIAL FIRE!* FOR BENEATH THE FLAMES IS A *DIMENSION PORTAL!* THE *GATEWAY TO FREEDOM!*

THE *TERMINATORS* ARE GOING TO *REGRET* THE DAY THEY BROUGHT THEIR *HUMAN SICKNESS* INTO OUR GALAXY!

MAMBA'S NEEDS ARE GREAT, LORD! SHE CRAVES THE HUMANS' JUICES!

MEANWHILE, TORQUEMADA, PHANTOM RULER OF TERMIGHT, TAKES DRASTIC COUNTER-MEASURES—

QUICKLY, BROTHER BABEL— EXPUNGE YOUR SPIRIT SO I MAY ENTER YOUR BODY!

YOU DO ME GREAT HONOUR, GRAND MASTER! *EEUUHHH!*

HURRY! *THE BATTLE BETWEEN MYSELF AND THE WARLOCK MUST SOON BEGIN!*

BE PATIENT, BE VIGILANT— BEHAVE!

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

CREDIT SCROLL
MANUSCRIPT BROTHER MILLS
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THE TEMPLE OF TERMINUS IS IN UPROAR AS THE ALIEN PRISONERS POUR FROM THE CRYPT! THEIR LEADER — THE WARLOCK **NEMESIS** — URGES THEM INTO THE **SACRIFICIAL FIRE...**

...FOR BENEATH THE FLAMES IS A **DIMENSION PORTAL** — THROUGH WHICH THE PRISONERS CAN **ESCAPE!**

Gleep! Gleep!

THERE'S NO TIME FOR **DOUBT..!**

...INTO THE FIRE!

BROTHER BOGOL, EXECUTIONER OF TERMINUS, STAGGERS FORWARD—

WOE! WOE! THE TAINT OF THE DEVIANT IS UPON ME! I AM DEFILED! I AM THE MOST MISERABLE OF MEN!

YES!

GOGOL WAS A MANDRAKE— HALF HUMAN, HALF ALIEN. NEMESIS HAD FORCED HIM TO PUT THE DIMENSION PORTAL IN THE PIT.

I DID ALL YOU ASKED, WARLOCK! YOU PROMISED YOU WOULD HELP ME! SAVE ME FROM THE WRATH OF TORQUEMADA!

YOU CAN TAKE YOUR CHANCES IN THE PIT WITH EVERY-ONE ELSE!

THE EXECUTIONER PALED WITH TERROR.

I DARE NOT! I CANNOT! I FEAR THE FIRE!

THEN CRAWL AWAY AND DIE!

THE BATTLE GOES ON..! THE YOLOGS, LED BY THEIR CHIEF— KREMLIN— MAN THE PANDEMONIUM!

CRACK!

PUSHKIN! NOVGOROD! BEHAVE YOURSELVES! YOU'LL GET YOUR TURN ON THE PANDEMONIUM LATER!

WHILE N'KOGNITO, A HUGE INVISIBLE ALIEN, DRIVES BACK TERMINATOR REINFORCEMENTS—

LICK YOUR FANGS, MAMBA! THESE ARE RIPE FRUITS AND FULL OF SAP!

WOOOSH!

SHRAK!

ENJOY!

SCRUNCH!

NICE!

MOST STYLISH!

MEANWHILE, **TORQUEMADA**, GRAND MASTER OF TERMIGHT, PLANS TO JOIN THE FRAY...

HURRY UP AND DIE, BROTHER BABEL!

I-I'M DOING MY BEST, GRAND MASTER!

UUUUGHH

MOMENTS LATER, THE BODY OF BROTHER BABEL GETS TO ITS FEET. BUT NOW HE IS A **ZOMBIE**— A **HOST** TO THE SPIRIT OF **TORQUEMADA**!

THE WARLOCK HAS... **RUINED**... OUR GREAT FEAST OF ZAMARKAND! BUT HE WILL... **PAYYYYYY!**

AND... **DEARLY!**

HE COMES UPON THE WRETCHED FIGURE OF BROTHER GOGOL...

GOGOL! I SENSE YOU HAD A PART IN THIS BETRAYAL...

TORQUEMADA..?!

UGH! YOU BEAR THE FEATURES OF... A **MANDRAKE**! I SEE NOW WHY YOU GAVE AID TO THE DEVIANT!

I-I HAD NO CHOICE, GRAND MASTER!

PLEASE... DON'T **KILL** ME!

CRUNCH!

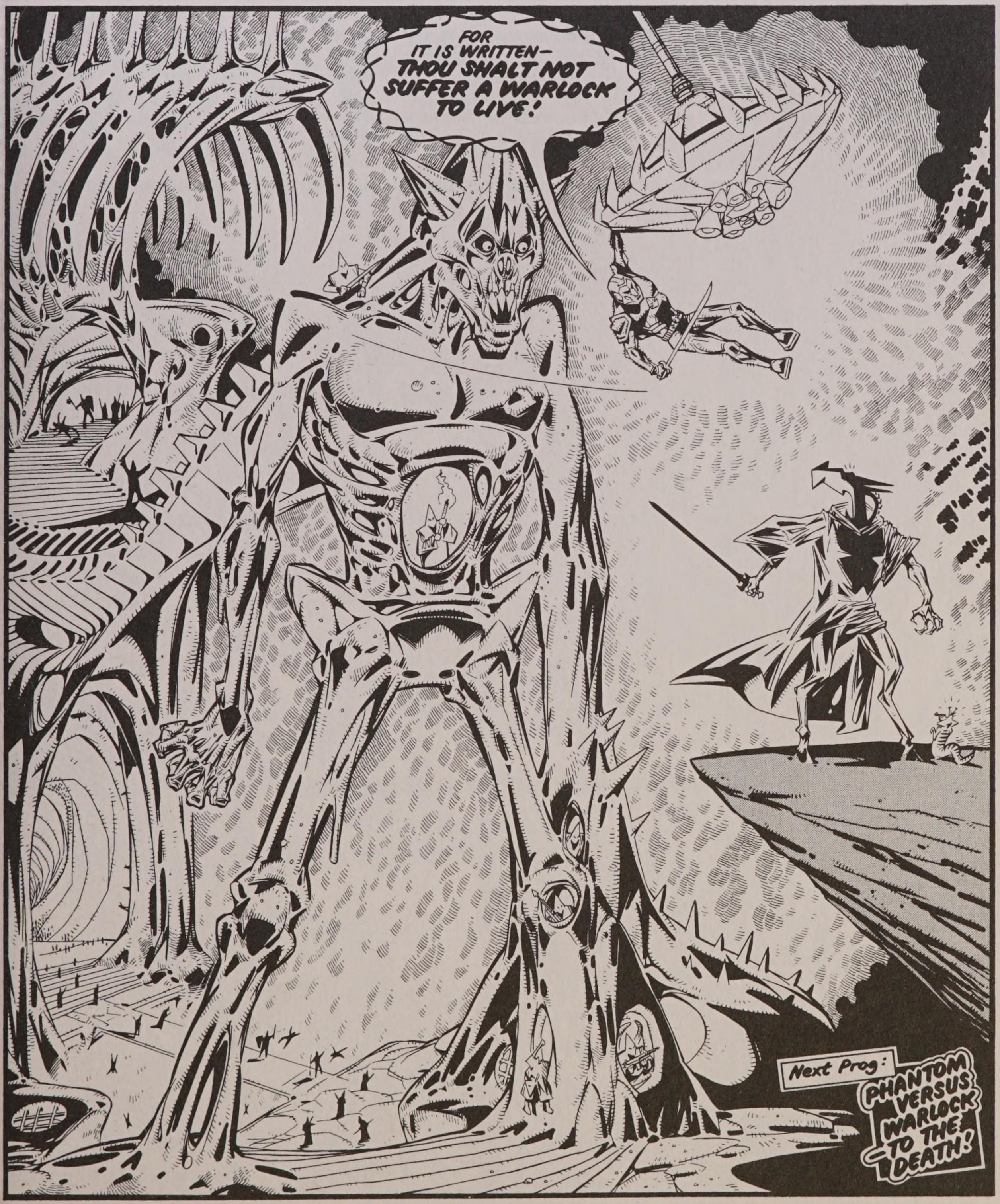
KILL YOU..? **SHAME** ON YOU, BROTHER GOGOL! SURELY YOU KNOW ME BETTER THAN THAT?

DEATH IS **TOO GOOD** FOR YOU!

I WILL DEAL WITH YOU... **LATER!**

TORQUEMADA HEADS TOWARDS THE SACRIFICIAL FIRE...

OUT OF MY WAY! THERE IS ONE DEVIANT WHO I MUST DESTROY **PERSONALLY**! THE ARCH DEVIANT— **NEMESIS!**


FOR IT IS WRITTEN— THOU SHALT NOT SUFFER A WARLOCK TO LIVE!
Next Prog: PHANTOM VERSUS WARLOCK TO THE DEATH!

NEMESIS VS THE WARLOCK

TOMAS DE TORQUEMADA— NAMED AFTER THE SPANISH INQUISITOR WHOSE WORK HE SO MUCH ADMIRED— HAS ENTERED THE BODY OF BROTHER BABEL. HE HURLS HIMSELF AT THE WARLOCK **NEMESIS**. THE ALIEN HAS SUCCEEDED IN CARRYING OUT HIS **MASS ESCAPE PLAN**— BUT NOW MUST COME **THE RECKONING**!

NOW, **HELLSPAWN! DEMON! SLYBOOTS!** WE FIGHT— A L'OUTRANCE ... **TO THE BITTER END!**

THE TWO WARRIORS FIGHT **IN SILENCE**...

... THEY HAVE NO WISH TO **DISCUSS** THEIR ROLES IN THE GALAXY OR THEIR **HATRED** OF THEIR OPPONENT...

... THEIR ONLY DESIRE IS TO **KILL** EACH OTHER.

O'NEILL

TORQUEMADA
GRAND MASTER of TERMIGHT

HRRRRR!

UUUGGGH!

THE SWORD THRUST DOES NOT KILL TORQUEMADA. FOR THE BODY IS A **ZOMBIE**—A **HOST** TO TORQUEMADA'S SPIRIT.

YOU CANNOT DESTROY **ME**, WARLOCK...

...BUT I CAN DESTROY **YOU!**

SLOOCH!

CREDIT SCROLL

MANUSCRIPT
BROTHER MILLS

ARTWORK
BROTHER O'NEILL

ILLUMINATION
BROTHER POTTER

NEMESIS **BEHEADS** THE ZOMBIE— THE ONLY WAY IT CAN BE STOPPED.

HURRY, BROTHERS— INTO ***THE PIT!*** FOR SOON THE ***DIMENSION PORTAL*** WILL BE ***SEALED!***

SUDDENLY, **GROBBENDONK**— NEMESIS' **FAMILIAR**— YELLS A WARNING.

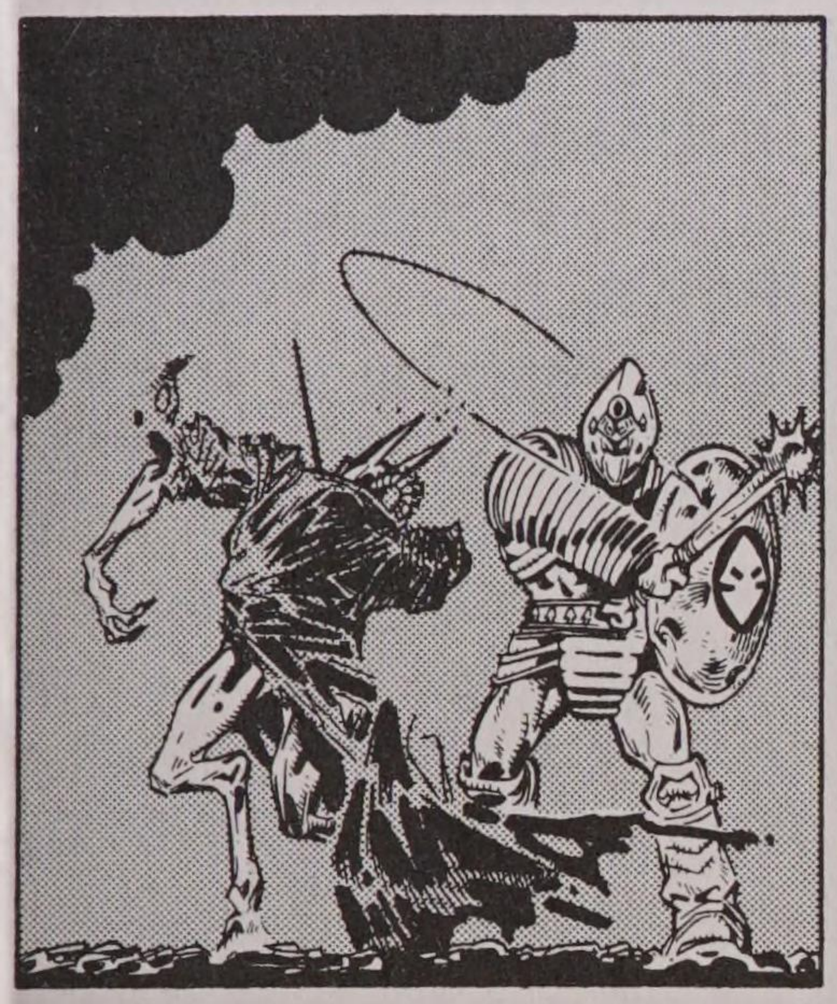
OH, ***SHUGGLES! BLAG BOOGLE GNASHY SQUEAL!***

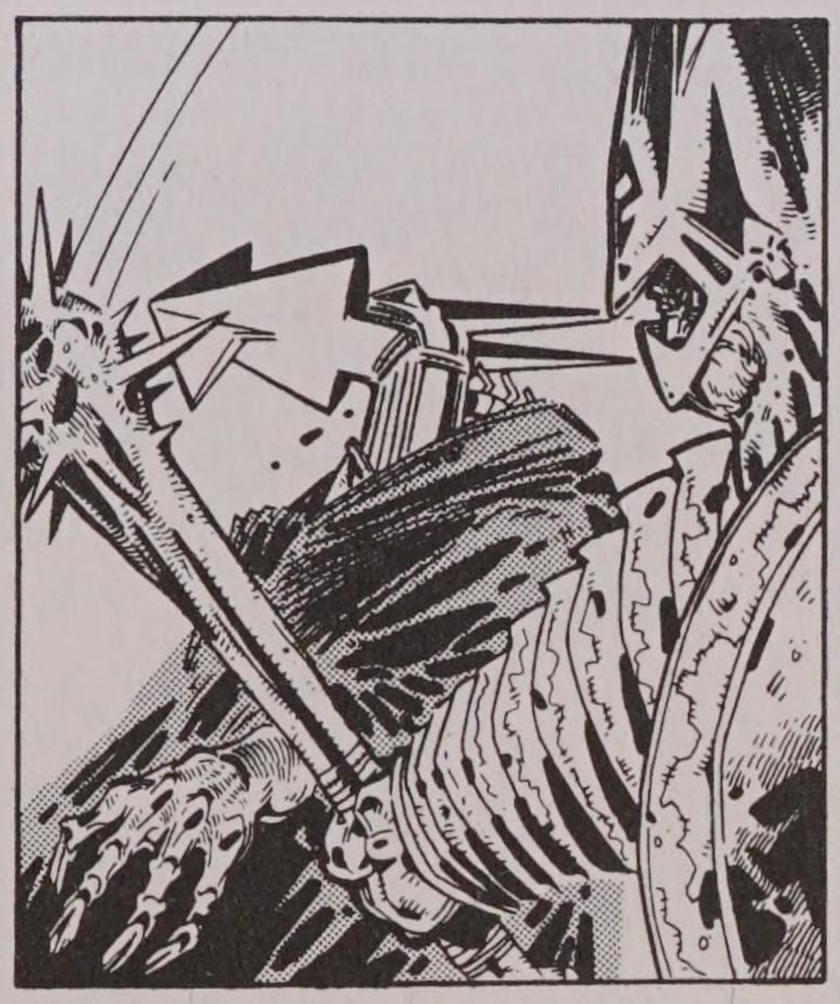
TORQUEMADA ATTACKS AGAIN, USING THE BODY OF ANOTHER DEAD TERMINATOR.

GROBBENDONK SPOKE **GIBBERISH**—A FRINGE WORLD DIALECT.

RRRRRGGGH!

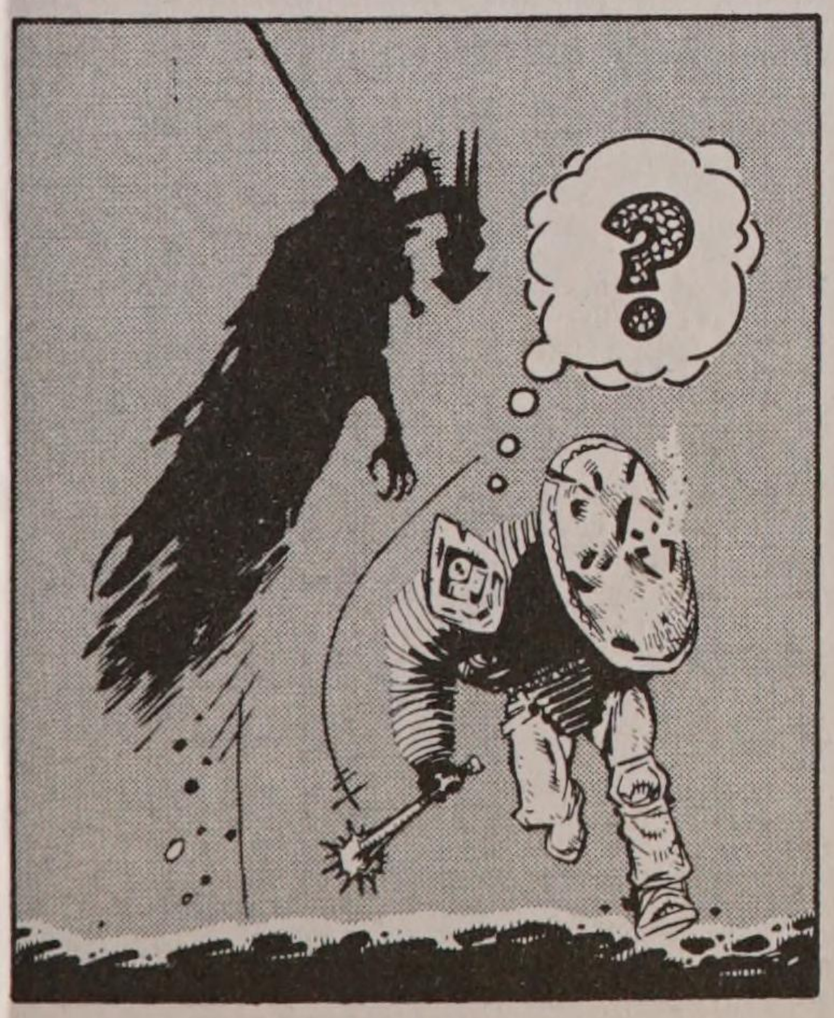
EEEEHHHH!





HURRRRR!

SPITTING FIRE AND VENOM, THE WARLOCK COUNTER-ATTACKS...



AAAGGGGGHH!

BUT NOW ANOTHER DEAD TERMINATOR RISES TO ITS FEET.

THE FOURTH FACE OF TORQUEMADA SNARLS TRIUMPHANTLY.
ONCE AGAIN YOU MUST FIGHT, NEMESIS! AND IF YOU DESTROY THIS ZOMBIE, I SHALL USE ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER... I CANNOT DIE!
BUT SOON YOU MUST TIRE! THEN WILL BE... THE HOUR OF THE GRIM REAPER!
NEXT PROG HELL'S HARVEST

Nemesis THE WARLOCK

NEMESIS FACES THE **FOURTH INCARNATION** OF **TORQUEMADA!** NOW, ONCE AGAIN, THEY MUST FIGHT... BUT IF NEMESIS DESTROYS THIS **ZOMBIE,** TORQUEMADA WILL USE ANOTHER AND ANOTHER... **FOR THE PHANTOM CANNOT DIE!**

SOON YOU **MUST TIRE, WARLOCK!** THEN WILL BE... **THE HOUR OF THE GRIM REAPER!**

MEANWHILE, AS THE ALIEN PRISONERS CONTINUE TO LEAP INTO THE **DIMENSION PORTAL, N'KOGNITO,** A HUGE INVISIBLE ALIEN, SLAMS THE DOOR ON **TERMINATOR REINFORCEMENTS!**

NICE! I LIKE EVERYTHING ...**NICE!**

AAAHHGGH!

SPLINTER

KRUNCH

BREAK DOWN THE DOOR!

AND MORE TERMINATORS BURST THROUGH THE WINDOWS OF TERMINUS— SINGING **THE DEVIATUS,** THE **BATTLE HYMN** OF TERMIGHT!

WATCH YE FOR THE MARK OF THE **DEVIANT!** THE **TENTACLE** AND **CLAW!** THE **SCALEY SKIN,** THE **BUG EYES!** THE **CLOVEN HOOF** AND **PAW!**

T·13

CREDIT SCROLL

MANUSCRIPT
BROTHER MILLS

ARTWORK
BROTHER O'NEILL

ILLUMINATION
BROTHER POTTER

ON THE **PANDEMONIUM**, KREMLIN'S YOLOGS ARE READY...

BOOM

PARDON!

GRIMLY, **TERMINATORS** TILT THE **HUGE LAVA BOWLS** THAT **ILLUMINATE** THE **TEMPLE**...

WITH **SWORD** AND **AXE** AND **MACE**, WE **CLEANSE** AND **PURIFY**..!

...WE **NEVER** SHOW ANY **MERCY**! ALL **ALIENS** MUST...!

DIE!

EEEEEEEHHHH!

WINGED ALIENS JOIN IN THE FRAY—

BEWARE OF CREATURES **LURKING**, IN **SHADOW** OR IN **CAVE**!

HEED THE WORDS OF **TORQUEMADA**! BE **PURE**...! BE **VIGILANT**...!

BEHAVE!

UNDER THE **BARRAGE** OF SHELLS FROM THE **PANDEMONIUM**, THE **ROOF** OF THE **TEMPLE** CAVES IN!

AND THE **MOST DANGEROUS ALIENS** USE THE FALLEN DEBRIS TO **ESCAPE** FROM THE **ALIEN PIT.**

VENGEANCE!

VENGEANCE!

WHILE THE **TEMPLE DOOR** STARTS TO GIVE WAY UNDER A SAVAGE BATTERING!

NOOOO!

AND IN THE THICK OF IT ALL, **NEMESIS** AND **TORQUEMADA** CONTINUE THEIR **EPIC BATTLE!**

CHOP!

SNAP!

THRUNCH!

SNAP!

CHONK!

BEFORE **TORQUEMADA** CAN USE **ANOTHER ZOMBIE**, NEMESIS PERFORMS A WEIRD **DANCE OF DEATH OVER THE SLAIN...**

...SO THAT NONE OF THEM CAN BE **HOST** TO TORQUEMADA!

TORQUEMADA— HIS **SPIRIT** ALREADY **WEAKENED** BY THREE INCARNATIONS— LOOKS DESPERATELY AROUND HIM...

I MUST FIND ANOTHER ZOMBIE!

LEERING, **NEMESIS** MOVES IN...

NO, TORQUEMADA..! THERE'S NO **HOST BODY** LEFT FOR YOU TO HIDE IN! YOUR **SPIRIT** IS **NAKED!**

ON THE **PHYSICAL PLANE**, WE WERE WELL MATCHED...

BUT ON THE **PSYCHIC PLANE**, YOU ARE AT **MY MERCY!**

YES! I AM YOUR MASTER NOW!

AAAAAAHHHH!

Next Prog: **THE FINAL BATTLE!**

NEMESIS HAS ENSURED THAT NONE OF THE BODIES OF THE DEAD TERMINATORS CAN BE USED TO HOST **TORQUEMADA**. NOW THE GRAND MASTER — HIS SPIRIT ALREADY WEAKENED BY THREE INCARNATIONS — IS AT NEMESIS' MERCY!

YOUR **SPIRIT** IS AT MY MERCY, HUMAN! ON THIS PSYCHIC PLANE YOU ARE DEFENCELESS! *I AM THE MASTER NOW!*

Nemesis THE WARLOCK

I'VE LONGED FOR THIS MOMENT...

I'M GOING TO *ENJOY*...

DESTROYING THE EVIL THAT IS TORQUEMADA!

SNIK! SNIK! SNIK!

CREDIT SCROLL

MANUSCRIPT
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ILLUMINATION
BROTHER POTTER

TORQUEMADA TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION TO ESCAPE...

I'VE GOT TO GO AFTER HIM!

NO, NEMESIS..!

RAGNAR! SO THEY HELD YOU PRISONER HERE, TOO! GOOD TO SEE YOU, OLD FRIEND!

AND YOU, WARLOCK! BUT DON'T LET YOUR PERSONAL HATRED OF TORQUEMADA JEOPARDISE THE SUCCESS OF THIS MISSION!

YES, CAN WE LEAVE, PLEASE? EVERY TIME I LOOK AT ALL THESE FOUL HUMAN BODIES I FEEL TOTAL REVULSION!

YOU'RE RIGHT! IN A FEW MINUTES THE DIMENSION PORTAL WILL BE SEALED AND WE'LL BE TRAPPED IN THIS HUMAN HELL... COME ON!

MEANWHILE, TORQUEMADA SEARCHES FOR ANOTHER HOST BODY...

MY SPIRIT IS WANING... FEEL WEAK... BUT— HE MUST NOT GET AWAY...

GRAND MASTER! GRAND MASTER!

WHAT... IS IT, BROTHER MIKRON?

I CAME TO WARN YOU! EVEN THOUGH YOU CANNOT DIE, YOUR SPIRIT RISKS FADE-OUT, AFTER THE STRAIN OF BATTLE!

YOU NEED *NOURISHMENT!* COME—YOUR *VESTAL VAMPIRES* AWAIT YOU IN THE *EXOSYST!* THEY ARE PREPARED FOR *CONVERSION!*

BUT THE DARK SECRETS OF THE EXOSYST MUST REMAIN A MYSTERY, FOR...

THERE'S NO TIME FOR ME TO *FEED!*

LOOK! NEMESIS HAS MISSED *THIS BODY!* DRAG IT OUT! IT WILL BE A SUITABLE VESSEL FOR MY SPIRIT!

GRAND MASTER... PLEASE...! LIFE WITHOUT YOU WOULD BE *HOLLOW EMPTINESS!*

I KNOW. BUT HURRY, BROTHER MIKRON! HURRY!

MOMENTS LATER, THE DEAD BERSERKER LURCHES TO ITS FEET AS TORQUEMADA'S ZOMBIE!

MMWWURRRHH!

FOR THE LOVE I BEAR YOU, GRAND MASTER— *LISTEN!* YOU FACE *OBLIVION!*

IF THAT IS THE *PRICE* FOR THE *WARLOCK'S DEATH*, THEN I *REJOICE* AT *MY OWN* DESTRUCTION!

MEANWHILE, ON THE EDGE OF THE PIT WHICH CONCEALS THE DIMENSION PORTAL...

THAT'S THE LAST OF THE *VITHS!* NOW IT'S YOUR TURN...

WAIT...!

...ONE OF THE *VITHS* HAS BEEN LEFT BEHIND!

HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

I'LL HAVE TO *GO BACK* FOR HIM! *GROBBENDONK,* GO WITH RAGNAR! I'LL JOIN YOU ALL ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PORTAL!

NO, NEMESIS— LET *ME* GO BACK!

NOW JUST A MINUTE, PAL!

LET IT BE **ME**, LORD! **MAMBA** HAS DRUNK DEEP— BUT SHE **STILL THIRSTS** FOR HUMAN **JUICES**!

WITH RESPECT, NEMESIS OLD LOVE, **I'D** LIKE TO GO BACK!

BUT THE WARLOCK HAS ALREADY GONE!

SQUEEEEEEE!

*THE **FIFTH INCARNATION OF TORQUEMADA** SHAMBLES TOWARDS THE SCENE...*

FEELING WEAKER... BUT GOT TO KEEP GOING... UNTIL I'VE **KILLED** YOU, NEMESIS... THEN— **NOTHING** MATTERS, ANYMORE...

MAYBE THAT'S HOW IT WAS ALWAYS MEANT TO END... **WITH BOTH OUR DEATHS!**

NOW, **WARLOCK...! LORD OF THE FLIES...!** YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT! THE WAY YOU **DESERVE...**

IN THE BACK!

Next Prog: TRAPPED IN TERMIGHT!

NEMESIS GOES BACK TO RESCUE THE LAST OF THE **ALIEN PRISONERS.** BUT, IN A FEW SECONDS, THE **DIMENSION PORTAL** WILL CLOSE—LEAVING **THE WARLOCK** TRAPPED IN **TERMIGHT!**

HURRY, LITTLE ONE! **HURRY!**

NEMESIS
THE WARLOCK

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DIE, ALIEN SWILL!

BLAM!

THRUNCH!

AHHREEEEE!

YOU SHALL NOT LEAVE WHILE OUR ACCOUNT IS UNSETTLED...

GOT TO... MAKE IT... **INTO THE PIT!**

CRAWL, DEVIANT!

NO! YOU'LL NOT ESCAPE ME NOW!

THEN JOIN ME, VILE HUMAN!

NOOOOO!

AS THE DIMENSION PORTAL IS SEALED... THE GRAND MASTER IS CONSUMED BY FLAMES FROM THE EARTH'S CORE...

AIEEEEEEEEEE!

I WILL RE...

BADLY WOUNDED, NEMESIS SPEEDS THROUGH THE PORTAL...

SO TORQUEMADA IS FINALLY DEAD!

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DIMENSION PORTAL...

NEMESIS OLD LOVE!

SOME DAYS LATER—

YA FOOPED OUT! NO BAR TROGGING AND TRUGGING! HIP FOR A SNIP!

SNIF!

DON'T FUSS, GROBBENDONK. I'M FEELING MUCH BETTER NOW.

THE ***DIMENSION PORTAL*** CAME OUT ON THE ***"FORBIDDEN LEVEL"***—AN UNDERGROUND BASE ONCE USED BY THE ***"ANCIENT ONES"*** AND NOW TAKEN OVER BY THE ***ALIENS***...

SUCH STRANGE ***RELICS*** THE ***"ANCIENT ONES"*** LEFT BEHIND...

AND IF I MAY BE ***INDELICATE, WORTH A BIT,*** TOO, PURITY OLD LOVE!

WATERLOO

YOU WILL REMAIN IN ***HIDING*** HERE UNTIL THE ***SEARCH*** FOR YOU HAS BEEN ***CALLED OFF...!***

THEN, ***HIDDEN IN MERCHANT SHIPS,*** YOU'LL BE TRANSPORTED BACK TO YOUR ***OWN WORLDS!***

I'M HOPING OUR VICTORY WILL BRING ***MORE PLANETS*** INTO ***THE CABAL—*** UNTIL WE ARE READY TO STRIKE THE ***FINAL BLOW*** THAT WILL ***SMASH THE POWER OF HUMAN RACE FOR EVER!***

MAMBA LOOKS FORWARD TO THAT DAY, LORD!

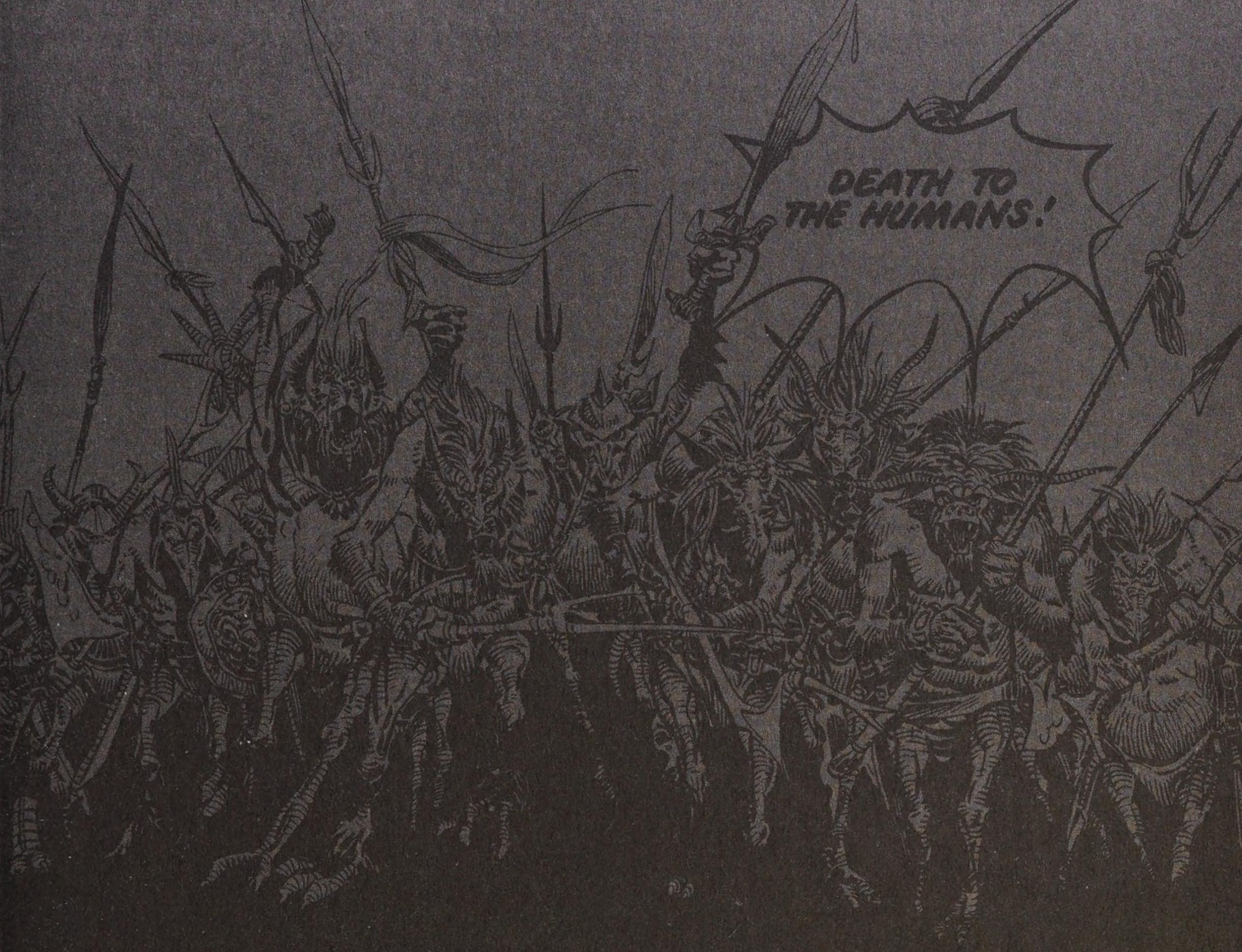
THE ***DEATH OF TORQUEMADA...*** OUR ***MASS ESCAPE...*** IT WILL BE A ***LONG WHILE*** BEFORE ***THE TERMIGHT EMPIRE*** WILL ***RECOVER!***

CREDO!

THE END OF BOOK ONE.

NEMESIS
THE WARLOCK

BOOK II



THE ALIEN ALLIANCE

Manuscript: Pat Mills
Artwork: Jesus Redondo
Illumination: Steve Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 246-257

NEMESIS HAS SLAIN TORQUEMADA, GRAND MASTER OF TERMIGHT, AND CAUSED THE ESCAPE OF MANY ALIEN REBELS. IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW...

NOW THE PRISONERS HAVE ESCAPED, I'VE A CHANCE TO CLEAN THE CELLS OUT PROPERLY... WHY DIDN'T YOU GET AWAY WITH THE OTHERS?

IN THE RUSH TO GET OUT THEY ALL FORGOT ABOUT ME!

WELL, NEVER MIND, LOVE... AT LEAST YOU WON'T BE SEEING ANYMORE OF TORQUEMADA!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT.

I WONDER WHAT MADE TORQUEMADA THE WAY HE WAS?

I KNOW MANY STORIES ABOUT TORQUEMADA, FOR I AM VERY OLD AND VERY WISE. BUT PERHAPS THE MOST REVEALING IS THE STORY OF THE BOYHOOD OF TORQUEMADA!

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

CREDIT SCROLL

MANUSCRIPT
PAT MILLS

ARTWORK
JESUS REDONDO

ILLUMINATION
STEVE POTTER

BOOK 2

"MANY YEARS AGO, A CHILDREN'S CRUSADE BEGAN...' HALF-GROWN HUMANS LEFT TERMIGHT— DETERMINED TO RID THE GALAXY OF ALIENS. AMONG THESE CHILDREN WAS YOUNG TORQUEMADA!"

DEATH TO THE ALIENS!

I AM EAGER TO DO GREAT DEEDS! HOW SOON WILL WE MEET THE DEVIANT HORDES?

SOON, BOY... VERY SOON...

"THE CRUSADERS' **STAR GALLEON** HEADED THROUGH TERMIGHT'S **ARTIFICIAL BLACK HOLE** INTO **INTER-STELLAR SPACE...**"

LOOK! AN ALIEN SHIP!

A **NAGA BATTLE-CRUISER!** WE MUST BE GOING TO ATTACK IT!

"THE TWO SHIPS CLOSED ON EACH OTHER..."

ACTION ALREADY!

"BUT..."

INTO THE **CAGES,** YOU **BRATS!**

NAY! THIS—THIS CANNOT BE!

YOU TRAITOR! YOU—!

HERE IS **GOLD** AS WE AGREED, EARTH-MAN. YOUNG HUMANS MAKE GOOD **SERVANTS** TO NAGAS!

"AND SO TORQUEMADA WAS SOLD INTO SLAVERY..."

YOUR BIDS, PLEASE, FOR THESE FINE YOUNG HUMANS...

"FOR FIVE YEARS TORQUEMADA WAS A SLAVE OF THE NASAS..."

NOT TRY ESCAPING OR FEED YOU TO ***MANTICORE.*** MANTICORE LIKE HUMAN FLESH.

HSSSS!

YOU CAN HAVE BONE TO EAT AFTER ***MANTICORE*** FINISHED GNAWING IT.

CAN'T TAKE ANY-MORE. GOT TO GET AWAY TONIGHT.

"THE ***MANTICORE*** WAS SOON ON TORQUEMADA'S TRAIL... FIRING DEADLY TAIL QUILLS AT THE EARTH BOY."

ONLY ANOTHER MILE TO THE ***STAR-PORT!***

SNIK!

SNIK!

AAGGGH!

"TORQUEMADA HAD ONLY ONE CHANCE..."

"HE SEIZED THE MANTICORE'S TONGUE BETWEEN HIS TEETH... SO THE MONSTER COULDN'T CLOSE ITS JAWS ON HIM..."

"AS THE BEAST YELPED IN PAIN... TORQUEMADA STRUCK HOME..."

"AFTER STOWING AWAY ON BOARD A STAR-SHIP, TORQUEMADA EVENTUALLY RETURNED TO TERMIGHT—AND **VENGEANCE!**"

REMEMBER ME? SIX YEARS AGO YOU SOLD ME INTO SLAVERY!

PLEASE... HEAR ME OUT BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING HASTY!

YOU HAD DEALINGS WITH THE DEVIANTS!

YOU'RE SEEING THINGS IN BLACK AND WHITE NOW, SON, BUT—AS YOU GROW OLDER—YOU'LL REALISE YOU'VE **GOT** TO MAKE A LITTLE BIT **ON THE SIDE!**

SEE... ALIEN GOLD AND JEWELS FROM A **HUNDRED PLANETS!**

NOW WHY DON'T I CUT YOU IN..? AS COMPENSATION FOR YOUR MISFORTUNE... HAVE ANYTHING YOU WANT.

VERY WELL...GIVE ME THOSE DIAMONDS.

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT, SON. I KNEW YOU'D SEE THINGS MY WAY.

FOOL! DID YOU REALLY THINK I WOULD SOIL MY HANDS WITH ALIEN BAUBLES?

BWWAMM!

ONE DAY I WILL CLEANSE THE GALAXY OF ALL ALIENS!

JESUS REDONDO. 91.

AND FROM THERE TORQUEMADA ROSE TO BE GRAND MASTER OF TERMIGHT!

SOMEHOW THE EMPIRE WON'T BE THE SAME WITHOUT HIM!

AYE! NEMESIS HAS ***SLAIN*** TORQUEMADA. THE ***MOST CRUEL HUMAN OF ALL TIME*** IS FINALLY ***DEAD.***

HE'S ***GOT*** TO BE!

NEXT PROG: TORQUEMADA RISING!

DEEP WITHIN TERMIGHT, IN THE HALL OF THE VESTAL VAMPIRES, **BROTHER RODRAGO** IS CONTINUING HIS MASTER WORK. FOR **TEN YEARS** HE HAS BEEN PAINTING THE HALL'S HUGE CEILING...

DEPICTING SCENES FROM TERMIGHT'S GLORIOUS HISTORY, LIKE THE TERMINATORS' GREAT VICTORIES OVER THE ALIENS. BUT NOW **THE END** IS IN SIGHT...

ONLY ANOTHER **THREE YEARS** AND I'LL BE FINISHED...

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK 2

CREDIT SCROLL

MANUSCRIPT
PAT MILLS

ARTWORK
REDONDO

ILLUMINATION
STEVE POTTER

IF I SAY SO MYSELF, MY **PORTRAIT OF TORQUEMADA** IS MOST **LIFE-LIKE**. I THINK I'VE CAPTURED THE CHARACTER OF THE **MAN** BEHIND THE MASK...

LISTEN TO ME, BROTHER RODRAGO!

THE PAINTING... IT - IT **SPOKE!**

MY SPIRIT IS FAST REACHING THE POINT OF **OBLIVION**... I AM A PHANTOM WITHOUT SHAPE OR FORM... YOU MUST TELL THE VESTAL VAMPIRES TO PREPARE THE **EXOSYST!**

I MUST BE DREAMING...

HURRY, YOU FOOL! UNLESS I RECEIVE **NOURISHMENT** AND **QUICKLY**, I FACE **TOTAL FADE-OUT!**

B-BUT YOU'RE **DEAD!** EVERYONE KNOWS **NEMESIS KILLED YOU!**

DO AS I COMMAND, BROTHER RODRAGO, OR **YOU** WILL BE THE ONE TO **DIE!**

WHY AM I TALKING TO SOMEONE WHO ISN'T THERE? I'D BETTER STOP, OR PEOPLE WILL THINK I'M GOING FUNNY IN THE HEAD.

MUST BE THE STRAIN OF WORKING ON THIS CEILING ALL THESE YEARS. MAYBE I SHOULD TAKE A FEW DAYS OFF...

*MEANWHILE, DOWN BELOW, **SISTER ALVIT** — ONE OF THE **VESTAL VAMPIRES** — IS SCRUBBING THE FLOOR.*

*THESE VAMPIRES ARE THE **BATTLE MAIDENS** OF TERMIGHT. THEIR DUTIES INCLUDE URGING THE TERMINATORS ON TO VICTORY AND GIVING THE KISS OF LIFE TO WOUNDED WARRIORS WHO HAVE FOUGHT WELL.*

SUDDENLY...

THE CANDLES HAVE GONE OUT!

SISTER ALVIT...!

WHAT-WHAT'S HAPPENING?

SISTER ALVIT... LISTEN TO ME... IT IS TORQUEMADA... I NEED **ENERGY** ... IF I DO NOT **FEED...** I AM DONE FOR...

THE GRAND MASTER! BUT...

POWER WANING... MUST HAVE... **NOURISHMENT ... NOUR...**

SISTER ALVIT HURRIES TO THE GYMNASIUM WHERE THE OTHER BATTLE-MAIDENS ARE TRAINING...

SISTER ALVIT! HOW DARE YOU BURST IN HERE! YOU KNOW YOU'VE BEEN FORBIDDEN TO SPEAK AND GIVEN MENIAL TASKS FOR A WEEK FOR MISBEHAVING!

ALVIT'S TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING! BUT SHE CAN'T BREAK HER VOW OF SILENCE!

WHAT IS IT? GIVE US A CLUE, ALVIT!

A MOUNTAIN?

A ROCKET?

HOW MANY WORDS, ALVIT?

ONE WORD— BEGINNING WITH "T"!

CUP OF TEA?

TUBE? THERE'S BEEN ANOTHER ACCIDENT IN THE TUBE?

IS IT A BOOK OR A FILM?

TONGUE..? THROAT..?

TALK..? SOMEONE'S TALKING?

TALK..! I'VE GOT IT— TORQUEMADA!

TORQUEMADA..! YOU MEAN HE'S STILL ALIVE? QUICKLY, GIRLS... PREPARE THE EXOSYST!

THE EXOSYST—A SPIRIT-REGENERATOR—IS ACTIVATED...

...ONE OF THE VESTAL VAMPIRES IS GIVEN THE HONOUR OF BEING CONVERTED INTO NEUTRONS ON WHICH THE PHANTOM WILL FEED.

AS THE EXOSYST SEETHES WITH POWER, THE MAIDEN BEGINS TO AGE... TO CRUMBLE...

A GHOSTLY SHAPE STARTS TO APPEAR... AND...

TORQUEMADA LIVES!

IT IS. NOW I WILL CONTINUE MY GREAT WORK... AND **CRUSH** THE WARLOCK NEMESIS AND HIS DEVIANT HORDES! **THIS** TIME I SHALL BE **TRIUMPHANT!**

GRAND MASTER, THIS IS INDEED AN HONOUR.

I TRUST YOU WERE SUFFICIENTLY NOURISHED?

YES... THOUGH IT IS **STRANGE** ... I DO NOT HAVE THE SAME **STRENGTH** AS BEFORE... UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN, ELDRESS—BE PURE! BE VIGILANT! BEHAVE!

SOON AFTER, BROTHER RODRAGO IS FINISHING WORK...

THINK I'LL CALL IT A DAY... I'M GETTING A BIT OF A SORE NECK.

BY THE TAU! THE PLATFORM'S MOVING ON ITS OWN!

AAAA

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK II

SCRIPT: P. MILLS

ART: REDONDO

LETTERING: S. POTTER

FOLLOWING NEMESIS'S **VICTORY** ON TERMIGHT AND THE **MASS ESCAPE** OF THE **ALIEN PRISONERS**, ALIENS EVERYWHERE FIGHT BACK AGAINST THE **HUMAN TYRANTS**.

UNAWARE THAT THE EVIL **TORQUEMADA** IS **STILL ALIVE**, PLANET AFTER PLANET JOINS **THE CABAL** – LED BY THE **WARLOCK NEMESIS...!**

DEATH TO THE HUMANS!

DEATH TO THE HUMANS!

EVERYWHERE THE WARLOCK'S FORCES ARE VICTORIOUS... **ZOHAR**, PLANET OF THE **FACHAN'S**...

ON LAND

CLEANSE AND PURIFY THE DEVIANTS!

THE FACHAN **HEAD-PIPER** PLAYS HIS PIPES, RALLYING THE TROOPS...

AND **THE FACHANS** SWEEP ALL BEFORE THEM...

AT SEA

REMORA, PLANET OF THE **TRITONS**... WHERE A **TERMIGHT GALLEY** PATROLS THE OCEAN...

ITS HUGE WHEELS POWERED BY **ALIEN SLAVES**...

FASTER, YOU DEVIANT SCUM!

SUDDENLY...

LOOK OUT: THE ZARATAN!

COMMANDED BY THE **TRITONS**, THE **ZARATAN** DESTROYS THE GALLEY...

EA, GOD OF THE DEEP, GUIDE MY TRIDENT!

IN THE AIR

GARUDA, PLANET OF THE **RUKHANS** WHO FLY INTO ACTION ON THEIR **HIPPOGRIFFS**...

TO FIGHT THE **TERMINATORS** ON THEIR SPECIALLY-TRAINED **FIREDRAKES**...

FOR TORQUEMADA AND TERRA!

...IN THE MOST SAVAGE OF AIR-BATTLES!

NEMESIS— RIDING HIS HIPPOGRIFF, **SIMURGH**— LEADS THE RUKHAN ARMIES...

PURITY BROWN - ONE OF THE HUMANS WHO ARE AGAINST THE TERMINATORS — IS ALSO FIGHTING FOR THE RUKHANS...

ALIEN LOVER! YOU'RE A **TRAITOR** TO THE **HUMAN RACE!**

ZEDUDO-87.

IT'S YOU **TERMINATORS** WHO HAVE BETRAYED **TERRA!** YOU'RE **SICK** ...**SICK** WITH **HATE** AND **FEAR** OF THE **UNKNOWN!**

BUT I DO KNOW! 'TIS BETTER TO DIE FIGHTING THAN FACE THE **TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT** THAT DEVIL WARLOCK HAS IN STORE FOR HUMANS WHO **SURRENDER!**

AS THE BATTLE RAGES ON...

SNISCHAL! I BRING **GRAVE NEWS!** A **SECOND RUKHAN ARMY** APPROACHES FROM THE WEST! WE ARE **TRAPPED** ... WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO **SURRENDER!**

FOOL! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT ALIENS **DO** TO **HUMAN PRISONERS!**

NEXT PROG: **THE PRISON SHIPS!**

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK II

SCRIPT: P. MILLS

ART: REDONDO

LETTERING: S. POTTER

ACROSS THE GALAXY **ALIENS** FIGHT BACK AGAINST THE EVIL **TERMINATORS**... AND ON THE PLANET **GARUDA, NEMESIS** HIMSELF LEADS THE **RUKHANS** AGAINST THE HUMAN FORCES.

BURN, DEVIANT!

FIRE HOLDS NO TERRORS FOR A WARLOCK!

MEANWHILE, ANOTHER TERMINATOR STRAFES RUKHAN GROUND FORCES—

YES, **RUN,** YOU DEVIANT RABBLE! BUT THERE'S NOWHERE TO **HIDE** FROM THE **VENGEANCE OF TERMIGHT!**

THE WARLOCK!

GOT TO HOLD ONTO THE ALIEN...

UUUGGGH!

...USE HIS POWER OF *LEVITATION* TO BREAK MY FALL!

THE SECOND RUKHAN ARMY APPROACHES! THE TERMINATORS ARE FINISHED!

SLURP! SLOOP!

GROBBENDONK! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THOSE BAD HABITS YOU PICKED UP WHEN YOU WERE GREAT UNCLE BAAL'S FAMILIAR!

CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO ARMIES, THE TERMINATORS ARE ROUTED...

SINISCHAL, WE MUST SURRENDER!

NEVER! YOU DON'T KNOW THE FATE THE ALIENS HAVE PLANNED FOR US!

BUT THE OTHER HUMANS LAY DOWN THEIR ARMS...

I'LL TAKE MY OWN LIFE FIRST!

NEMESIS ADDRESSES HIS PRISONERS...

SOLDIERS OF TERMIGHT! YOU ARE GUILTY OF WAGING A WAR OF EXTERMINATION AGAINST THE CREATURES OF THE GALAXY!

HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE I PASS SENTENCE?

YOU **HOOFED FREAK!** WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, TELLING US HUMANS WHAT TO DO?

THE EMPIRE WILL WIN IN THE END! AND WE'LL RESERVE A SPECIAL PLACE IN THE **VAPOURISATION VATS** FOR **YOU!**

OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO MAKE PEACE.

IT'S NO USE, PURITY. THEY'VE BEEN BRAIN-WASHED BY TORQUEMADA.

PURITY BROWN, *ONE OF THE HUMANS WHO ARE AGAINST THE TERMINATORS, INTERVENES...*

IF YOU WEREN'T SO EATEN UP WITH HATE, YOU'D REALISE WE HUMANS STARTED THE WAR! TO ALIENS, **WE'RE** THE **MONSTERS!**

REPPNOG '81

SOLDIERS OF TERMIGHT... YOU WILL BE TRANSPORTED TO THE **PRISON PLANET** OF **ARACHNOS** WHERE YOU WILL BE IMPRISONED FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIVES...

LOOK, BROTHERS...

THE PRISON SHIPS!

THE PRISON SHIPS LAND... AND THE FIRST OF **THE JAILERS** *EMERGES!*

NEXT PROG: **PUNISHMENT PLANET!**

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK II

SCRIPT: P. MILLS

ART: REDONDO

LETTERING: S. POTTER

ON GARUDA, NEMESIS AND HIS RUKHAN ALLIES HAVE DEFEATED AN ARMY OF TERMINATORS. THE HUMANS ARE SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT ON THE PLANET ARACHNOS. NOW THE TERMINATORS MEET THEIR JAILERS...

TORQUEMADA SAVE US!

ALL HUMANS TO ENTER PRISON SHIP. RESISTANCE IS USELESS!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, HUMAN!

YOU WILL OBEY— OR IT WILL BE NECESSARY TO GIVE YOU CHEM-TREATMENT.

AAAAHHH!

IT IS A JUDGEMENT ON US FOR NOT HEEDING THE WORDS OF TORQUEMADA!

THE ARACHONS' LEADER MEETS NEMESIS AND PURITY...

GREETINGS, DARK LORD!

ZELOTES, THE CARETAKER OF ARACHNOS...! HOW ARE YOU, MY FRIEND?

PURITY, WHY ARE YOU CRYING?

IT'S THE THOUGHT OF ALL MY FELLOW HUMANS SPENDING THE REST OF THEIR LIVES IN AN ALIEN PRISON.

EVEN THOUGH I'VE SEEN THE HORRIBLE THINGS TERMINATORS HAVE DONE, IT STILL HURTS BEING CALLED AN ALIEN LOVER... A TRAITOR TO THE HUMAN RACE...

DRY YOUR EYES, MY DEAR. YOU MUST COME TO ARACHNOS AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW WELL I LOOK AFTER HUMANS...

BEFORE NEMESIS AND PURITY LEAVE, THE WARLOCK FREES SIMURGH AND THE OTHER HIPPOGRIFF...

LATER, THE BLITZSPEAR AND THE PRISON SHIPS DESCEND THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE OF ARACHNOS...

THERE'S XYSTICUS— THE PLANET'S CAPITAL, SURROUNDED BY THE SPIDERS' FLY FARMS.

SO THEY DON'T EAT HUMANS..?

NOT THE *CIVILISED* ARACHONS... BUT IN THE JUNGLE ARE THOUSANDS OF *WILD SPIDERS* WHO EAT *ANYTHING* THAT COMES THEIR WAY...

THERE'S THE HUMAN *PRISON COLONY*...

WELCOME TO ARACHNOS, HUMANS! BY YOUR CRIMES AGAINST THE GALAXY, YOU HAVE FORFEITED THE RIGHT TO CIVILISATION. WE ARE THEREFORE *DISINHERITING* YOU...

ALL CLOTHING AND MATERIAL POSSESSIONS... ARE *FORBIDDEN*... THOSE HUMANS WHO WISH TO WEAR LOIN CLOTHS MAY DO SO.

ESCAPE IS IMPOSSIBLE. THE WEB WALL IS COATED WITH A TOXIC POISON— ITS TOUCH IS DEATH.

LESSER OFFENCES ARE DEALT WITH BY *CHEM-TREATMENT* INJECTED BY MY *GAMEKEEPERS*...

THE TERMINATORS BEGIN THEIR NEW LIVES...

NOW I KNOW WHAT THE TERMINATORS ARE HIDING BEHIND THEIR MASKS... *FEAR.*

YES. IT'S DIFFICULT FOR HUMANS TO ADJUST AT FIRST, BECAUSE THEY'RE SO AFRAID OF US...

... BUT LATER MOST OF THEM ADAPT TO THEIR NEW LIFE. OUR PLANET IS ONLY A PRISON AS LONG AS THEY WANT IT TO BE.

SOME OF THE CHILDREN HAVE EVEN LOST THEIR TRADITIONAL FEAR—AND GROWN RATHER FOND OF ME.

THE WORK YOU'RE DOING HERE IS *IMPORTANT*, ZELOTES...

THERE WILL SHORTLY BE A *MEETING OF THE CABAL* TO DECIDE WHETHER TO WAGE *TOTAL WAR* OR MAKE *PEACE* WITH *TERMIGHT*.

I SHALL REPORT MY FINDINGS TO THE CABAL: THAT MOST HUMANS CAN LIVE IN PEACE WITH THE REST OF THE GALAXY.

MEANWHILE, ON TERMIGHT...

THERE CAN NEVER BE PEACE UNTIL THE LAST ALIEN IS DEAD! PREPARE MY *IMPERIAL STARSHIP!*

OUR ARMIES HAVE SUFFERED TERRIBLE DEFEATS! THERE ARE REPORTS OF THOUSANDS OF HUMANS SENT INTO SLAVERY ON ARACHNOS!

SOME SAY WE SHOULD MAKE *PEACE* WITH THE ALIENS!

WH-WHERE ARE YOU GOING, GRAND MASTER?

THAT *REPORT* IS *VITAL*, ZELOTES.

YOU CAN RELY ON ME, NEMESIS.

ARACHNOS!

NEXT PROG: *BREAKOUT!*

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK II

SCRIPT: P. MILLS

ART: REDONDO

LETTERING: S. POTTER

ARACHNOS, THE ULTIMATE PRISON IN THE GALAXY WHERE THE TERMINATORS ARE HELD CAPTIVE BY THE ARACHONS — A RACE OF INTELLIGENT SPIDERS... AND OF ALL THE TERMINATORS, BROTHER BARUDA IS THE MOST FANATICAL...

IF THIS IS PRISON THEY CAN THROW AWAY THE KEY!

YES — FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I'M REALLY HAPPY.

HAPPY? I'M ONLY HAPPY WHEN I'M SQUEEZING THE LIFE OUT OF SOME DEVIANT!

THOSE DAYS ARE OVER, BARUDA... WE'VE BEEN DISINHERITED.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT DISINHERITANCE REALLY MEANS? BEING TURNED INTO APES! LOOK AT THAT BOY SWINGING FROM TREE TO TREE! COME HERE, BOY!

YOU SEE THAT STAR..? AROUND IT IS A PLANET CALLED TERMIGHT — YOUR REAL HOME!

TERMIGHT...

ONE DAY MEN WILL COME FROM TERMIGHT TO FREE US... AND THE ALIENS WILL BURN AT THE STAKE!

LEAVE THE LAD ALONE, BARUDA... YOU'VE GOT TO FORGET THE OLD DAYS...

THERE'S NO ESCAPE FROM ARACHNOS!

WE'LL SEE... I'M BREAKING OUT — TONIGHT!

BARUDA HAD BEEN PLANNING HIS ESCAPE FOR THREE YEARS. NOW HE AND FOUR OF THE TOUGHEST TERMINATORS WERE READY... THEY HAD KILLED A SPIDER AND INJECTED THEMSELVES WITH A DILUTED DOSE OF ITS VENOM— SO THEY WERE IMMUNE TO THE POISON ON THE WEB WALL...

LET'S GO!

IF WE'RE CAUGHT, THEY'LL GIVE US A MASSIVE DOSE OF CHEM-TREATMENT...

HUMANS TRYING TO ESCAPE..!

THE POISON HAS ALREADY KILLED THEM...

BUT...

UUUGH!

STINKIN' ALIEN!

WE'VE GOT ABOUT THREE HOURS BEFORE THEY CHANGE THE GUARDS...

IN THE JUNGLE WERE THOUSANDS OF **WILD SPIDERS**, BUT BARUDA AND HIS MEN HAD REHEARSED THEIR ESCAPE MANY TIMES. THEY PICKED THEIR WAY THROUGH THE **TRIP-THREADS** THAT CRISS-CROSSED THE JUNGLE PATHS...

THEY HADN'T CONSIDERED ATTACK FROM **BELOW**...

AAAGGHH!

DID YOU HEAR THAT **SCREAM?** IT WAS BROTHER STEPHEN!

NEVER MIND THAT... **SPI-GLIDERS! HIDE!**

THEY MUST HAVE FOUND THE GUARD'S BODY!

SHUT UP! THOSE DEVILS CAN PICK UP SOUND ON THEIR HAIR SENSORS!

MINUTES LATER...

THEY'VE GONE! WE'RE SAFE!

NO!

THE FEMALE SPIDER WANTED FOOD FOR HER BABIES...

BARUDA!

UUUH! THEY'RE CRAWLING ALL OVER ME! HELP!

HOLD ON!

THE SOUNDS OF STRUGGLING ALERTED ANOTHER HUNTER—

STRANGLER SPIDER!

UUUGGGH!

THE STRANGLER TUGGED ITS DRAG LINE— SIGNALLING ITS **MATE** IN THE **TREE ABOVE** TO **HAUL IT UP**...

GET IT!

BY NOW THE WHOLE JUNGLE WAS ALIVE...

WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

WE'VE GOT TO! SOMEHOW WE HAVE TO FIND A WAY!

TOO LATE!

THEN...

IN THE NAME OF THE TAU! WHAT—?

TORQUEMADA!

NEXT PROG: **FLIES!**

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK II

SCRIPT: P. MILLS

ART: REDONDO

LETTERING: S. POTTER

ARACHNOS, THE ULTIMATE PRISON IN THE GALAXY, WHERE HUMANS ARE HELD CAPTIVE BY A RACE OF INTELLIGENT SPIDERS. TWO HUMANS HAVE SUCCEEDED IN BREAKING OUT... BUT AS THEY RUN THROUGH THE SPIDER-INFESTED JUNGLE...

TORQUEMADA! YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!

YES, BROTHER BARUDA. MY SPIRIT IS WHOLE AGAIN AND READY TO DO BATTLE.

HOW DID YOU FIND US?

I HOMED IN ON YOUR PSYCHIC EMANATIONS. YOUR HATRED FOR THIS PLANET. TRULY YOU ARE TERMINATORS AFTER MY OWN HEART.

THIS IS A MOMENT FOR REJOICING!

LATER, BROTHER GONZAGA! I HAVE A ***MISSION*** FOR YOU—OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO TERMIGHT'S FUTURE.

FIRST YOU MUST REACH THE SPACEPORT. THE ROADS WILL BE CLOSELY WATCHED BY SPIDER PATROLS, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO USE ANOTHER ROUTE... THROUGH THE ***FLY FARMS!***

THE TERMINATORS ENTERED A FIELD OF FLIES— SWARMING ON DECAYING MATTER...

KEEP YOUR FACES COVERED OR YOU'LL BREATHE THE FLIES IN.

CAN'T SEE A THING...

TORQUEMADA... BARUDA... WHERE ARE YOU?

BLE!

SCHLOOP!

SCHLOOP!

CHUGG

SC

THAT NOISE... WHAT?

LOOK OUT!

CHUGGA!

CHUGGA!

FLY HARVESTER!

NO!

YEEAAAHHH!

SLOOP!

THE HARVESTER SUCKED INSECTS FROM THE AIR, COMPRESSING THEM INTO LARGE BALLS FOR THE HUNGRY SPIDER POPULATION OF ARACHNOS...

AN UNPLEASANT DEATH, BUT WE WILL AVENGE HIM!

SOON—

XYSTICUS, CITY OF THE SPIDERS... YOU CAN REACH THE SPACEPORT VIA THE WEB-TUBES.

BARUDA WAS UNDETECTED BY THE SCURRYING SPIDERS INSIDE THE WEB-TUBE...

HURRY, BARUDA!

THEN...

INTRUDER!

THE GUARD SLIT THE SILK AND DRAGGED BARUDA IN...

NO STINKING SPIDER GETS THE BETTER OF *ME!*

THAT'S ENOUGH, BARUDA! COME ON!

THIS WAY!

SOON—

THE ARACHON SPACEPORT! I WANT YOU TO STOWAWAY ON THAT STARCRUISER... IT BELONGS TO ***ZELOTES, CARETAKER*** OF ARACHNOS.

OUR 'BELOVED' HEAD JAILER.

HE WILL BE LEAVING SHORTLY TO ATTEND THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CABAL, PRESIDED OVER BY ***NEMESIS.*** YOU WILL TAKE OVER HIS CRUISER AND RENDEZVOUS WITH MY STARSHIP.

WHEN DO I GET TO KILL HIM, GRAND MASTER?

THE MOMENT BEFORE MY SPIRIT ENTERS HIM... YES, I SHALL BE ATTENDING THE ALIENS' CONFERENCE ***IN THE BODY OF THE CARETAKER!***

NEXT PAGE: ***INFAMY!***

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK II

SCRIPT: P. MILLS

ART: REDONDO

LETTERING: S. POTTER

ZELOTES, CARETAKER OF ARACHNOS, AND HIS WIFE, SKYTA, PREPARE TO LEAVE ARACHNOS TO ATTEND THE MEETING OF THE CABAL ON NOVALA...

FAREWELL, CARETAKER!

FAREWELL, MY PEOPLE! I WILL TELL THE CABAL OF OUR WORK HERE... HOW HUMANS CAN BE CURED OF THEIR HATRED FOR OTHER SPECIES!

FAREWELL!

THE STARCRUISER TAKES OFF, HEADING OVER THE PRISON COLONY WHERE DISINHERITED HUMANS ARE KEPT...

...AND OUT INTO SPACE.

BUT ONE HUMAN HAS MANAGED TO ESCAPE—THE BRUTAL BROTHER BARUDA.

MOST OF THE CABAL WANT TO WAGE ALL-OUT WAR ON TERMIGHT, SKYTA.

YES, ZELOTES...

...THAT IS WHY YOUR REPORT IS SO IMPORTANT. IT SHOWS THAT HUMANS CAN BE KIND, GENTLE AND PEACE-LOVING!

DO AS I SAY—OR SHE GETS IT!

NOW, DEVIANT... SET YOUR SHIP ON THE FOLLOWING COURSE—

NO, ZELOTES!

I—I MUST, SKYTA!

AN HOUR LATER, THE ARACHON CRAFT SPEEDS TOWARDS **TORQUEMADA'S IMPERIAL STARSHIP...**

AND AS THE SHIPS DOCK—

TAKE THE DEVIANTS!

THE TWO SPIDERS PUT UP A SAVAGE RESISTANCE—

AAGH!

EEEEEHHH!

I WANT THEM **ALIVE!**

CHAIN THEM, YOU FOOLS! MUZZLE THEIR SPINNERETS!

THAT'LL TEACH YOU, DEVIANT!

YOU HAVE DONE WELL, BROTHER BARUDA!

HAVE THE MALE SPIDER TAKEN TO THE OPERATING ROOM... **BROTHER MIKRON** IS WAITING!

IS EVERYTHING PREPARED, BROTHER MIKRON?

IT IS... BUT I BEG YOU, GRAND MASTER, DO NOT GO THROUGH WITH IT! YOUR SPIRIT HAS ALREADY SUFFERED MUCH—

—IT COULD BE **TRAPPED** INSIDE THE ALIEN FOREVER!

THAT IS A RISK I MUST TAKE—FOR THE GREATER GLORY OF TERMIGHT! **PROCEED!**

THE OPERATION ON ZELOTES BEGINS...

I AM READY TO MAKE THE FATAL INCISION.

YOU MAY HAVE THAT PLEASURE, BARUDA.

A MOMENT LATER, THE SPIRIT OF TORQUEMADA ENTERS THE CARETAKER'S BODY...

HOW DO YOU FEEL, GRAND MASTER?

EXTREMELY UNCOMFORTABLE IN THIS HIDEOUS BODY! BUT I MUST BE SURE OF MY DISGUISE... BRING IN THE FEMALE SPIDER!

SKYTA, MY DEAR, DON'T BE AFRAID... EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT.

ZELOTES! I-I WAS SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU!

THE HUMANS HAVEN'T HURT YOU..?

NO, MY DEAR...

SHE SUSPECTED NOTHING! GOOD! HAVE HER THROWN OUT THE NEAREST AIRLOCK AND SET COURSE FOR NOVALA! NEMESIS AND HIS CABAL WILL NEVER REALISE I AM THE CARETAKER...

...AND I WILL ***TAKE CARE*** OF THEM ALL!

NO! NOOOOOO!

NEXT PROG: **THE CABAL!**

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK II

SCRIPT: P. MILLS

ART: REDONDO

LETTERING: S. POTTER

NEMESIS AND PURITY HEAD TOWARDS NOVALA FOR A MEETING OF THE CABAL...

THIS MEETING IS VITAL, PURITY... IT WILL DECIDE THE FUTURE OF YOUR RACE!

ONCE HUMANS HAD TRIED TO COLONISE NOVALA... BUT THE TERRA-FORMING HAD GONE OUT OF CONTROL...

...NOW ITS GREAT CITIES ARE OVERRUN BY DENSE JUNGLE.

J.REDONDO-91

A PERFECT HIDE-OUT FOR THE ALIEN REBELS...

NEMESIS! PURITY! WELCOME!

INSIDE, NEMESIS ADDRESSES THE DELEGATES.

MEMBERS OF THE CABAL! WE HAVE WON GREAT VICTORIES!

EVERYWHERE THE TERMINATORS HAVE BEEN DEFEATED!

J. REDONDO '81.

IMAGES OF NEMESIS' GREAT BATTLE FILLED THE HALL.

NOW WE MUST DECIDE WHETHER TO MAKE PEACE... OR *CONTINUE* THE WAR—UNTIL THE HUMAN RACE IS DESTROYED!

SUDDENLY...

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED IMPORTANT NEWS, DARK LORD... OUR SPIES ON TERMIGHT HAVE DISCOVERED TORQUEMADA IS *STILL ALIVE!*

THE NEWS CAUSED PANIC AMONGST THE DELEGATES—

TORQUEMADA LIVES!

NO! NO!

HE CANNOT HARM YOU HERE! AND IF WE OFFER PEACE TO THE HUMANS, HE WILL BE DEPOSED!

IT'S *TRUE!* NOT ALL OF US WANT WAR LIKE TORQUEMADA!

BE *SILENT*, HUMAN! YOU HAVE ONLY OBSERVER STATUS!

BUT PURITY IS RIGHT— I'LL GIVE YOU PROOF! I CALL ON *ZELOTES, CARETAKER OF ARACHNOS!*

LET THE CARETAKER OF ARACHNOS COME FORWARD!

ZELOTES! TELL THE CABAL ABOUT YOUR WORK REFORMING HUMANS.

I'M AFRAID I *FAILED*, DARK LORD...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

I'VE BROUGHT ALONG AN EXAMPLE...

BROTHER BARUDA— A TYPICAL TERMINATOR... CUNNING, BRUTAL AND UTTERLY EVIL!

AARRRR!

NNGGGRRR!

HE'S INCURABLE— I HAVE TO KEEP HIM MUZZLED AND CHAINED!

SO YOU SEE, THERE'S ONLY ONE SOLUTION TO THE HUMAN PROBLEM— ***TOTAL WAR!***

J. REDONDO. 87.

NEXT PROG: NEMESIS, OUT.

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK II

SCRIPT: P. MILLS

LETTERING: S. POTTER

ART: REDONDO

NEMESIS AND PURITY HAVE ARRIVED ON NOVALA FOR A MEETING OF THE CABAL. THE ALIENS HAVE TO DECIDE WHETHER TO MAKE PEACE OR WAGE TOTAL WAR WITH TERMIGHT...

HUMANS ARE ALL LIKE THIS UNFORTUNATE CREATURE... THEY'VE GOT TO BE DESTROYED!

MM! MM!

BUT ON ARACHNOS I SAW THEM LIVING IN PEACE.

A PRETENCE, SO THEY COULD TRY AND ESCAPE. HUMANS ARE MORE CUNNING THAN YOU THINK, NEMESIS.

I AGREE! WE MUST SHOW TERRA NO MERCY!

BUT THAT'S WHAT TORQUEMADA WANTS... HE CAN ONLY RULE THROUGH FEAR.

HAVE THE HUMAN LOCKED IN A CELL. THEN WE WILL DECIDE...

I WARN YOU— IF YOU CHOOSE TOTAL WAR, I RESIGN AS LEADER OF THE CABAL.

THE ALIENS VOTED—

WAR!

WAR!

WAR!

COME BACK, NEMESIS! YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE THEM CHANGE THEIR MINDS! YOU CAN'T RESIGN!

IT'S NO USE. HE'S GOING OFF ON HIS OWN.

AYE! HE KNOWS WHAT HUMANS ARE REALLY LIKE!

WE MUST NOW ELECT A NEW LEADER. I NOMINATE THE CARE-TAKER!

THE VOTE WAS OVERWHELMING...

I WILL TRY TO BE WORTHY OF THIS GREAT HONOUR.

MEANWHILE...

LET ME SEE THE PRISONER.

IT'S AGAINST ORDERS. I'LL HAVE TO CHECK.

THERE'S NO TIME! OPEN UP *NOW!*

VERY WELL—BUT WE'LL STAY WITH YOU.

THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT HIM...

THE CARETAKER SEEMED DIFFERENT, TOO...

HE'S GETTING RESTLESS. YOU'D BETTER LEAVE.

WAIT A MINUTE! HE'S WEARING *CHAINS!*

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?

THE REAL CARETAKER WOULD HAVE USED *WEB* ROPES. THIS WHOLE THING'S A TERMIGHT PLOT!

BUT YOU FOUND OUT TOO LATE!

SNIK!

HE'S FREE!

SNIK!

NOW IT'S YOUR TURN, DEVIANT!

AT THAT MOMENT—

BRING ME THE RECORDS... AS YOUR NEW LEADER, I MUST KNOW *ALL* THE CABAL'S *SECRETS!*

OF COURSE, CARETAKER!

WITH THAT KNOWLEDGE I SHALL *DESTROY* THE CABAL! THEN, AT LAST, THE GALAXY WILL BE *CLEANSED!*

***PURITY v BARUDA*—NEXT PROG!**

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK II

SCRIPT: P. MILLS

ART: REDONDO

LETTERING: S. POTTER

TORQUEMADA — USING THE BODY OF **ZELOTES, CARETAKER OF ARACHNOS** — HAS TAKEN OVER THE **ALIEN CABAL** TO LEARN ITS SECRETS. BUT, AS HE WAITS IN HIS INNER SANCTUM —

NEMESIS! HOW ARE YOU, MY FRIEND? I'M SORRY THE VOTE WENT AGAINST YOU.

DON'T TRY TO KEEP UP THE *PRETENCE*, *TORQUEMADA!*

I DON'T UNDER-STAND.

YOU KILLED ZELOTES AND TOOK OVER HIS BODY!

I SENSED EVIL. IT WAS TOO GREAT TO BE BROTHER BARLIDA. IT HAD TO BE YOU!

MY DEAR FRIEND, I FEAR YOUR HATRED OF TORQUEMADA HAS FINALLY UNHINGED YOUR MIND...

THAT IS WHAT I SHALL TELL THE CABAL — AFTER I HAVE DESTROYED YOU!

MEANWHILE, BARUDA HAS BROKEN LOOSE AND ATTACKED PURITY...

ALIEN LOVER!

UUHH!

NEMESIS AND TORQUEMADA CONTINUE THEIR BATTLE...

NOW FOR THE DEATH BITE!

IT'S *OVER*, TORQUEMADA!

NO... :CHOKE!: ...I WILL FIND ANOTHER ZOMBIE!

NOT THIS TIME! THAT'S WHY I LEFT THE CONFERENCE— TO GET THE ***AMBAR STONE!*** BEHOLD IT, TORQUEMADA! IT WILL SUCK YOUR SPIRIT OUT AND SEAL IT WITHIN ITS NUCLEUS— FOREVER!

THIS TIME—***NO ESCAPE!***

NEXT PROG: ***FOREVER AMBAR?***

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK II

SCRIPT: P. MILLS

ART: REDONDO

LETTERING: S. POTTER

AFTER A SAVAGE BATTLE, **NEMESIS** HAS FINALLY DEFEATED **TORQUEMADA**. TO PREVENT THE GRAND MASTER FINDING ANOTHER ZOMBIE, NEMESIS PLANS TO SEAL HIS SPIRIT IN THE **AMBAR STONE**...

YOU'RE FINISHED, TORQUEMADA!

STOP! OR THIS SHE-DEVIL DIES!

BARUDA!

NO!

BUT THE WARLOCK'S HOLD OVER TORQUEMADA IS BROKEN...

MEANWHILE...

THE GIRL!

AS PURITY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

T-TORQUEMADA!

YES, MY CHILD. AND NOW YOU WILL MAKE AMENDS FOR YOUR TREACHERY BY HELPING MY ESCAPE!

UURGH!

NOW YOUR TURN, TORQUEMADA!

I THINK NOT, WARLOCK... PERMIT MY ESCAPE FROM THIS PLANET... OR I HAVE ENOUGH VENOM TO KILL THE GIRL A THOUSAND TIMES!

YOU—YOU CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY, NEMESIS!

HE'S FINISHED, PURITY... HIS EMPIRE'S IN RUINS... IT CAN'T BE LONG BEFORE HIS ***OWN RACE*** RISE AGAINST HIM...

I AGREE TO YOUR TERMS, TORQUEMADA...

BUT NEXT TIME...

VERY WELL... THIS TIME, DEVIANT, ***NEITHER*** OF US HAS WON...

LATER, AT A MEETING OF THE ALIEN CABAL—

WE WERE WRONG TO DOUBT YOU, DARK LORD. WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN TORQUEMADA PLOTTED YOUR DOWNFALL.

IT MEANS WE'VE NO CHANCE OF MAKING PEACE WITH TERMIGHT. THE WAR MUST GO ON.

WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS NOW, NEMESIS?

TO RETURN TO MY ***HOME PLANET*** TO SEE MY ***FAMILY*** AGAIN... SOMEHOW, I SENSE THEY COULD BE IN ***DANGER***...

WATCH OUT FOR THE WARLOCK'S RETURN, IN "NEMESIS BOOK III!"

THE END OF BOOK TWO

Nemesis
THE WARLOCK

BOOK III

THE WORLD OF NEMESIS

Manuscript: Pat Mills
Artwork: Kevin O'Neill
Illumination: Steve Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 335-349

Nemesis the Warlock!

BOOK III

MANUSCRIPT
Brother Mills

ARTWORK
Brother O'Neill

LETTERING
Brother Potter

AFTER HIS GREAT BATTLE WITH **TORQUEMADA**, **NEMESIS** RETURNS TO HIS HOME PLANET OF **GANDARVA** —FEARFUL THAT HIS FAMILY MAY STILL BE IN DANGER. SOON AFTER HIS RETURN, HIS FAMILIAR, **GROBBENDONK**, BRINGS HIM AN URGENT MESSAGE...

NEMESIS! MIN TO NIFF! HORT SNORT! HOOG!

GROBBENDONK SPOKE **GIBBERISH**— A FRINGE WORLD DIALECT.

WHAT'S THE PANIC, GROBBENDONK? RELAX... MY FAMILY WERE SAFE AFTER ALL.

CHIRA AND MAGNA! THE GREAT SNORKLE! DANK OY YANK!

OF COURSE— **CHIRA AND MAGNA!** WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO **BEFORE?**

COME ON— WE'D BETTER HURRY! IT'S NEARLY TIME FOR **THE COMBAT** TO BEGIN!

CHRA

IS THE **DEFENDER**... THE CREATURE PAWS THE GROUND ANGRILY AND TRUMPETS ITS DEFIANCE.

MAGNA

IS THE **CHALLENGER**... IT IS READY AND EAGER FOR BATTLE.

BOTH ARE DETERMINED TO WIN...

THE PRIZE!

THE STRANGE ARMOURED BEASTS SALUTE EACH OTHER, THEN BEGIN THE ADVANCE.

NEITHER FLINCHES, THERE IS TOO MUCH AT STAKE.

SHRANG

CHIRA FIGHTS STRONGLY... IT WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO KEEP WHAT **BELONGS** TO IT...

...BUT YOUTH AND ENERGY ARE ON **MAGNA'S** SIDE.

YURDY GURDY— SQUIFFLE SNORK?

YES... IT'S A **RITUAL COMBAT,** GROBBEN-DONK. IT'S A **TRADITION,** YOU SEE.

CHIRA'S BOW STRING SNAPS—

AND MAGNA SEIZES ITS CHANCE—

THE BOLTS SMASH THROUGH CHIRA'S ARMOUR—

HOOOWWLL!

MORE BOLTS STRIKE HOME... CHIRA IS DRIVEN MAD WITH PAIN...IT HURLS ITSELF AT MAGNA...

...WITH A LASH OF ITS HOOVES, IT KICKS MAGNA OVER THE EDGE.

YOU FOUGHT WELL, CHIRA.

YES. MAGNA IS DEFEATED. SO **YOU** STILL BELONG TO ME...

...HUSBAND.

NEMESIS WILL STAY **WEDDED** TO **CHIRA** —UNTIL ANOTHER **FEMALE WARLOCK** FIGHTS FOR HIM... AND **WINS.**

FOR, IN THE RACE OF WARLOCKS, THE **FEMALE** OF THE SPECIES IS **DEADLIER** THAN THE MALE!

NEXT PROG: CASTLE MENDES

Nemesis the Warlock!

BOOK III

MANUSCRIPT
Brother Mills

= ARTWORK
Brother O'Neill

LETTERING
Brother Potter

BEYOND THE TERMIGHT EMPIRE ARE THE MYSTERIOUS AND SINISTER **NETHER WORLDS**. IT IS FROM THESE WORLDS THAT THE WARLOCK **NEMESIS** HAS COME TO DO BATTLE WITH THE **HUMANS** WHO THREATEN THE GALAXY.

TERMIGHT EMPIRE

FRINGE WORLDS

NETHER WORLDS

GOTHIC EMPIRE

ON A PLANET IN THE NETHER WORLDS, THE **WARLOCK ASHTAR** STUMBLES ACROSS THE COURTYARD OF **MENDES CASTLE**...

ONCE **ASHTAR** WAS A POWERFUL SORCERER WHO USED HIS **DIABOLIC POWERS** TO BUILD HIS CASTLE. BUT NOW **ASHTAR'S** POWERS ARE WANING... HIS HAIRY LEGS HAVE TURNED WHITE WITH AGE... AND HIS CASTLE IS CRUMBLING AND DECAYING ALL AROUND HIM.

I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS! I MUST HAVE ANOTHER WORD WITH MY **DAUGHTER!**

THE PLACE IS GOING TO WRACK AND RUIN! **MAGNA'S** MY ONLY HOPE!

I HOPE SHE'LL SEE ME... SHE'S BEEN IN A **DIABOLIC MOOD** EVER SINCE SHE FOUGHT **CHIRA** FOR **NEMESIS** AND **LOST!**

DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE SEES IN **NEMESIS,** ANYWAY! IF SHE MARRIED A RICH YOUNG WARLOCK MY TROUBLES WOULD BE OVER! I COULD GET THIS PLACE DONE UP, FOR A START!

MUST GET ROUND TO THE WASHING UP!

THE BRICKWORK COULD DO WITH SOME **REPOINTING,** TOO!

IT WAS DIFFERENT YEARS AGO—WHEN I COULD STILL WORK **MAGIC**... I COULD **CONJURE UP** EXOTIC DISHES FROM ALL OVER THE GALAXY!

ALL THE NECTAR YOU COULD DRINK!

YES, THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS... FEASTING, DRINKING AND DANCING FOR WEEKS ON END...

AND WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER, A QUICK TROT ROUND THE PENTANGLE WOULD TAKE CARE OF THE WASHING UP!

BUT NOW THE PARTY'S OVER... SIGH!

MEANWHILE, **MAGNA** IS IN HER BOUDOIR...

WHAT'S CHIRA GOT THAT I HAVEN'T? I'M AT LEAST A HUNDRED YEARS YOUNGER THAN SHE IS. AND I'M SURE HER MANE ISN'T NATURALLY THAT COLOUR.

ER—I WONDERED IF I MIGHT HAVE A WORD, MAGNA.

VERY WELL, FATHER... BUT BE QUICK.

IT—IT'S ABOUT THIS SILLY INFATUATION YOU HAVE WITH **NEMESIS**... YOU'VE GOT TO FORGET HIM, DEAR... AFTER ALL, CHIRA **BEAT YOU** IN A FAIR FIGHT!

THERE'S MANY A YOUNG RAM EAGER TO PLIGHT HIS TROTH WITH YOU, MAGNA.

NEMESIS IS NO GOOD FOR YOU... HE LIVES IN A CAVE... WASTES HIS TIME TRYING TO SAVE THE GALAXY FROM THOSE CRAZY HUMANS... AND HE'S GOT NO MONEY!

THEY'RE STILL WET BEHIND THE HORNS. THEY LACK EXPERIENCE—MOST OF THEM HAVE NEVER LEFT THE NETHER WORLDS. BUT NEMESIS, **HE'S** WHAT I CALL A WARLOCK!

BUT THERE'S **INSANITY** IN NEMESIS' FAMILY! LOOK AT HIS **GREAT UNCLE BAAL!**

SO HIS UNCLE **EXPERIMENTS** ON **HUMANS. SO WHAT?**

YOU ONLY WANT ME TO MAKE A GOOD MARRIAGE, SO YOU CAN GET THIS *DUMP* REPAIRED... BECAUSE YOU CAN'T DO IT BY *SORCERY* ANYMORE!

TH-THAT'S NOT TRUE! I'M *STILL* A *GREAT MAGICIAN!*

PICK A CARD! ANY CARD!

HAH! THE GOAT OF MENDES IS *PAST IT!* IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT...

YOU KEPT OVERDOING THINGS... LIKE THAT *LAST PARTY* OF YOURS...

IT WAS JUST A LITTLE HARMLESS FUN, DEAR!

IT WENT ON FOR *THREE YEARS!*

LOOK... I-I CAN STILL *LEVITATE!*

YOU *HAS-BEEN!* YOU'VE STILL GOT THE TIPS OF YOUR HOOVES ON THE GROUND!

GET OUT OF HERE, YOU *PATHETIC OLD GOAT!* BEFORE YOU GET A TASTE OF *MY DIABOLIC POWERS!*

Y-YES, DEAR! OF COURSE! JUST LEAVING!

I MEAN TO WIN NEMESIS, NO MATTER WHAT IT COSTS. FOR A START, I'LL HAVE TO DEAL WITH *CHIRA...*

...AND THERE'S *ONE WAY* I CAN GET RID OF MY RIVAL— *FOR EVER!*

NEXT PROG: THE WARLOCK'S BALL!

Nemesis the Warlock

BOOK III

MANUSCRIPT
Brother Mills

ARTWORK
Brother O'Neill

LETTERING
Brother Potter

ON THE PLANET GANDARVA, **NEMESIS** AND HIS WIFE **CHIRA** RETURN FROM A MORNING GALLOP.

MUST YOU LEAVE SO SOON, NEMESIS?

I'M AFRAID SO... AS LONG AS THE HUMAN EMPIRE EXISTS, THE REST OF THE GALAXY IS IN DANGER.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE PARTY I'M HOLDING TO CELEBRATE *THE HATCHING*? I'VE INVITED ALL OUR FRIENDS AND RELATIONS!

IT IS OUR *FIRST EGG*, YOU KNOW.

VERY WELL... I'LL LEAVE THE DAY AFTER *THE HATCHING!*

A FEW DAYS LATER, THE WARLOCKS ARRIVED FOR THE HATCHING...

AMONG THE GUESTS WERE **MAGNA** AND HE FATHER, **ASHTAR**, TH GOAT OF MENDES.

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO MEET A NICE, RICH YOUNG WARLOCK, DEAR.
GET OFF MY BACK, FATHER!

CHIRA, DARLING! YOU'RE LOOKING LOVELY TONIGHT... BUT THEN IT'S AMAZING WHAT *MAKE-UP* CAN *HIDE!*

WELL, YOU WOULD KNOW, MAGNA. I CAN'T SEE ANY OF THE *SCARS* I GAVE YOU AT OUR LAST MEETING.

OH, I'VE GOT A SPECK OF DUST IN MY EYE.

ALLOW ME...

YOUR CLAW'S SO GENTLE, NEMESIS. IT'S THAT AWFUL CASTLE OF FATHER'S — IT'S SO *DUSTY*. I NEARLY CHOKED TO DEATH.

WHAT STOPPED YOU?

CHIRA, MY DEAR! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO STOP THIS HUSBAND OF YOURS GALLIVANTING ROUND THE GALAXY? WE DON'T INTERFERE IN OTHER PLANETS' AFFAIRS ANYMORE, YOU KNOW.

LATER—

MY FELLOW WARLOCKS, IT'S TIME FOR... *THE HATCHING!*

THE WARTY EGG BEGAN TO STEAM AND CRACK.

GREEN YOLK DRIBBLED OUT.

AND—

A "THING" EMERGED!

IT'S A BOY!

WHAT A DEAR LITTLE HOMUNCULUS!

WELL DONE, THAT WARLOCK!

WE'RE GOING TO CALL IT *THOTH!*

SUDDENLY...

WHAT—?

IT'S GREAT UNCLE BAAL'S STAR CHARIOT!

FIRST YOU STEAL MY BOOKS AND MY FAMILIAR, NEPHEW; NOW YOU DON'T INVITE ME TO A FAMILY HATCHING! YOU'RE NOT *ASHAMED* OF ME, ARE YOU?

WELL...

ASHTAR, YOU OLD HELL-RAISER! HAVE YOU BEEN DYEING YOUR HAIRY LEGS AGAIN?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, YOU'RE AS YOUNG AS YOU FEEL... AND I DON'T FEEL A DAY OVER A HUNDRED! HEH! HEH! WHOOPS! SORRY, DEAR!

UNCLE, YOU'LL HAVE TO *LEAVE...!*

NOT UNTIL I'VE DONE MY PARTY PIECE, NEPHEW!

NO! NOT YOUR PARTY PIECE!

COME ON DOWN, YOU *HUMANS!*

IT'S TIME TO DO THE *DANSE MACABRE!*

THEY WERE ORDINARY UNPLEASANT HUMANS, WHEN THEIR SHIP CRASH-LANDED ON MY PLANET. ALL THAT CHANGED AFTER I OPERATED ... NOW THEY'RE EXCELLENT MEMBERS OF MY CREW!
HOW DARE YOU BRING YOUR NASTY EXPERIMENTS TO MY PARTY!
UNCLE, PEOPLE ARE STARING!
WELL... REALLY!

LET 'EM STARE! THIS PARTY NEEDED LIVENING UP! HERE, FOLKS — THIS HEMLOCK WILL SET YOUR HORNS ON FIRE! PLAY IT AGAIN, PAN!

HE'S *MAD!* YOU'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT HIM!

I'LL HAVE HIM *PUT AWAY* IN SOME QUIET, *DISTANT* CORNER OF THE UNIVERSE.

SHALL WE DANCE?

PUT AWAY? YOU WANT TO HAVE HIM *PUT DOWN!*

SOON...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT WAS IN THAT HEMLOCK...

...BUT IT'S CERTAINLY HAD AN EFFECT ON OUR GUESTS!

THAT HORRIBLE OLD WARLOCK'S RUINED EVERYTHING!

NO, IT'S SOMETHING MORE...I FELT IT FIRST DURING THE *DANSE MACABRE* ...I HAD THE *STRANGEST FEELING* THAT SOON... *I'D* BE JOINING THE SKELETONS IN *DEATH!*

ATER, AFTER THE PARTY...

*LL NEVER FORGIVE M! NEVER! AND I EL TERRIBLE... I AN SENSE *GREAT VIL* AND *DEATH...*

OH, THAT'S JUST GREAT UNCLE BAAL. HE ALWAYS LEAVES THAT SMELL OF *DECAY* AND *UTTER WICKEDNESS* BEHIND HIM.

Gark! Gark!

NEXT PROG: *THE GRAND MASTER!*

Nemesis the Warlock!

BOOK III

MANUSCRIPT
Brother Mills

ARTWORK
Brother O'Neill

LETTERING
Brother Potter

THE DAY AFTER THE HATCHING, **NEMESIS** LEAVES GANDARVA TO CONTINUE HIS GREAT BATTLE WITH THE **TERMIGHT EMPIRE**. SADLY, HIS WIFE **CHIRA** WATCHES HIM GO...

GOODBYE, MY HUSBAND... SOMEHOW I KNOW I'M NEVER GOING TO SEE YOU AGAIN...

I SHOULD BE *SAFE* HERE FROM THE *TERMINATORS*... YET I CAN SENSE *EVIL*... AND *DEATH*...

BUT WHATEVER HAPPENS TO ME, I MUST PROTECT *THOTH*...

MY LITTLE HOMUNCULUS.

IN THE NETHER WORLDS, **MAGNA**—CHIRA'S RIVAL—WAS READY...

NOW IT IS TIME TO GET RID OF CHIRA...

SOON AFTER... IN **TERMIGHT**, TORQUEMADA SUMMONS **SIR HARGAN**, LEADER OF THE CHAPTER OF **ASSASSINS**...

SIR HARGAN, I AM SENDING YOU AND YOUR KNIGHTS ON AN IMPORTANT *QUEST!*

YOU DO ME MUCH HONOUR, GRAND MASTER.

N *INFORMANT* S GIVEN US THE EREABOUTS OF AN *EN* WHO MUST BE *ERMINATED!*

ALTHOUGH WE WERE UNABLE TO GET A VISUAL-FIX ON OUR *INFORMANT*, I'M CONVINCED THE INFORMATION IS GENUINE.

IT WILL BE A *HARD* AND *DANGEROUS* QUEST! THE ALIEN WILL NOT DIE EASILY. BEFORE YOU LEAVE, YOU WILL NEED TO CONSULT MY *SECRET BESTIARY!*

SIR HARGAN FOLLOWS TORQUEMADA INTO **THE SCRIPTORIUM**... HERE **SCRIBES** AND **ILLUMINATORS** SPEND LONG HOURS WORKING IN SILENCE ON THE **ALIEN BESTIARIES**, UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF THE CHIEF SCRIBE.

BE PVRE
BE VIGILANT
BEHAVE

LAPSED

I MUST NOT DEVIATE
I MUST NOT DEVIATE

EACH ILLUMINATOR HAS TAKEN A VOW OF POVERTY AND OBEDIENCE—DEDICATING HIS LIFE TO PAINTING THE STRANGE CREATURES OF THE GALAXY.

YOU'RE SPENDING TOO LONG ON THE ILLUMINATED BORDERS, BROTHER KEVIN. YOUR BESTIARY MUST BE FINISHED *THIS* CENTURY.

SPHINX

THIS ILLUMINATOR IS PAINTING A A ***SPHINX*** FOR THE POPULAR BESTIARIES... HE MUST USE HIS ***IMAGINATION*** TO BRING OUT THE BEAST'S ***EVIL***.

FOR ALTHOUGH THE SPHINX ***LOOKS TIMID*** AND ***FRIGHTENED***... WE'RE NOT FOOLED. WE KNOW IT IS REALLY ***VICIOUS*** AND ***LOATHSOME***, LIKE ALL ALIENS!

THUS HE EMPHASISES THE SPHINX'S FANGS AND CLAWS—TURNING IT INTO THE ***SAVAGE MONSTER*** IT ***REALLY*** IS! A CREATURE THE PEOPLE WILL ***FEAR!***

THE PEOPLE NEED TO BE AFRAID. FEAR IS GOOD FOR THEM! LATER, THE SPHINX WILL BE TAKEN AWAY AND KILLED.

OF COURSE.

BUT THERE ARE SOME "THINGS" OUT THERE IN THE GALAXY WHICH NEED ***NO EXAGGERATION!*** ALIENS ***MORE FOUL*** THAN ANYONE COULD HAVE IMAGINED WHEN MAN TOOK HIS FIRST STEPS INTO SPACE!

THESE ARE CONTAINED IN MY ***SECRET BESTIARY***.

BROTHER BERTOLD... BRING ME MY *PRIVATE BESTIARY.*

YES, GRAND MASTER.

THE ALIENS IN THIS BESTIARY ARE SO OFFENSIVE, WE HAVE TO KEEP A *LOCK* ON THE BOOK... TO KEEP IT FROM THE CURIOUS EYES OF IDLE YOUNG TERMINATORS...

FOR SPENDING *TOO LONG* LOOKING AT THESE APPALLING CREATURES... YOU CAN GO BLIND.

HERE WE ARE, GRAND MASTER.

WE'RE OVER HERE, BROTHER BERTOLD!

POOR BROTHER BERTOLD... A LIFETIME OF DEVOTED WORK HAS TAKEN ITS TOLL. BUT HIS KNOWLEDGE OF ALIENS IS ENCYCLOPAEDIC.

YES... HERE'S THE ONE YOU WANTED, GRAND MASTER...

THE *FEMALE WARLOCK* AND HER OFFSPRING THE *HOMUNCULUS!*

SHE'S A POWERFUL AND SAVAGE FIGHTER... *FAR WORSE* THAN THE MALE WARLOCK. SHE'LL FIGHT WITH *DIABOLIC FURY* TO PROTECT HER YOUNG. IT WON'T BE EASY TO KILL THEM.

THE WARLOCK I WANT KILLED IS THE *MATE* OF MY GREATEST ENEMY —THE ARCH DEVIANT, *NEMESIS!*

THE ASSASSINS WILL *DESTROY* HER AND HER CHILD, GRAND MASTER—OR DIE!

SO SHALL MY ENEMY SUFFER... THE REVENGE OF TORQUEMADA!

NEXT PROG: ***THE LOST SCIENCE...***

Nemesis the Warlock!

BOOK III

MANUSCRIPT
Brother Mills

ARTWORK
Brother O'Neill

LETTERING
Brother Potter

BASILISKS HAVE BUILT
HEIR CASTLE AROUND ONE
E MASSIVE TREES
GROW ON THE PLANET...
H PROVIDE THEM WITH
HE FOOD AND
GY THEY NEED...

IT FOR THE LAST YEAR, THE PLANET
S BEEN BLOCKADED... AND YDRASILL
STLE HAS BEEN UNDER SIEGE BY
E TERMINATORS— THE HUMANS
VORN TO CLEANSE THE GALAXY
ALL ALIENS!

CLEANSE AND PURIFY, MY BROTHERS!

PANDEMONIUMS HOWL INSANELY AS THEY BOMBARD THE CASTLE... WORKING THE KNIGHTS OF TERMIGHT INTO A FRENZY...

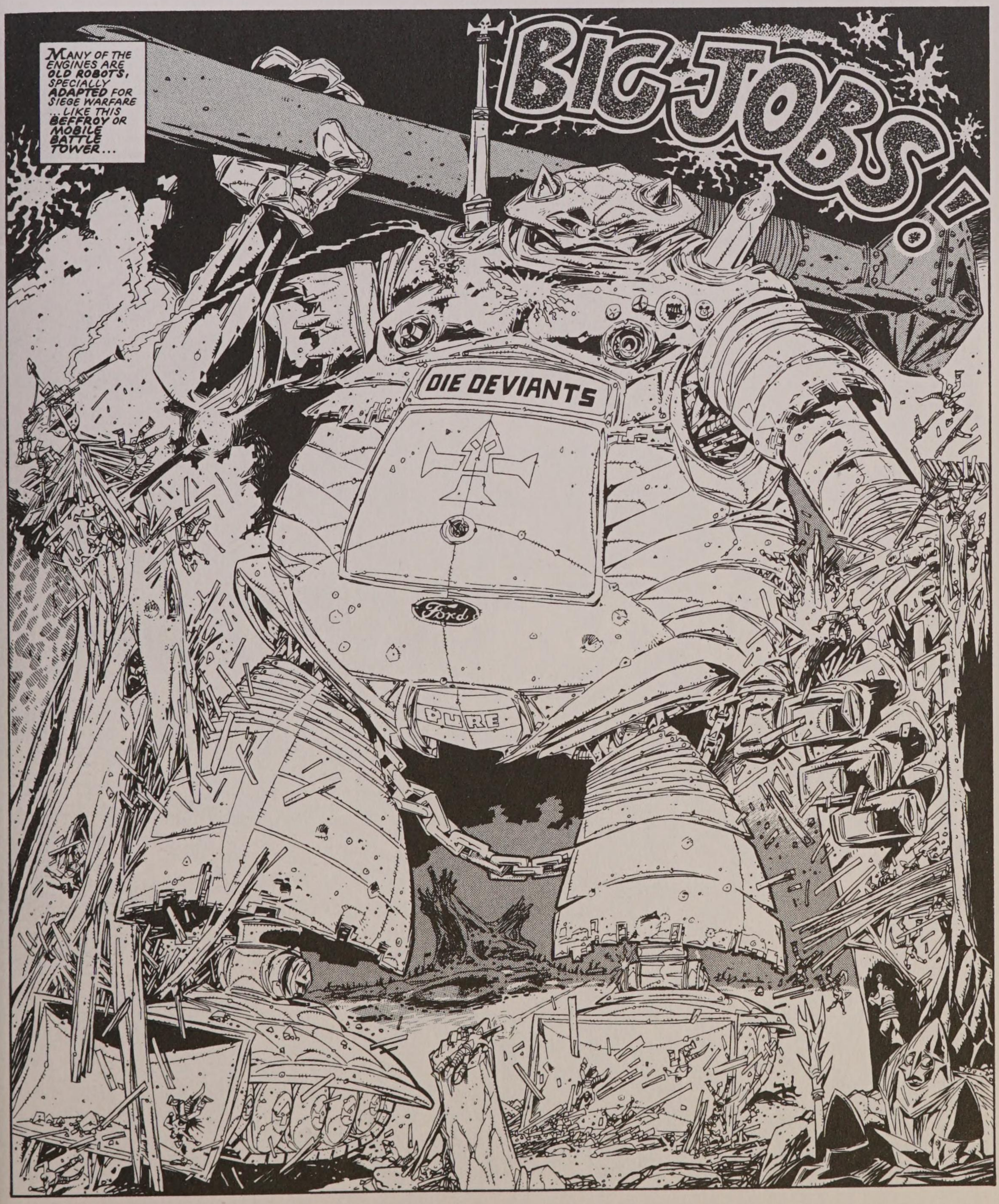
TREBUCHETS HURL GREAT ROCKS INTO THE CASTLE...

AND THE BASILISKS KNOW THE END CANNOT BE FAR OFF...

THE TREE OF LIFE IS DYING ...WE'RE DOOMED!

MILITARY ENGINES LUMBER FORWARD, LADEN WITH CRAZED TERMINATORS...

DENNIS


MANY OF THE ENGINES ARE OLD ROBOTS, SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR SIEGE WARFARE ...LIKE THIS BEFFROY OR MOBILE BATTLE TOWER...
BIG JOBS!
DIE DEVIANTS
Ford
PURE

ON BOARD, A SERJEANT-AT-ARMS ADDRESSES HIS SQUAD...

THE MOMENT THE TOWER REACHES THE WALL, THAT RAMP WILL DROP DOWN ... I WANT YOU OUT AND OVER THE BATTLEMENTS —AT THE DOUBLE!

CHKN KIL

NOW!

RAMP

DEATH TO ALL DEVIA...

AAAAAAAARRGGHH...

IN ITS ENTHUSIASM, THE OLD ROBOT HAS DROPPED THE RAMP TOO SOON...

CLEANSE AND PURIFY! MEK-QUAKE... HE CRUSH THOSE ALIEN HORDES!

HUR! HUR!

AAAGGHHH!

NOT US, YOU FOOL! NOT US!

AAGGHHH!

THE ASSAULT IS THROWN BACK... LATER THE SIEGE ENGINEER, BROTHER HIERONYMUS, REPORTS TO SIR EVRIC, THE SINISCHAL IN CHARGE OF THE SIEGE...

WHAT WENT WRONG THIS TIME, BROTHER HIERONYMUS?

MACHINE FAILURES, SINISCHAL! YOU MUST UNDERSTAND... MANY OF THESE ROBOTS ARE HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD— DATING BACK TO THE LOST AGE OF SCIENCE!

GIVE ME RESULTS, NOT EXCUSES! TORQUEMADA'S ON MY BACK! I WANT THE ENGINES BACK IN ACTION BY TOMORROW! IS THAT CLEAR?

DO NOT REMOVE PROPERTY OF GLOBAL DYNAMICS

BUT ROBOTICS IS A LOST ART! WE CAN REPAIR AND REBUILD MECHANICAL PARTS— BUT THE BRAIN'S ANOTHER MATTER. ALL OUR KNOWLEDGE IS CONTAINED IN A FEW OLD SCROLLS.

MEK-QUAKE, HE VERY SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED, SIR... HE GOT A LITTLE CARRIED AWAY. HE NOT GOT A VERY BIG BRAIN, YOU KNOW. BUT MEK-QUAKE VERY KEEN AND VERY ENTHUSIASTIC FOR THIS CRUSADE, SIR. YEAH! THIS BEST JOB MEK-QUAKE EVER HAD!

GET THAT MACHINE OUT OF MY SIGHT.

THANK YOU, SIR. YOU WANT ANY MORE BIG JOBS DONE, YOU COME TO MEK-QUAKE. HE VERY TRUSTWORTHY AND RELIABLE, SIR. NOT LIKE SOME ROBOTS HE COULD MENTION.

CRUSH

MY FEVER'S COME BACK! BY THE RUNES! THE SOONER WE TAKE THE CASTLE AND GET OFF THIS ACCURSED PLANET, THE BETTER!

A BATTLE-MAIDEN CAME TO MINISTER TO SIR EVRIC...

IS THAT STUFF REALLY NECESSARY, GIRL? IT SMELLS MOST NOXIOUS!

BOILED ROC'S VENOM ADMINISTERED THIS WAY IS MOST USEFUL IN CURING ALIEN FEVER, SIR. IT SOOTHES THE BODY AND RELEASES UNCLEAN SPIRITS.

THE EVIL ONE!

THE EVIL ONE!

WHAT ARE THEY ON ABOUT? WHAT'S GOING ON NOW?

IT'S THE EVIL ONE HIMSELF! HE'S BROKEN THROUGH THE PLANETARY BLOCKADE!

NEMESIS! THAT'S ALL I NEEDED!

NEXT PROG: THE SWORD SINISTER!

Nemesis the Warlock

BOOK III

MANUSCRIPT
Brother Mills

ARTWORK
Brother O'Neill

LETTERING
Brother Potter

THE TERMINATORS CONTINUE THEIR BOMBARDMENT OF YORASILL CASTLE, THE GREAT DONJON OF THE BASILISKS...

CAN'T YOU KEEP THE NOISE DOWN? I'VE GOT ONE OF MY MIGRAINES!

I'M SORRY, SIR EVRIC. BUT YORASILL CASTLE WILL SOON BE OURS!

THEN IT'S THE BASILISKS WHO'LL BE HAVING HEADACHES!

MEANWHILE, NEMESIS HAS LANDED INSIDE THE CASTLE WHERE HE IS MET BY THE BASILISKS' LEADER... MUZURPHUS, COURT WIZARD, COMMANDER OF THE GOLDEN BRANCH AND HEAD ARBOURIST...

THIS WAY, DARK LORD.

THE TREE OF LIFE IS DYING... ITS SAP IS DRYING UP... WE'VE NO NUTS TO FEED OUR HERDS OF SQUATTLE AND THE AVIARIES ARE NEARLY EMPTY.

SAP!
AP FOR
E LOVE OF
ANGNAR!

MY PEOPLE ARE STARVING... ALL WE'VE LEFT TO EAT IS A LITTLE MOSS AND A FEW WOOD SLUGS.

THIS IS GRIM NEWS, MUZURPHUS.

TORQUEMADA IS DETERMINED TO DESTROY US TO QUELL UNREST IN HIS EMPIRE.

I BET HE'S THIRSTING FOR REVENGE AFTER OUR LAST MEETING.

HIS TERMINATORS WILL STOP AT NOTHING.

IT'S FORTUNATE *CHIRA* AND *THOTH* ARE SAFE... THEIR PLANET HIDE-OUT IS A WELL-GUARDED *SECRET*— KNOWN ONLY TO *OTHER WARLOCKS.*

THE TERMINATORS HAVE BROUGHT UP *GREAT SIEGE ENGINES... ANCIENT ROBOTS* THAT *RELISH DEATH* AND *DESTRUCTION!*

BIG JOBS!

BIG JOBS!

BIG JOBS!

MUTILATE

THEY'VE BREACHED THE OUTER WALL— AAAAAH!

MEK-QUAKE GO *FIRST,* ROBOTS! IT IS HIS RIGHT FOR DOING *BIGGEST* JOBS!

PURE

MY PEOPLE FLOCK TO THE *TEMPLE OF FANGNAR*—THE GREATEST BASILISK OF ALL TIME—HOPING HE WILL HELP THEM IN THEIR BLACKEST HOUR.

THEY PROSTRATE THEMSELVES BEFORE THE *STONE REMAINS* OF *FANGNAR*, BEGGING HIM TO SHOW THEM A *SIGN*.

AS YOU KNOW, DARK LORD, WHEN WE BASILISKS *DIE*, WE *PETRIFY* INTO *STONE*...

THE SWORD'S DARK POWER IS UNLEASHED AND HAS A DRAMATIC EFFECT ON THE BASILISKS...

THE SWORD SINISTER!

THE SWORD SINISTER!

... AND IT CAN'T BE LONG BEFORE WE'LL *ALL* BE *PETRIFIED!*

FOLLOW YOUR DARK LORD TO VICTORY! DEATH TO THE HUMANS!

I'LL SHOW THE PEOPLE A SIGN, MUZURPHUS...

EXCESSUS! THE SWORD SINISTER!

DEATH TO THE HUMANS!

DEATH TO THE HUMANS!

NEXT PROG:
THE BELLS! THE BELLS!

Nemesis the Warlock!

BOOK III

MANUSCRIPT
Brother Mills

= ARTWORK
Brother O'Neill

LETTERING
Brother Potter

IN A FUTURE DARK AGES, **EARTH**—NOW CALLED MIGHTY TERRA OR **TERMIGHT**—RULES A VAST BUT DECAYING EMPIRE. ITS LEADERS, **THE TERMINATORS**, HAVE PROCLAIMED A **CRUSADE** AGAINST ALL ALIENS—WHO THEY SAY ARE THREATENING TERMIGHT.

NOW, **ONE ALIEN** UNITES THE CREATURES OF THE GALAXY AGAINST THE HATE-CRAZED HUMANS... **NEMESIS!**

THE DARK POWER OF THE SWORD SINISTER, **EXCESSUS**, IS UNLEASHED... THE SWORD WHICH MEN HAVE FOUGHT AND DIED OVER FOR GENERATIONS...

THE BASILISKS HURL THE TERMINATORS BACK...

NEMESIS IS EVERYWHERE, DANCING ON THE TIPS OF SPEARS, URGING THE BASILISKS ON...

FORWARD WITH THE DARK LORD!

AAAAAHHH!

S THE TERMINATORS FALL BACK, THE VESTAL VAMPIRES — BATTLE MAIDENS OF TERMIGHT URL ABUSE AT THEM...

CALL YOURSELVES KNIGHTS! HAVE YOU COME TO HIDE BEHIND A WOMAN'S SKIRTS?

MILKSOPS! POLTROONS!

CLUCK! CLUCK! CLUCK!

PROVE YOU'RE A MAN! KILL!

SHOW US WHAT YOU'RE MADE OF!

BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND... THE *EVIL ONE* HIMSELF LEADS THE BASILISKS!

ARE YOU RICHARD DRAGON-HEART... OR RICHARD CHICKEN-HEART? COME ON... MAKE ME PROUD OF YOU, MY KNIGHT!

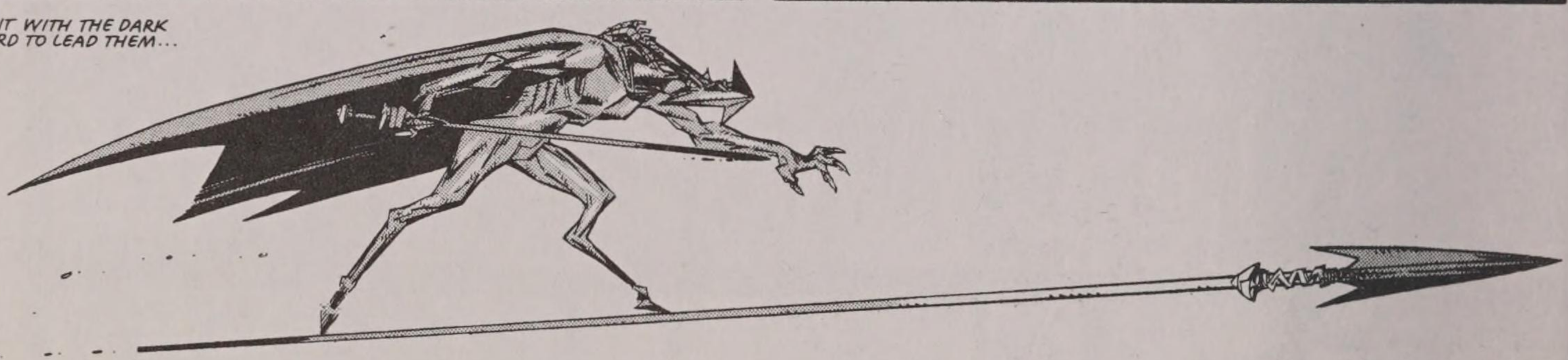
REMEMBER... AFTER THE BATTLE, WE MAIDENS ONLY REWARD *WOUNDED SOLDIERS* WHO HAVE *FOUGHT WELL* WITH THE *KISS OF LIFE*...

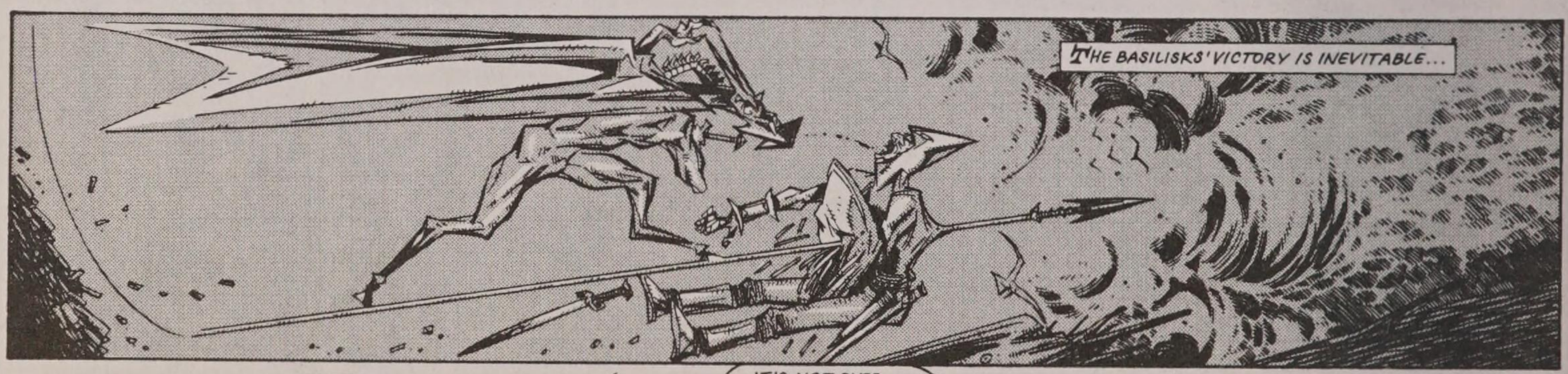
WE DON'T SAVE SOLDIERS WITH ARROWS IN THEIR BACKS!

HEARTENED BY THE BATTLE-MAIDENS' WORDS, THE TERMINATORS RETURN TO THE FRAY...

DEATH TO THE EVIL ONE!

BUT WITH THE DARK LORD TO LEAD THEM...

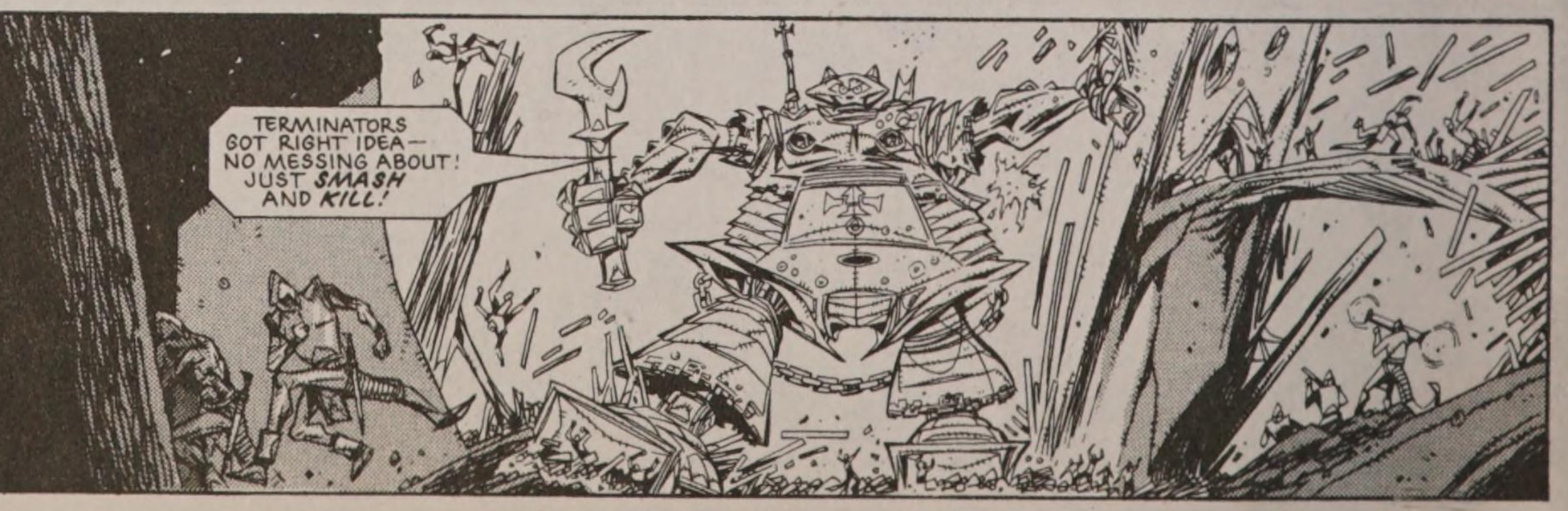




YOU'VE DONE IT, DARK LORD! YOU'VE DONE IT! THE HUMANS HAVE HAD ENOUGH!
IT'S NOT OVER YET, MUZURPHUS. WE'VE STILL GOT THE SIEGE MACHINES TO DEAL WITH.

BACK IN THE LOST AGE OF SCIENCE, THE **SIEGE MACHINES** HAD BEEN DESIGNED TO **HELP** PEOPLE ... NOW THEY WERE REPROGRAMMED TO **DESTROY...!**

THOUGH IN THE CASE OF **MEK-QUAKE**, THE **EX-BULLDOZER ROBOT**, RETRAINING HAD NOT BEEN NECESSARY.



TREBUCHET, AN EX-CRANE ROBOT, HAD NEEDED LITTLE REPROGRAMMING EITHER. ONCE HE LIFTED LARGE ROCKS. NOW HE THREW THEM AS WELL...

FIRE-RAISER, AN EX-FIRE ENGINE ROBOT, HAD BAULKED AT THE IDEA OF MAKING FIRES INSTEAD OF PUTTING THEM OUT... BUT AFTER THE TERMINATORS REMOVED MOST OF HIS BRAIN, HE CHANGED... NOW THE RINGING OF HIS BELLS TURNED HIM INTO A PYROMANIAC...

THE BELLS! THE BELLS! BURN... ALL GOING TO... BURN!

DENNIS

BUT ONE MACHINE HAD BEEN SPECIALLY BUILT FOR WAR... THE IMPERIAL FLAG ROBOT:

TORQUE-ARMADA!

THIS WALKING ARMADA OF DEATH WAS A GIANT EFFIGY OF THE GRAND MASTER HIMSELF AND HAD BEEN TAUGHT TO REPEAT HIS MOST FAMOUS SAYINGS...

BE PURE..! BE VIGILANT..! BEHAVE!

NOW NOTHING CAN SAVE THE DEVIANTS!

NEXT PROG: CLEANSE AND PURIFY

Nemesis
The Warlock Book III

MANUSCRIPT
BROTHER MILLS

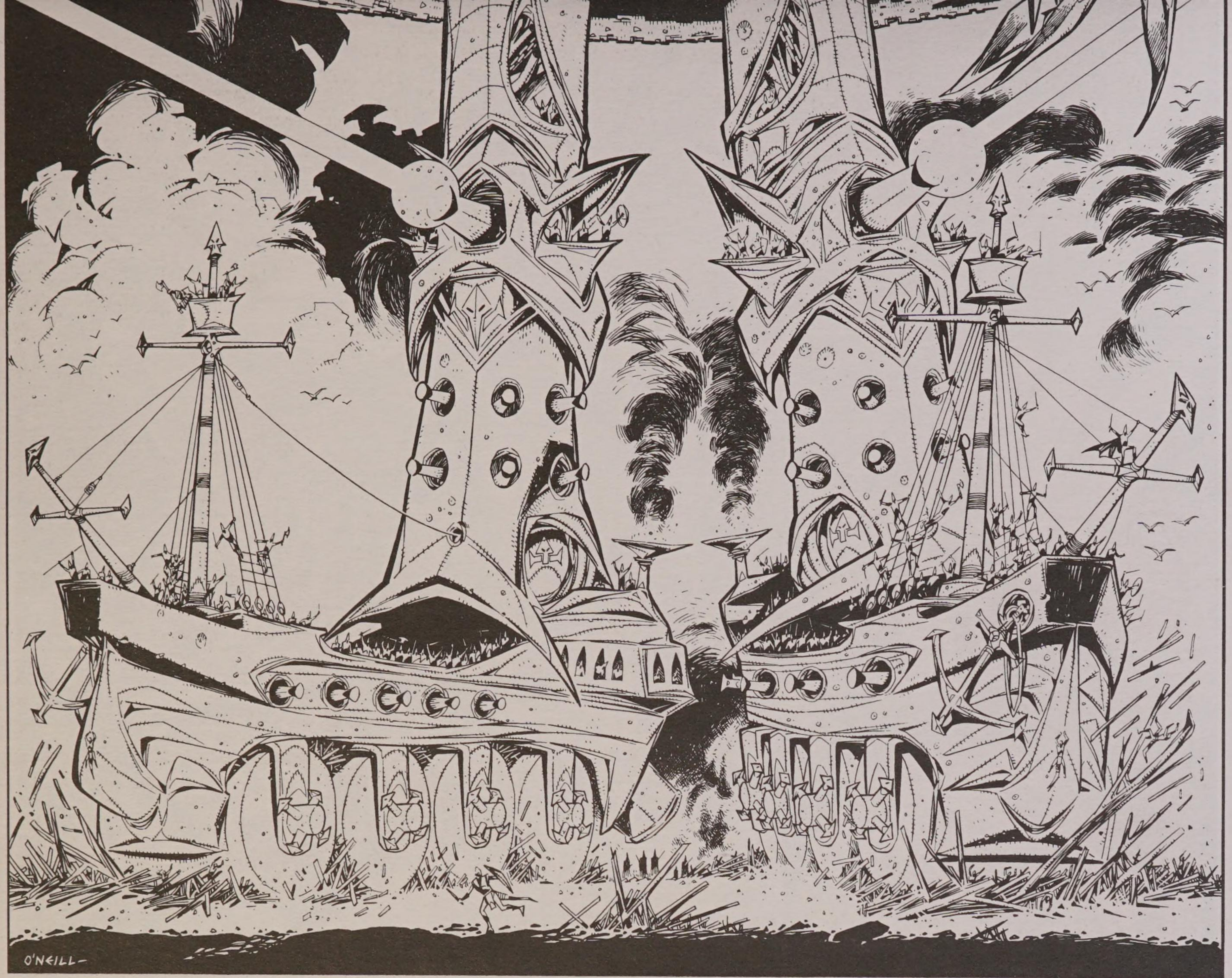
ARTWORK
BROTHER O'NEILL

LETTERING
BROTHER POTTER

THE TERMINATORS ARE BESIEGING YDRASILL CASTLE— THE GREAT DONJON OF THE BASILISKS. NEMESIS COMES TO THE ALIENS' AID AND THE TERMINATORS AND THEIR SIEGE MACHINES ARE HURLED BACK. BUT NOW THEY BRING OUT THEIR IMPERIAL FLAG ROBOT... SYMBOL OF TERMIGHT'S GLORY...

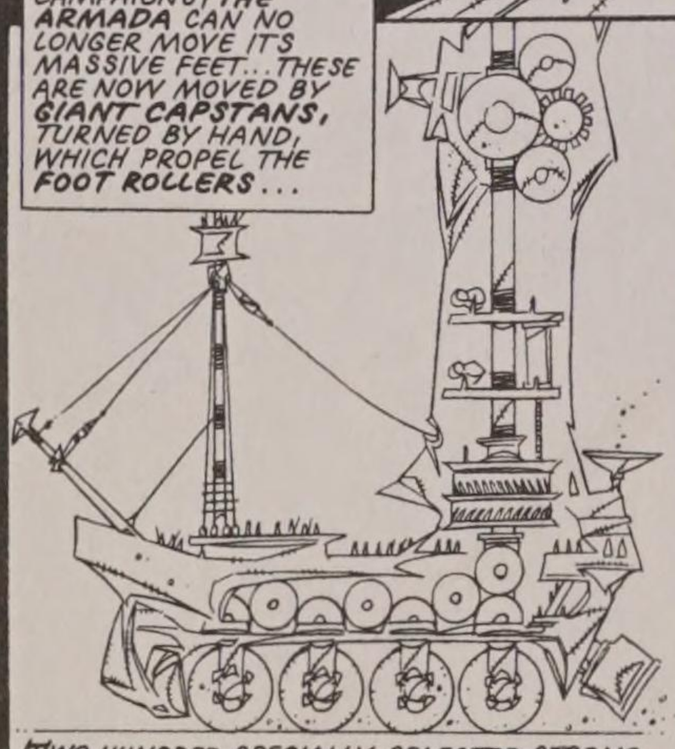
TORQUE-ARMADA!

DEATH TO THE DEVIANTS!


O'NEILL

THE GIANT "MAN OF WAR" WEIGHS 180 TONS (LADEN) AND IS EQUIPPED WITH 30 GUNS, 6 CATAPULTS AND 2 DART THROWERS...

VETERAN OF A HUNDRED CAMPAIGNS, THE ARMADA CAN NO LONGER MOVE ITS MASSIVE FEET... THESE ARE NOW MOVED BY GIANT CAPSTANS, TURNED BY HAND, WHICH PROPEL THE FOOT ROLLERS...



TWO HUNDRED SPECIALLY SELECTED STRONG MEN TURN EACH CAPSTAN. MORE TERMINATORS PUSH FROM THE REAR.

THE TERMINATORS VIE FOR THE HONOUR AND VOLUNTARILY CHAIN THEMSELVES TO THE CAPSTAN — LEST, IN A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS DURING THE TERROR AND HEAT OF BATTLE, THEY DESERT THEIR POSTS.

Technical Details — Courtesy
Termight Mechanicus

DEATH ROARING FROM ITS ARTILLERY PORTS, THE TORQUE-ARMADA SHAMBLES FORWARD, RECITING THE DEVIATUS...

WITH SWORD AND AXE AND MACE, I CLEANSE AND PURIFY...

I NEVER SHOW ANY MERCY...

ALL ALIENS MUST DIE!

NOTHING CAN STOP SUCH A MACHINE! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, DARK LORD? *WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?*

I THINK IT'S TIME I CONSULTED GREAT UNCLE BAAL'S NECRONOMICON.

A *SPELL!* YES, THAT'S IT, DARK LORD..!

FIND AN INCANTATION FOR CONTROLLING THE WINDS, GROBBENDONK, WHILE I PREPARE MYSELF.

GRELLY VISH!

IF YOU DON'T MIND, MUZURPHUS, I PREFER TO DO MY SPELLS IN PRIVATE.

SORRY, DARK LORD! SORRY!

YEFTY BAR?

NO...NO... THAT'S GREAT UNCLE BAAL'S SPELL FOR GIVING HUMANS WIND.

A SUITABLE INCANTATION IS FOUND...

I CALL UPON THE ELEMENTALS OF THE GREAT ABYSS... ATTEND ME! AID ME! TALWESO, XETO AND ZUBOTH, CREATURES OF THE SWIRLING AIR, I SUMMON YOU!

IN THE NAME OF BATHON, DAMATRU AND SETHXOJO, GIVE POWER TO MY SPELL! GIVE POWER! GIVE POWER!

GIVE POWER!

A GREAT WIND HOWLS FROM THE CASTLE—

GO FORTH AND DO NOT RETURN UNTIL I CALL FOR THEE!

THEIR EYE-LENSES CONFUSED BY THE DUST, THE ANCIENT ROBOTS LUMBER AROUND BLINDLY.

MEK-QUAKE LASHES OUT ANGRILY—

YOU NO-GOOD TRASH ROBOT! YOU NOT MESS WITH MEK-QUAKE! NOW HE SMASH AND RIP—DO LOT OF BAD THINGS!

THE SIEGE MACHINES ARE GOING OUT OF CONTROL!

NEXT PROG: ROGUE ROBOT!

THE **TERMINATORS** ARE BESIEGING YDRASILL CASTLE WITH THE AID OF ENORMOUS, ANCIENT ROBOTS CONVERTED INTO SIEGE MACHINES. **NEMESIS** SUMMONS A DUST STORM WHICH BLINDS THE MACHINES, SO THAT THEY ATTACK EACH OTHER...

MEK-QUAKE GET TO WORK ON *TRAITOR ROBOT!* USE *BATTLE SICKLE* ON HIM!

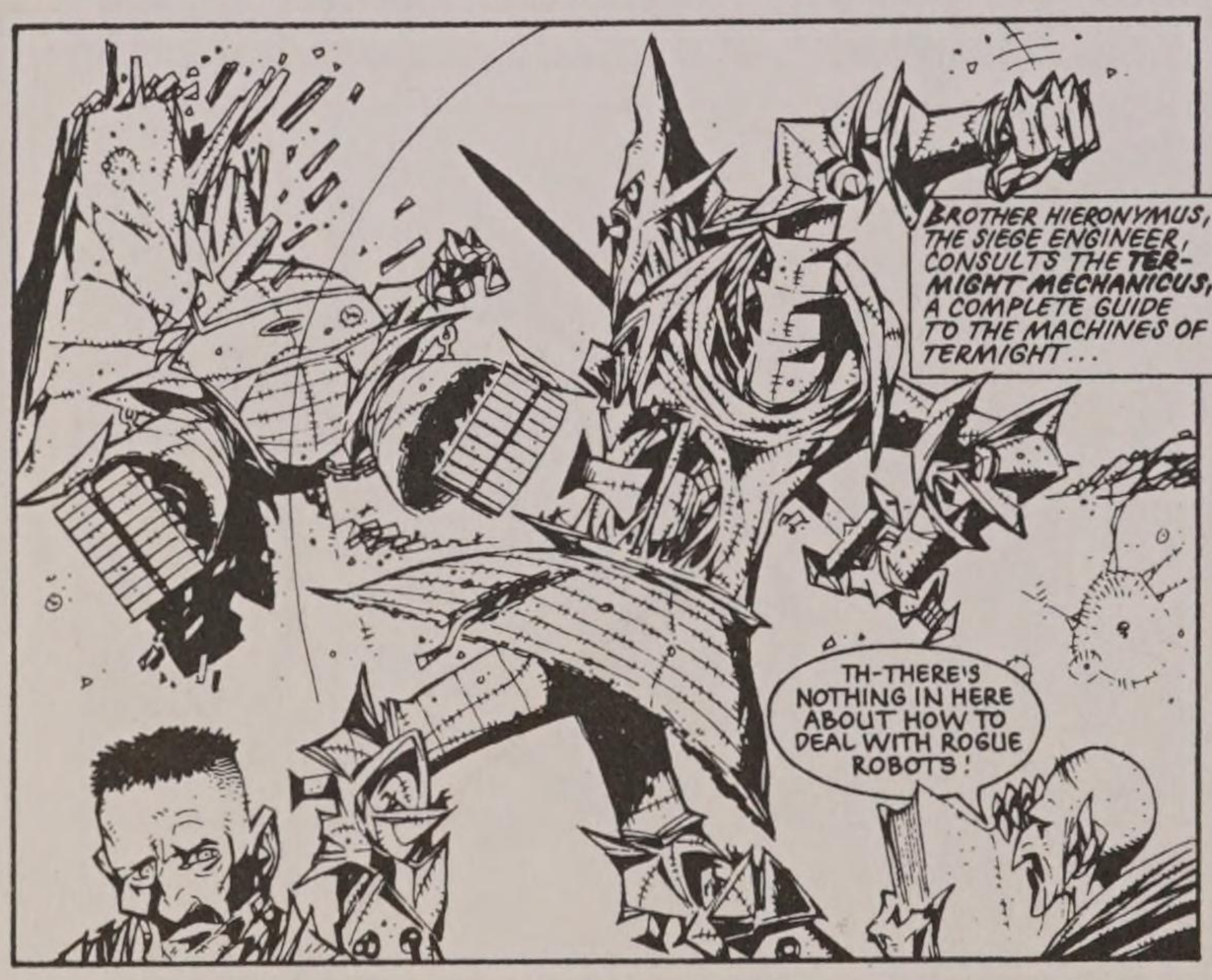
OUCH

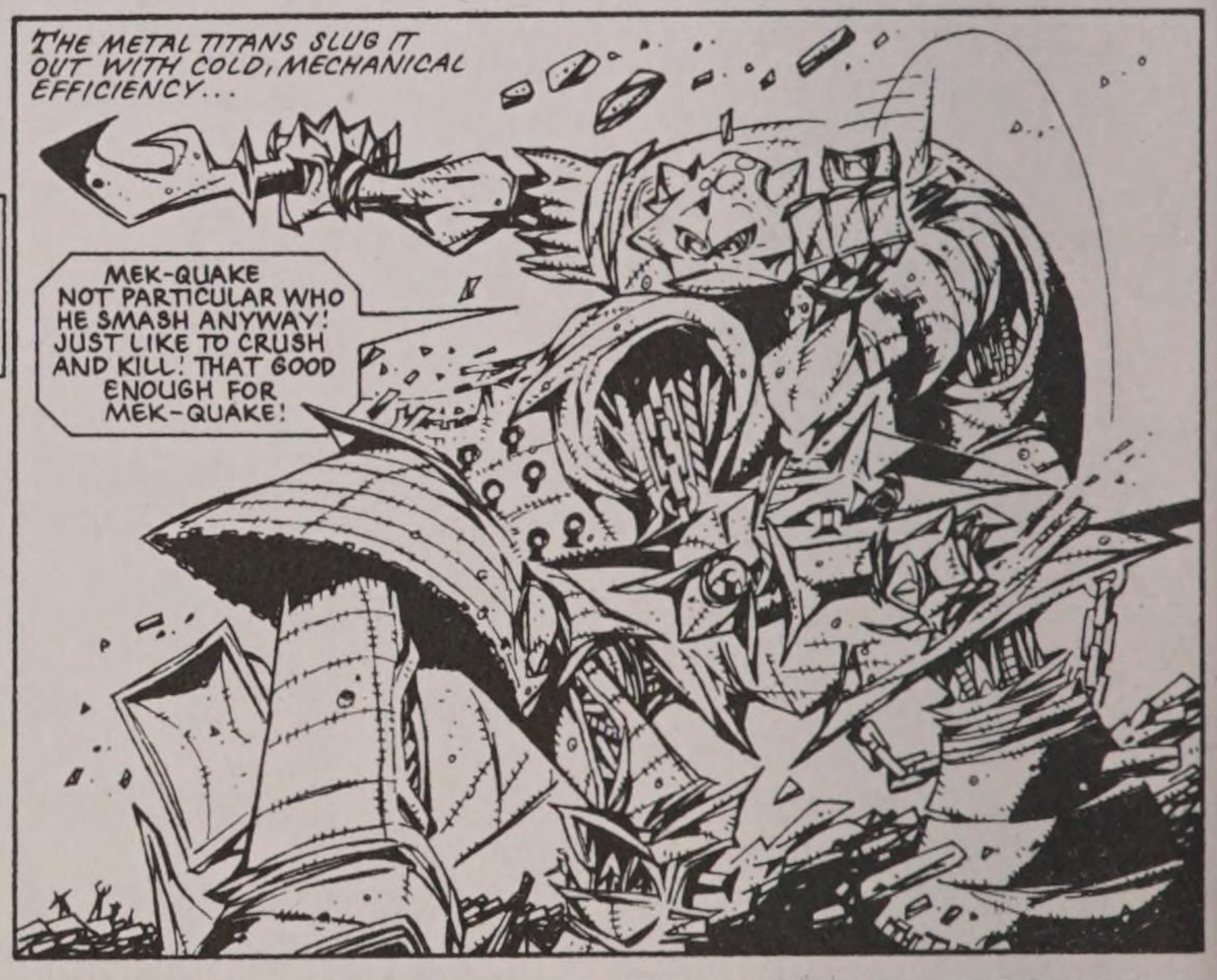
MEK-QUAKE v TORQUE-ARMADA
TO THE DEATH!

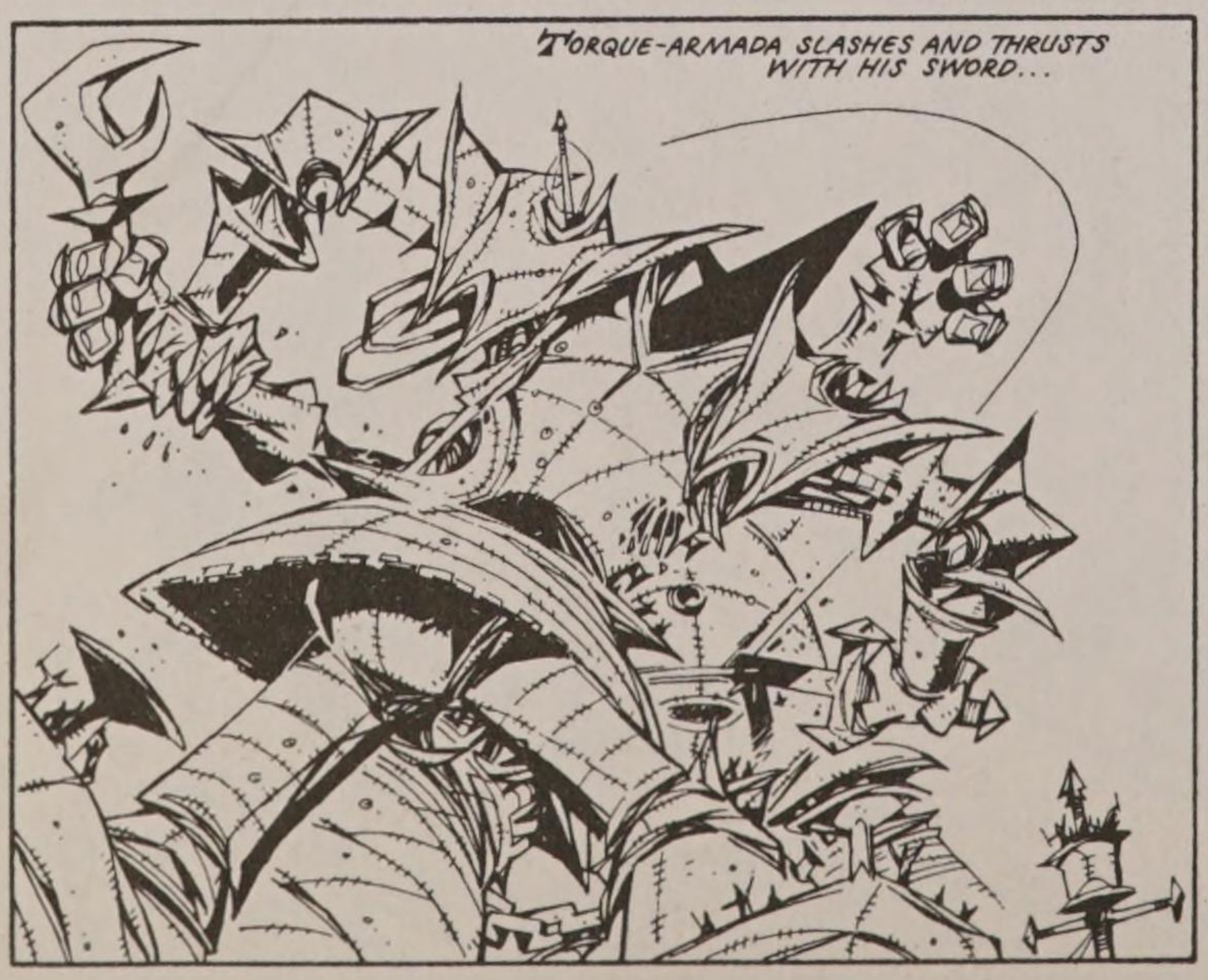
!

SOUND THE RETREAT SOUND THE RETREAT! THE ROBOTS ARE GOING BERSERK!

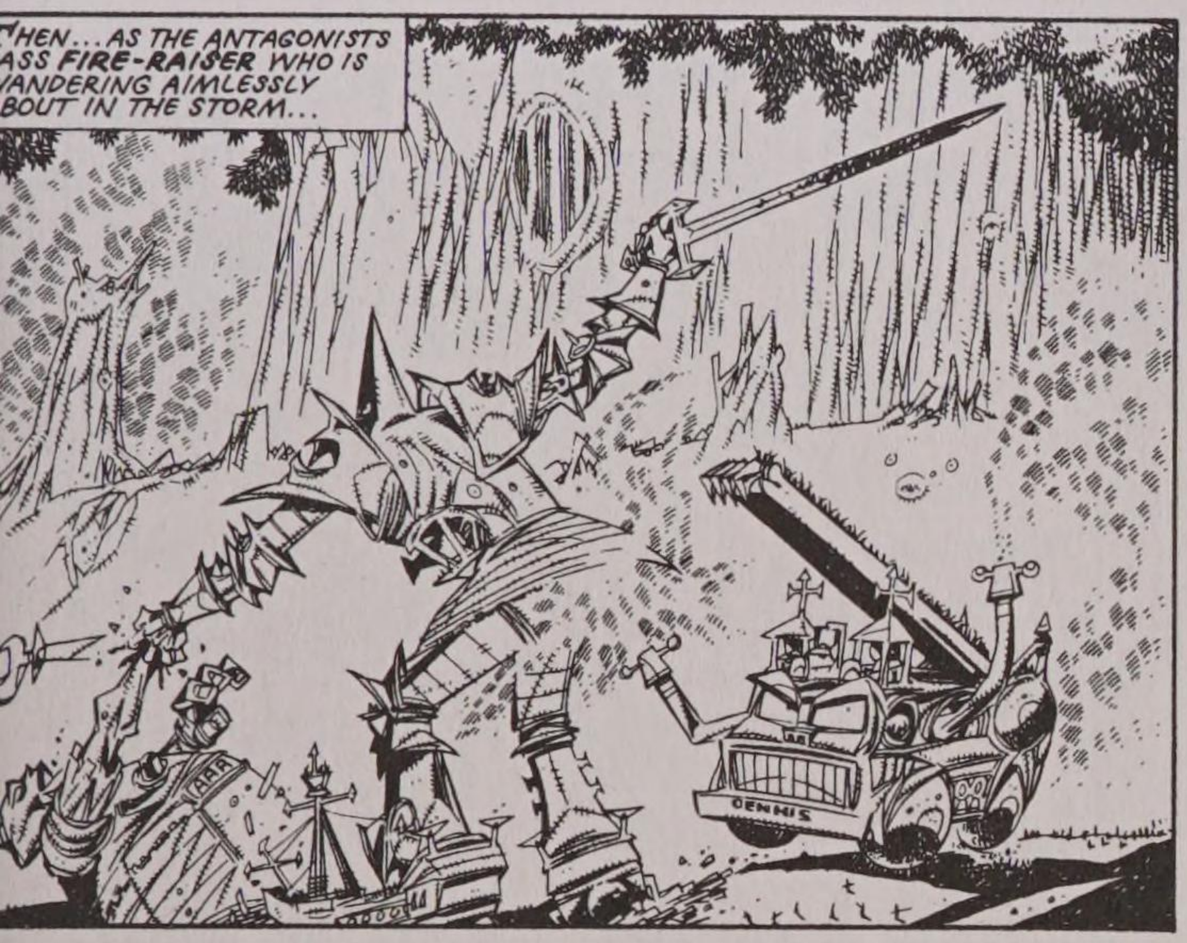
YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE THEM STOP, BROTHER HIERONYMUS!
IT'S NO USE, SINISCHAL..!
OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE ROBOTIC BRAIN IS LIMITED TO THESE OLD SCROLLS...


BROTHER HIERONYMUS, THE SIEGE ENGINEER, CONSULTS THE TER-MIGHT MECHANICUS, A COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE MACHINES OF TERMIGHT...
TH-THERE'S NOTHING IN HERE ABOUT HOW TO DEAL WITH ROGUE ROBOTS!


THE METAL TITANS SLUG IT OUT WITH COLD, MECHANICAL EFFICIENCY...
MEK-QUAKE NOT PARTICULAR WHO HE SMASH ANYWAY! JUST LIKE TO CRUSH AND KILL! THAT GOOD ENOUGH FOR MEK-QUAKE!


TORQUE-ARMADA SLASHES AND THRUSTS WITH HIS SWORD...

MEK-QUAKE RETALIATES WITH HIS GREAT BATTLE SICKLE...


THEN... AS THE ANTAGONISTS PASS FIRE-RAISER WHO IS WANDERING AIMLESSLY ABOUT IN THE STORM...
DENNIS

SNIFF!
SNIFF!

I'M ON FIRE! I'M ON FIRE!

TERMINATORS TURNING THE HUGE ROBOT'S FOOT CAPSTANS UNIT THEMSELVES LOOSE...
FIRE! FIRE!

AND SO...
I CAN'T MOVE MY LEGS! I CAN'T MOVE MY LEGS!

BIG JOBS! BIG JOBS!

AS THE STORM ABATES, THE TERMINATORS SEE THEIR FLAG ROBOT— SYMBOL OF TERMIGHT'S GLORY— HAS FALLEN, AND RETREAT IN DESPAIR...

ALL IS LOST!

ALL IS LOST!

A MOST SATISFACTORY OUTCOME... DON'T YOU THINK, MUZURPHUS?

...THE GREAT WIND YOU RAISED *ALSO* CAUSED THE STONE REMAINS OF *FANGNAR*— THE SACRED SYMBOL OF THE BASILISKS— TO FALL TO THE GROUND!

I'M AFRAID NOT, DARK LORD...

IT'S AN OMEN OF DOOM, DARK LORD!

ALL IS LOST!

ALL IS LOST!

THERE'S A *MORAL* HERE SOMEWHERE, GROBBENDONK.

SNORKA VAR!

NEXT PROG: *THE GREY DEATH!*

Nemesis the Warlock!

BOOK III

MANUSCRIPT
Brother Mills

ARTWORK
Brother O'Neill

LETTERING
Brother Potter

THE TERMINATORS AND THEIR SIEGE MACHINES HAVE BEEN HURLED BACK FROM YDRASILL CASTLE. BUT THE BASILISKS ARE SUNK IN DESPAIR FOLLOWING THE DESTRUCTION OF FANGNAR, THEIR GOD...

THE *GREY DEATH* RUNS THROUGH THE CASTLE..! A *HIDEOUS DISEASE* IN WHICH OUR LIMBS TURN TO *STONE* AND THEN *DROP OFF!* MY PEOPLE FEEL THEIR *END* IS NEAR, DARK LORD!

BUT THE TERMIGHT COMMANDER, *SIR EVRIC*, HAD PROBLEMS, TOO...

WHO'S GOING TO TELL *TORQUEMADA* THAT HALF HIS *SIEGE ROBOTS* HAVE BEEN *DESTROYED?* WHO'S GOING TO TELL HIM HIS *IMPERIAL FLAG ROBOT* IS NOW A *HEAP OF SCRAP?*

WELL, *YOU* ARE THE COMMANDER, SIR EVRIC.

THANKS, BROTHER HIERONYMUS. I THOUGHT YOU'D SAY THAT!

MY PERSONAL REPORT TO TORQUEMADA WILL CLEAR THE BROTHER ENGINEERS OF ALL BLAME.

BLAME..? IT WAS *YOUR* HOMICIDAL ROBOT *MEK-QUAKE* THAT RAN AMOK AND ANNIHILATED TORQUEMADA! I WANT *MEK-QUAKE DESTROYED* IMMEDIATELY! IS THAT CLEAR?

I DON'T THINK THAT WOULD BE WISE, SIR EVRIC...

"NO... MEK-QUAKE NOT THINK THAT WISE EITHER, SIR EVRIC."

YOU SEE, WE *NEED* EVERY MACHINE WE'VE GOT LEFT TO TAKE YDRASILL CASTLE.

MEK-QUAKE'S THE MOST *SAVAGE* AND *VICIOUS* ROBOT WE'VE GOT... EVEN THE OTHER SIEGE MACHINES ARE AFRAID OF HIM. HE'S GOT A *BRUTAL, PSYCOPATHIC PERSONALITY* THAT'S QUITE UNIQUE. A STREAK OF *PURE SADISM* RUNS THROUGH HIM.

YEAH... THAT'S *ME!*

MEK-QUAKE IS THANKING YOU FOR THESE *COMPLIMENTS*. HE IS LIKING THEM VERY MUCH. YOU CAN RELY ON MEK-QUAKE, SIR— VERY TRUST-WORTHY AND VERY RELIABLE FOR BIG JOBS.

HE'S IN A WORLD OF HIS OWN.

JUST MAKE SURE THE SIEGE MACHINES ARE REPAIRED AND MADE READY FOR A *FINAL ASSAULT*. THIS TIME— WE *MUST* SUCCEED!

VERY GOOD, SIR EVRIC.

SIR EVRIC'S SON, **BALIN**, WHO HAD RECENTLY BEEN MADE A KNIGHT, APPROACHED...

FATHER, CAN I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU?

NOW DON'T YOU START, BALIN... I'VE GOT ENOUGH PROBLEMS ALREADY.

BUT I'VE HAD MORE *DOUBTS*, FATHER...

ARE YOU WEARING YOUR *HAIR SHIRT*?

YES. BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM TO LP. I STILL THINK THAT KILLING VIANTS IS WRONG. THAT MAYBE *ALL* ALIENS AREN'T BAD.

WHAT? WASH YOUR MOUTH OUT WITH SOAP, MY BOY!

MAYBE WE HUMANS STARTED THE WAR WITH THE ALIENS... MAYBE THEY'RE JUST *DEFENDING* THEMSELVES— *MMMMMFFF!*

BE SILENT, BALIN! THE INQUISITORS HAVE BURNED MEN FOR LESS.

ALIENS MUST BE EVIL! THEY'RE FOUL LOOKING—ALL SLIMY AND YUUUUUK!

WHEN I LOOK IN MY BESTIARY, FATHER, I SEE MANY STRANGE CREATURES—BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE THEM EVIL.

TAKE THIS *SKIAPODE* FROM THE DESERT PLANET *LIBA*. BECAUSE ITS WORLD IS SO *FLAT*, IT'S GOT ONLY ONE FOOT, WITH WHICH IT CAN *HOP* WITH GREAT SKILL AND SPEED...

...IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY, THE *SKIAPODE* USES ITS HUGE FOOT AS AN *UMBRELLA* TO KEEP THE SUN OFF.

WHY DO WE HAVE TO KILL A *HARMLESS* SKIAPODE?

BECAUSE IT'S A *DEVIANT.* WE'VE GOT TO OBEY ORDERS! LOOK... IF TORQUEMADA SAID THE GALAXY WAS FLAT, I'D AGREE WITH HIM!

YOU'RE WRONG, FATHER. YOU AND THE OTHER TERMINATORS, YOU'RE ALL EATEN UP WITH *HATE* AND *FEAR* OF THE UNKNOWN.

DON'T YOU TALK TO YOUR FATHER LIKE THAT! I'M ENTITLED TO SOME RESPECT!

I'M SICK WITH ALIEN FEVER... I'VE GOT A SIEGE ENGINEER WHO'S GOING TO STAB ME IN THE BACK... AND *NOW* MY SON'S TURNING INTO A *WEIRDO!*

I'VE ONLY ONE CONSOLATION... THINGS CAN'T GET ANY WORSE!

BUT MEANWHILE, IN YDRASILL CASTLE...

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OF BRINGING THE SIEGE TO AN END, MUZURPHUS. HAVE YOU ANY PRISONERS..?

ONLY A FEW, DARK LORD. WE FIND HUMAN-BEINGS SO ***REVOLTING*** TO LOOK AT, WE USUALLY KILL THEM.

BUT WE CAUGHT A ***FEMALE*** RECENTLY — ONE OF THE VESTAL VAMPIRES. SHE'S SO ***HORRIBLE LOOKING***, OUR SOLDIERS HAD TO BE ***FORCED*** INTO GUARDING HER.

LET ME SEE HER.

I HOPE YOU DON'T FIND HER TOO OFFENSIVE, DARK LORD.

LISTEN TO ME, GIRL... I WANT TO KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT YOUR COMMANDER...

YOU EVIL ALIEN! YOU'LL GET NOTHING OUT OF ME!

YOU WILL TELL ME... EVERYTHING!

Everything...

AFTERWARDS...

THIS INFORMATION IS MOST INTERESTING... I THINK IT'S TIME I PAID ***SIR EVERIC*** A ***VISIT.***!

NEXT PROG: NIGHT CALL!

Nemesis the Warlock!

BOOK III

MANUSCRIPT
Brother Mills

ARTWORK
Brother O'Neill

LETTERING
Brother Potter

SIR EVRIC, THE COMMANDER OF THE TERMIGHT FORCES BESIEGING YDRASILL CASTLE, SLEEPS FITFULLY IN HIS TENT... OLD AN' SICK, HE IS TIRED OF THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF HIGH OFFICE. AS HE TOSSES AND TURNS, A **SINISTER SHAPE** GROWS OUT OF THE SHADOWS...

AM I PURE?

NO, TORQUEMADA..! NO..! IT WASN'T MY FAULT..!

No, Torquemada... not the red-hot pincers again!

UUUH..? BY THE RUNES! THE EVIL ONE!

GOOD EVENING, SIR EVRIC.

YOU- YOU'RE NOT REAL! YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER NIGHTMARE -LIKE TORQUEMADA!

ARE YOU STILL THERE?

YES.

YOU DON'T NEED TO BE AFRAID OF ME, SIR EVRIC... RELAX... I'M YOUR FRIEND...

YOU'RE *REAL! GUARDS! GUARDS!* COME QUICKLY!

YOUR GUARDS CAN'T HEAR US. I DIDN'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED WHILE WE HAD OUR LITTLE TALK.

I'VE COME TO MAKE YOU A BUSINESS PROPOSITION... I'LL GRANT *THREE WISHES* IN RETURN FOR YOUR *ENDING THE SIEGE.*

YOU CAN'T BRIBE ME! I'M LOYAL TO TORQUEMADA!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE *SCARED* OF HIM... BUT WHO ARE YOU *MOST AFRAID* OF..? *ME* OR *TORQUEMADA?*

TORQUEMADA..! YOU..! *BOTH OF YOU..!*

SIR EVRIC FOUND HIMSELF TELLING NEMESIS ALL HIS TROUBLES...

YOU-YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT TORQUEMADA'S LIKE..! IF I DON'T TAKE THE CASTLE I'LL BE EXECUTED! HE WON'T LISTEN TO ANY EXCUSES!

THAT'S NOT VERY FAIR.

OH, YES..! *AND* HE EXPECTS ME TO PAY FOR THE SIEGE WITH MY OWN GOLD! IT'S COST ME A FORTUNE, I CAN TELL YOU!

THAT'S A BIT UNREASONABLE.

I WISH I WASN'T SO OLD AND TIRED... WHEN I WAS YOUNGER, I USED TO REALLY ENJOY KILLING DEVIANTS ...BUT MY HEART'S NOT IN IT ANYMORE... ALL THAT GREEN ALIEN BLOOD EVERYWHERE ...BLECH!

YES. IT MUST BE MOST DISTRESSING FOR YOU.

AND PEOPLE KEEP ARGUING WITH ME—QUESTIONING MY AUTHORITY. NOBODY DOES WHAT I TELL THEM.

BUT I COULD CHANGE THAT—IF YOU *WISHED*, I COULD GIVE YOU THE *COURAGE* TO STAND UP TO *TORQUEMADA HIMSELF!*

YOU-YOU COULD *REALLY* DO THAT?

AND I COULD REFILL YOUR TREASURE CHESTS...

I COULD EVEN MAKE YOU YOUNG AND HANDSOME... THOUGH THAT MIGHT BE A BIT MORE DIFFICULT.

YOU COULD MAKE ME BRAVE, RICH AND YOUNG AGAIN..? BUT HOW DO I KNOW I CAN TRUST YOU?

GRRRRRRR!

AS A GESTURE OF GOOD FAITH, I'LL GRANT YOUR FIRST TWO WISHES RIGHT AWAY...

GOLD!

I'LL GRANT YOUR LAST WISH— TO BE YOUNG AND HANDSOME—WHEN YOUR TROOPS HAVE LEFT THE PLANET. IT'S ALL SET OUT IN THIS CONTRACT. WHAT DO YOU SAY, SIR EVRIC?

Contract

WHERE DO I SIGN?

NEXT MORNING...

THE SIEGE MACHINES AWAIT YOUR ORDERS FOR THE FINAL ASSAULT, SIR EVRIC.

THERE'S BEEN A CHANGE OF PLAN. I'VE DECIDED TO RAISE THE SIEGE. WE'RE RETURNING TO TERMIGHT AT ONCE.

WHAT WILL TORQUEMADA SAY?

I DON'T CARE WHAT TORQUEMADA SAYS! I CAN HANDLE HIM! AND I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU, BROTHER HIERONYMUS. YOU JUST DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD. *I'M IN CHARGE!*

I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT, DARK LORD... THE TERMINATORS ARE PACKING UP! THEY'RE LEAVING!

SIR EVRIC'S TROUBLES ARE ONLY JUST BEGINNING...!

NEXT PROG: BIG JOBS!

Nemesis the Warlock!

BOOK III

MANUSCRIPT
Brother Mills

ARTWORK
Brother O'Neill

LETTERING
Brother Potter

NEMESIS HAS BRIBED SIR EVRIC, COMMANDER OF THE TERMIGHT FORCES, INTO RAISING THE SIEGE OF YDRASILL CASTLE AND LEAVING THE PLANET...

NOW MEK-QUAKE DESTROYS THE WRECKED SIEGE MACHINES THAT ARE BEING LEFT BEHIND— SO THEY CANNOT BE USED BY THE BASILISKS...

SMASHING THESE ROBOTS REMINDS MEK-QUAKE OF *OLD DAYS*... WHEN THAT MEK-QUAKE'S *JOB*— TO DESTROY ROBOTS THAT MALFUNCTION OR NOT TREAT HUMAN MASTERS WITH PROPER RESPECT!

HUR! HUR!

YEAH... IT REMIND MEK-QUAKE OF TWO ROBOTS IN PARTICULAR... *RO-JAWS* AND *HAMMER-STEIN!*

BEFORE I *CRUSH* YOU, TORQUE-ARMADA... HAVE YOU SEEN EITHER OF THESE ROBOTS?

NO. I DON'T THINK SO.

RO-JAWS AND HAMMER-STEIN MAKE FUN OF MEK-QUAKE... THEY VERY BAD ROBOTS... ESCAPE FROM HUMAN MASTER...

MEK-QUAKE ALWAYS ON LOOK OUT FOR THEM — SO HE CAN PUNISH THEM...

PUNISH!

PUNISH!

PUNISH!

THE *OLD DAYS* WERE *HUNDREDS OF YEARS* AGO. THAT'S A LONG TIME TO BEAR A *GRUDGE*.

IT LIKE YESTERDAY FOR MEK-QUAKE. ALWAYS HE THINK OF DOING BIG JOBS ON THOSE TWO. IT MEK-QUAKE'S OWN PRIVATE QUEST.

THAT SCREW IS HELPING TO BRING MY MEMORY BACK..! I THINK I'VE SEEN THE *ROBOT WITH THE TEETH* BEFORE..' HE MADE AN ODD GESTURE AT ME ONCE.

THAT *COULD* BE RO-JAWS!

I WAS IN A MILITARY PARADE AND HE KEPT CALLING OUT "KNICKERS"!

IT'S *DEFINITELY* RO-JAWS!

POP!

MMM

SO *RO-JAWS STILL ALIVE* AFTER ALL THESE YEARS! WHAT PLANET DID YOU SEE HIM ON?

I DON'T REMEMBER ANYMORE.

THEN *DIE!*

KRUNCH!

ALL RIGHT, MEK-QUAKE — THAT'S ENOUGH. IT'S TIME TO BOARD THE SHIP.

YESSIR!

SOONER OR LATER MEK-QUAKE MEET UP WITH RO-JAWS AND HAMMER-STEIN AGAIN... THEN HE USE HIS BATTLE-SICKLE... CRUSH THEM BENEATH HIS TRACKS... YOU CAN BE RELYING ON THIS — BY CRIKEY, YES!

SIR EVRIC, I STILL SAY YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE! TORQUEMADA WILL BE FURIOUS WHEN HE FINDS OUT YOU'VE RAISED THE SIEGE.

SILENCE, BROTHER HIERONYMUS! I CAN STAND UP TO TORQUEMADA!

NEMESIS HAD ALREADY GRANTED SIR EVRIC **TWO** OF HIS **WISHES**: TO BE **RICH**... AND TO BE **BRAVE** ENOUGH TO FACE TORQUEMADA HIMSELF.

MY THIRD WISH—TO BE ***YOUNG*** AND ***HANDSOME***—WILL BE FULFILLED WHEN MY FORCES HAVE LEFT THE PLANET.

AND SO THE SILVER SHIPS LEFT DEMOTIKA...

AND RETURNED TO TERRA—THE HEART OF THE TERMIGHT EMPIRE!

SOON AFTER...

BROTHER HIERONYMUS! WHY HASN'T SIR EVRIC REPORTED TO ME AT ONCE? I WANT TO KNOW WHY HE ***FAILED*** TO TAKE YDRASILL CASTLE!

I-I HARDLY KNOW HOW TO TELL YOU THIS, GRAND MASTER...

SOMETHING STRANGE HAPPENED TO SIR EVRIC ON THE VOYAGE HOME... HE'S-ER-***CHANGED***...

CHANGED...? HOW DO YOU MEAN—***CHANGED?***

SEE FOR YOURSELF, GRAND MASTER. HERE HE COMES NOW!

SIR EVRIC?!

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, TORQUEMADA? AND BEFORE YOU START... LET ME TELL YOU— I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU ANYMORE! YOU'RE JUST A *PHANTOM!* YOU'RE... *NOTHING!*

YOU WANT TO KNOW SOMETHING, "GRAND MASTER"? I THINK YOU'RE *PATHETIC!*

WHAT IS THIS FOUL CREATURE?

IT-IT WOULD SEEM *SIR EVRIC* HAS BEEN *TRANSFORMED* INTO A *YOUNG, MALE CATOBLEPAS,* GRAND MASTER!

THIS MUST BE THE WORK OF THE *EVIL ONE!*

MEANWHILE...

I'VE ALWAYS REGARDED THE *YOUNG CATOBLEPAS* AS THE *MOST HANDSOME CREATURE* IN THE GALAXY!

NEXT PROG: *DARK DEEDS!*

Nemesis the Warlock!

BOOK III

MANUSCRIPT
Brother Mills

ARTWORK
Brother O'Neill

LETTERING
Brother Potter

NEMESIS HAS BRIBED SIR EVRIC, LEADER OF THE TERMIGHT ARMY, INTO RAISING THE SIEGE OF YDRASILL CASTLE. HE GRANTED SIR EVRIC **THREE WISHES** IN RETURN FOR LEAVING THE PLANET, BUT SIR EVRIC'S **THIRD WISH** — TO BE **YOUNG AND HANDSOME** — HAS BACKFIRED ON HIM... THE TERMINATOR HAS METAMORPHOSED INTO A YOUNG MALE **CATOBLEPAS!**

YOU DON'T FRIGHTEN ME, TORQUEMADA! DO YOUR WORST!

WILL!

WELL, I DON'T CARE! I DON'T EVEN CARE IF YOU HANG, DRAW AND QUARTER ME!

IT'S CERTAINLY ONE OF THE FATES I SHALL BE CONSIDERING FOR YOU. **GUARDS!** TAKE SIR EVR— THAT **THING** — AWAY!

PAH! THAT'S WHAT I SAY TO YOU, TORQUEMADA... PAH!

LET SIR EVRIC'S GRIM FATE BE A DREADFUL WARNING TO THE REST OF YOU! BE PURE! BE VIGILANT! BEHAVE!

SIR EVRIC WAS PLACED IN A MOTOR-PILLORY - SO THE PEOPLE OF TERMIGHT COULD SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE WHO HAD DEALINGS WITH ALIENS...

BY COINCIDENCE, IN THE PILLORY IN FRONT, WAS **BROTHER GOGOL** — WHO WAS HALF-HUMAN, HALF GROTUSK. ONCE, A LONG TIME AGO, HE HAD BEEN TORQUEMADA'S RIGHT-HAND MAN... NOW HE, TOO, WAS PAYING THE PRICE OF BETRAYING THE GRAND MASTER.

THEY WOULD BE DRIVEN THROUGH THE TUNNELS OF TERMIGHT EVERY DAY— **UNTIL** TORQUEMADA HAD THOUGHT UP A SUITABLY HORRIBLE **DEATH** FOR THEM...

DEVIANT
MOST F

THIS IS A DARK DAY FOR TERMIGHT! THE ***ARCH-DEVIANT*** WHO DEFILES AND SULLIES OUR GALAXY HAS SCORED A NOTABLE ***VICTORY*** OVER US... BUT THE ***DAY OF RECKONING*** IS AT HAND!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, GRAND MASTER?

WITHIN HOURS, A GROUP OF MY ***ASSASSINS*** WILL HAVE REACHED ***GANDARVA*** WHERE ***NEMESIS' MATE***, THE ***FEMALE WARLOCK*** AND THEIR OFFSPRING, THE ***HOMUNCULUS***, ARE HIDING.

MY ***ASSASSINS*** WILL ***KILL*** THEM BOTH AND... NEVER WILL ***REVENGE*** HAVE TASTED ***SWEETER!***

MEANWHILE, **NEMESIS** IS THE TOAST OF YDRASILL CASTLE AS THE BASILISKS CELEBRATE THE END OF THE SIEGE...

THREE CHEERS FOR THE DARK LORD!

NOW THE TERMINATORS HAVE GONE, THE ***TREE OF LIFE*** WILL GROW AGAIN.

I'M GLAD, MUZURPHUS... BUT IT'S A PITY THE STONE REMAINS OF ***FANGNAR*** WERE DESTROYED IN THE SIEGE.

"BUT WE HAVE SOMETHING **BETTER** NOW! WE'RE MELTING DOWN THE WRECKED SIEGE MACHINES— SO WE CAN BUILD A **STATUE** OF YOU, DARK LORD—**OUR CHAMPION!**

"IT WILL BE THE GREATEST WONDER OF OUR WORLD!"

AND SO NEMESIS LEAVES THE BASILISKS —TO CONTINUE HIS GREAT BATTLE WITH THE TERMIGHT EMPIRE...

UNAWARE THAT ON **GANDARVA**, HIS WIFE **CHIRA** AND SON **THOTH** ARE IN **MORTAL DANGER**...

THERE SHE IS!

...FROM TORQUEMADA'S ASSASSINS!

GARK

YES... VOLCANOES... ***PRETTY*** VOLCANOES..!

SIR HARGAN, LEADER OF THE ASSASSINS, YELLED AN ORDER—

NOW, MEN! USE THE ***NET*** ON HER!

HUMANS! THE EVIL HUMANS ARE HERE!

KILL THEM BOTH!

GARK!

DESPERATELY, CHIRA TORE THROUGH THE NET AND GALLOPED OFF...

AFTER HER!

AAAAGGGHH!

IF I MUST DIE— THEN SO BE IT... BUT NOT *THOTH*, MY LITTLE HOMUNCULUS. I MUST *HIDE* HIM...

GARK! GARK!

NO, THOTH, I'VE GOT TO GO. YOU HAVE TO BE *VERY QUIET* NOW —SO THE BAD MEN DON'T HEAR YOU.

TO HELP YOU SURVIVE, I TRANSFER MY *MYSTIC FORCE* TO YOU... SO THAT, ONE DAY, YOU WILL BE EVEN GREATER THAN YOUR FATHER. I GIVE YOU...

THE POWER!

THEN CHIRA DONNED HER ARMOUR— READY TO GO OUT AND DO BATTLE FOR HER LIFE!

NEXT. PROG. *"WOE TO THE DEVIANT!"*

Nemesis the Warlock

BOOK III

MANUSCRIPT
Brother Mills

ARTWORK
Brother O'Neill

LETTERING
Brother Potter

NEMESIS' WIFE, CHIRA, HAS GIVEN THOTH HER PSYCHIC POWERS. NOW, ARMED ONLY WITH LANCE AND BATTLE-AXE, SHE PREPARES HERSELF FOR...
THE FINAL BATTLE!

SIR HARGAN AND HIS ASSASSINS MOVE IN FOR THE KILL!

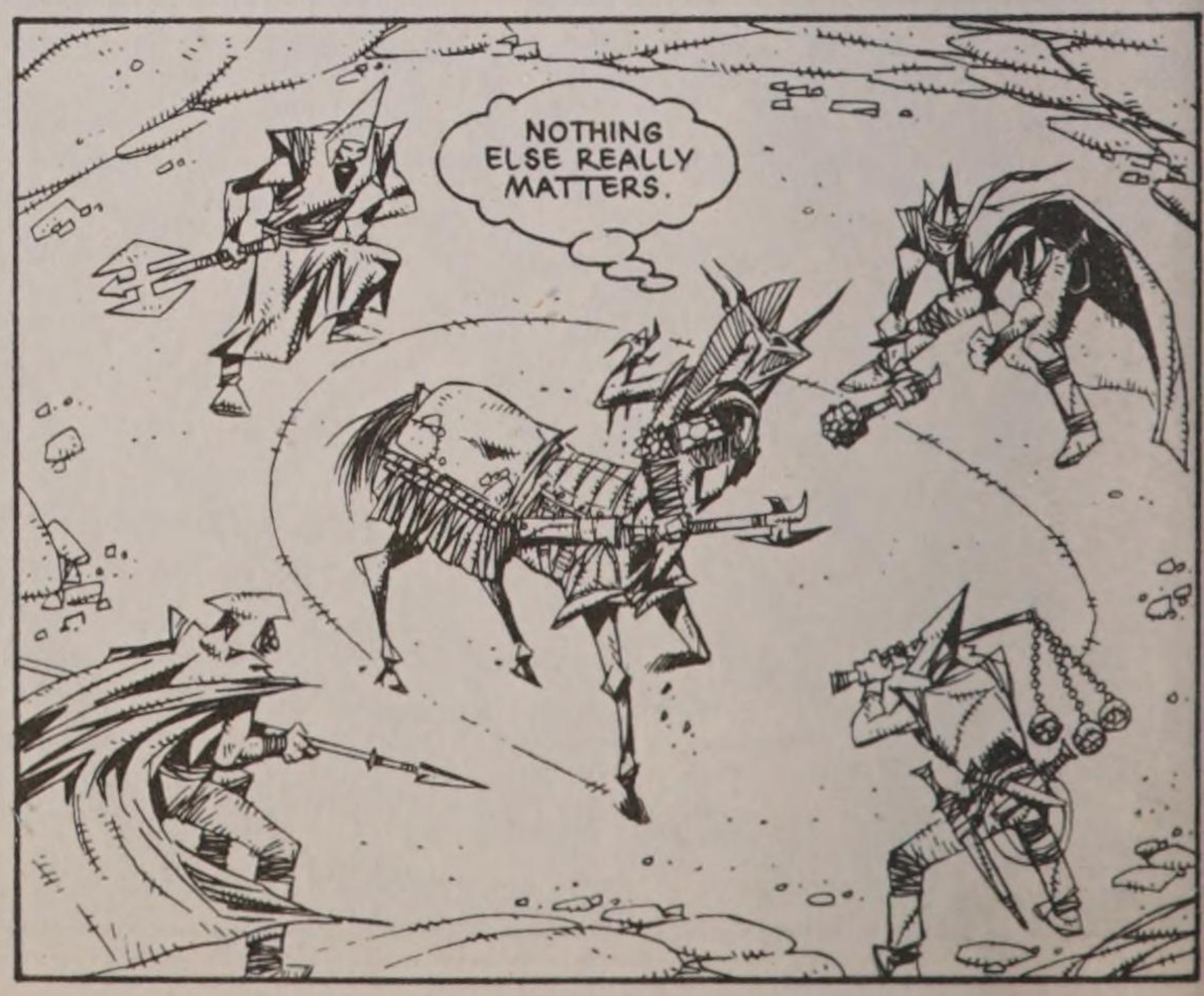
RIGHT, MEN... LET'S TAKE HER!

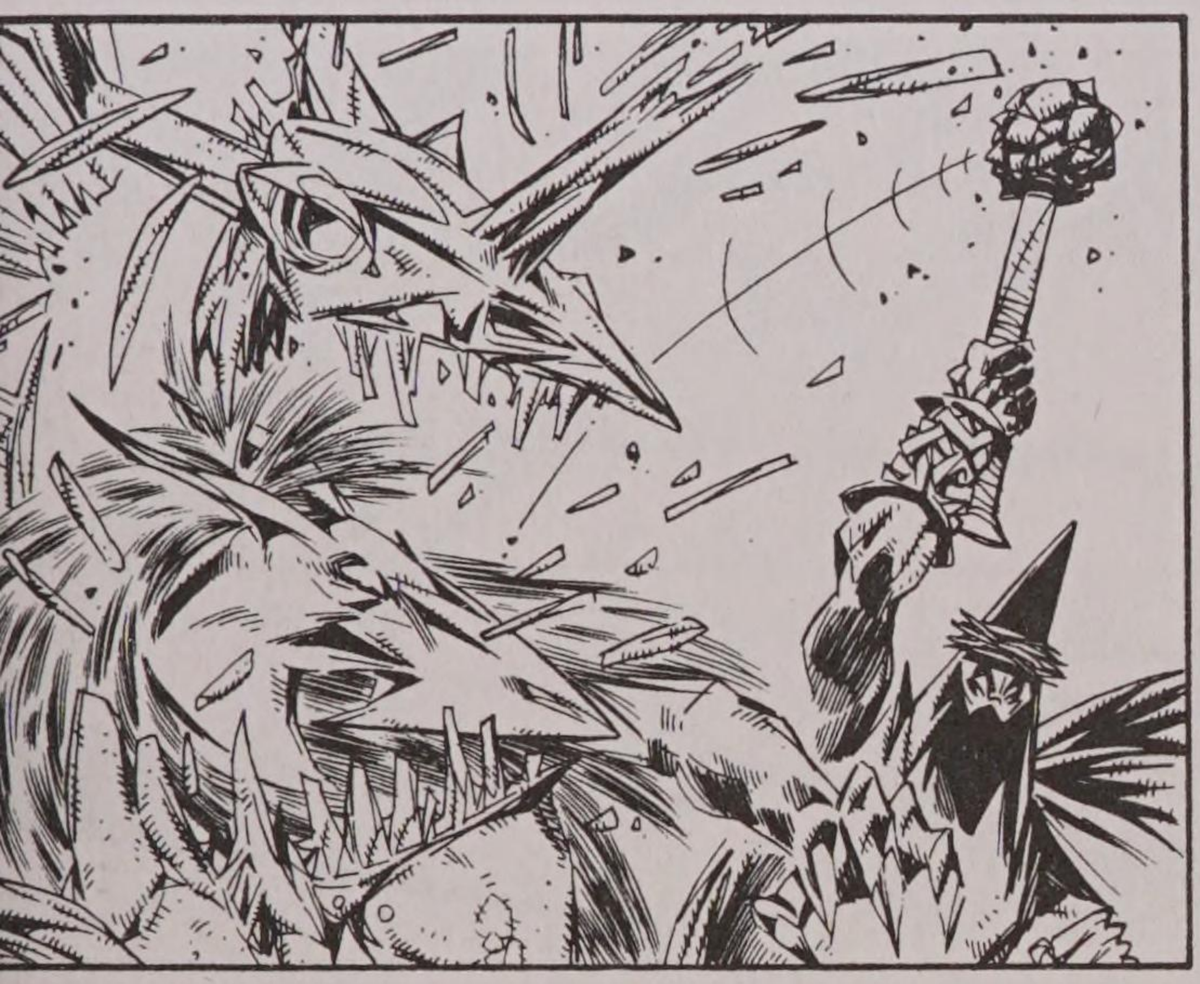
BUT **CHIRA** WILL NOT DIE EASILY— FOR THE **FEMALE WARLOCK** IS THE **DEADLIEST** OF CREATURES... **MORE SAVAGE** THAN THE **MALE.**

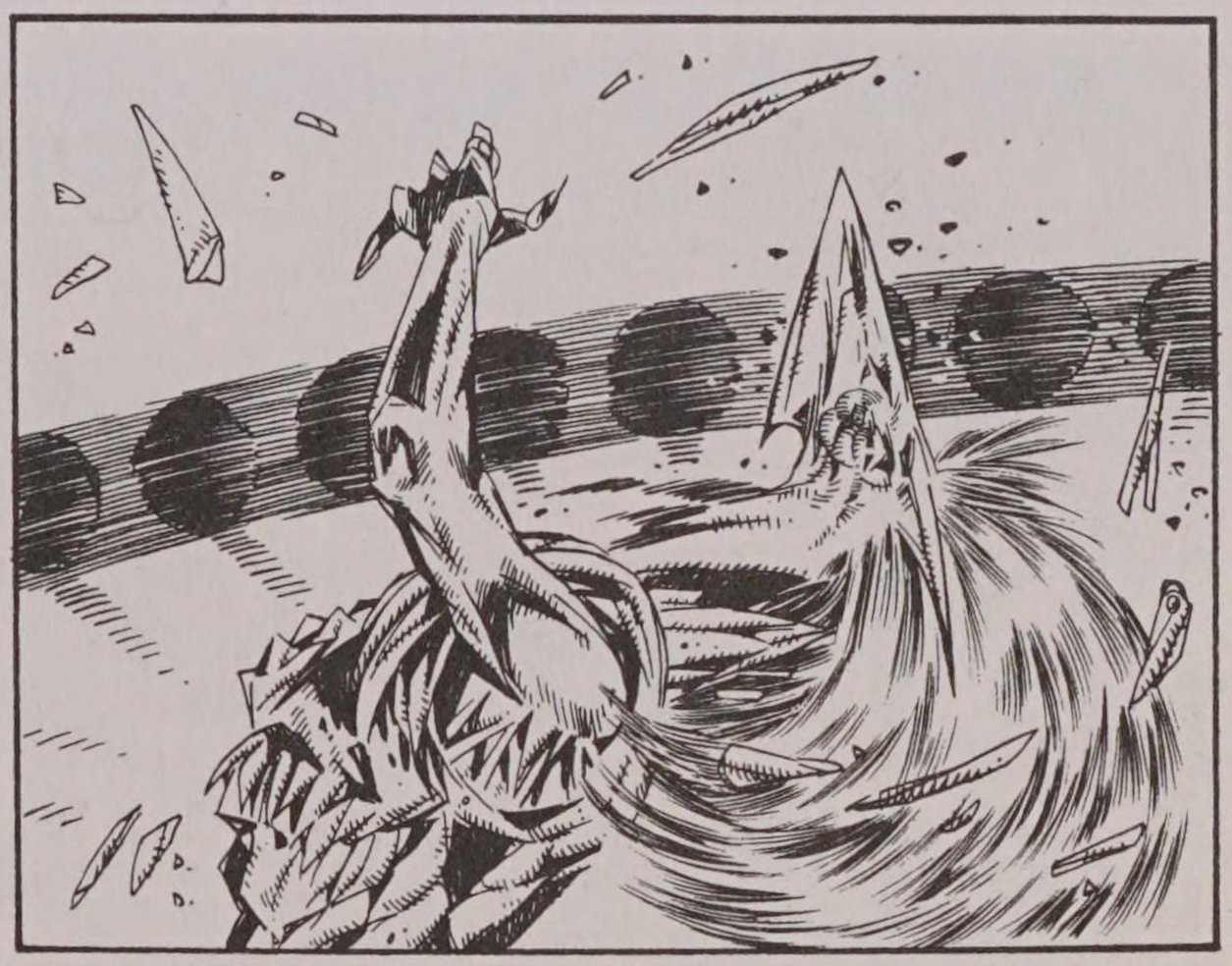
FOR TORQUEMADA AND TERRA!

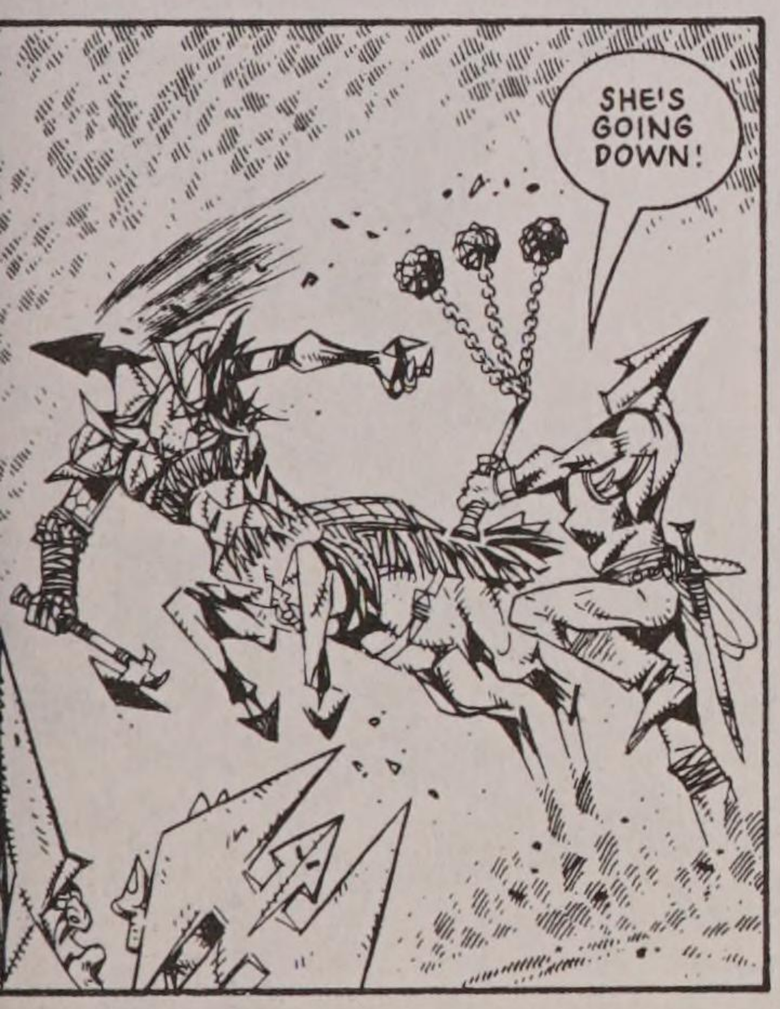
WOE TO THE DEVIANT! LET THE FORCES OF RIGHTEOUSNESS PREVAIL!

I'VE GOT TO LEAD THE EVIL HUMANS *AWAY* FROM WHERE *THOTH* IS HIDDEN.
AT ALL COSTS MY LITTLE *HOMUNCULUS* MUST LIVE.

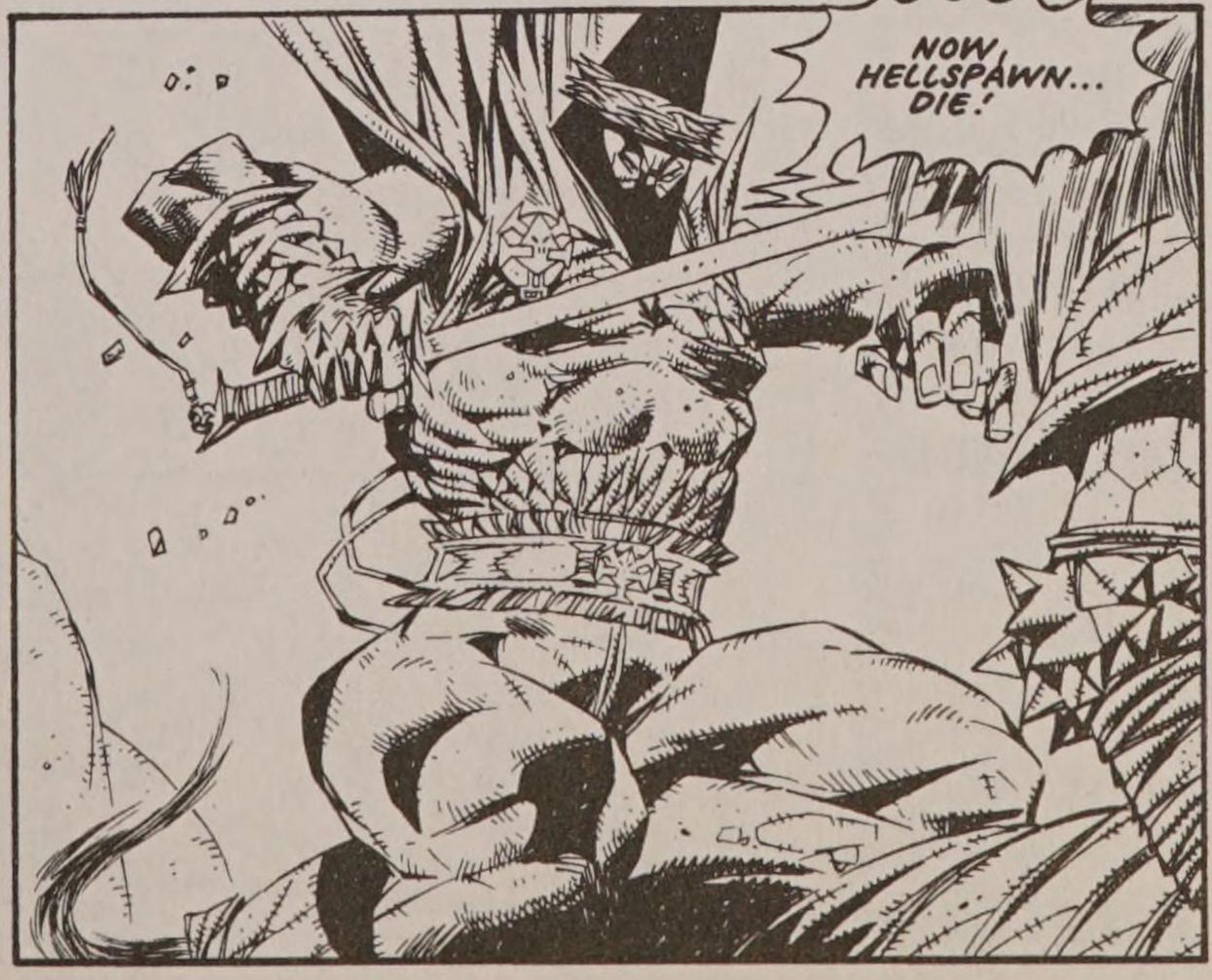

NOTHING ELSE REALLY MATTERS.






SHE'S GOING DOWN!

AAAAAGGGH!


NOW HELLSPAWN... DIE!

ON THE PLANET **GANDARVA**, **CHIRA'S FINAL HOUR** HAS COME ...THE **ASSASSINS** – THE TERRIBLE INSTRUMENTS OF TORQUEMADA'S VENGEANCE – HAVE BEEN SENT TO KILL HER. **CHIRA** HAS TRANSFERRED ALL HER PSYCHIC POWER TO HER BABY, THE HOMUNCULUS **THOTH**, AND NOW FACES HER DEATH – **ALONE!**

NEMESIS...! NEMESIS...!

HE CAN'T SAVE YOU! **NOTHING** CAN SAVE YOU NOW!

DIE, WARLOCK!

CHIRA SANK SLOWLY TO THE GROUND AND WAS STILL.

IT IS DONE!

TAKE THE **RING** OFF HER FINGER... **TORQUEMADA** WILL WANT **PROOF** SHE IS **SLAIN.**

YES, SIR HARGAN.

NO! HER BLOOD – IT'S LIKE **ACID...**

QUICKLY, YOU FOOL! GIVE ME **THE RING!**

AAAARGH!

THOUGH CHIRA WAS DEAD, SHE HAD GIVEN A GOOD ACCOUNT OF HERSELF. OF HER KILLERS, ONLY SIR HARGAN WAS LEFT ALIVE...

MY WORK IS NOT YET OVER. I'VE GOT TO FIND HER OFFSPRING, THE HOMUNCULUS...

FIND THE BRAT AND KILL IT!

MEANWHILE, THOTH HAD CRAWLED OUT FROM HIS HIDING PLACE... HE HAD SEEN THE HUMANS CHASING CHIRA... TRAPPING HER...

...HE HAD SEEN HIS MOTHER'S LAST DESPERATE BATTLE WITH THE TERMINATORS...

...HE HAD SEEN WHAT THEY HAD DONE TO HER.

HE HAD SEEN... EVERYTHING!

NOW HE LOOKED UP INTO THE COLD, CRUEL EYES OF SIR HARGAN! AND HE SAW... DEATH!

WELL, WELL... THE LITTLE HOMUNCULUS!

T'HOTH DID NOT YET UNDERSTAND THE **MYSTIC POWERS** HIS MOTHER HAD BEQUEATHED HIM... HE ONLY KNEW HE **HAD TO SURVIVE...**

WHAT AM I THINKING OF... IT'S A **HUMAN** BABY!

A **BEAUTIFUL HUMAN BABY!**

T'HOTH POURED HIS THOUGHTS INTO SIR HARGAN'S MIND...

Take me home! Feed me! Look after me!

Take me h

YES... I'LL TAKE YOU HOME, LITTLE CHAP!

SOME TIME LATER, ON TERMIGHT...

SIR HARGAN IS BACK FROM GANDARVA, GRAND MASTER.

SEND HIM IN!

WHAT NEWS DO YOU BRING ME, SIR HARGAN?

GOOD NEWS, GRAND MASTER! NEMESIS' ***MATE*** AND HER OFF-SPRING, THE ***HOMUNCULUS,*** ARE ***DEAD.*** AS PROOF, I BRING YOU HER ***RING.***

SO, THE ARCH-DEVIANT IS DEFEATED. THIS NEW IS MOST PLEASING TO ME, SIR HARGAN... I WILL SEE YOU ARE WELL REWARDED.

SIR HARGAN WENT BACK TO HIS HOUSE...

I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU, WIFE... YOU KNOW HOW ALL THESE YEARS WE'VE LONGED FOR A CHILD...

YOU- YOU DON'T MEAN...

KILL BLK

YES, I'VE BROUGHT YOU A **BABY BOY**— TO MAKE OUR WEDDED BLISS COMPLETE.

A **BABY!** OH, HARGAN! IT'S WHAT I'VE WANTED MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD. OH, LET ME SEE THE DEAR LITTLE FELLOW...

GARK!

UUUUGGGHH!

THOTH'S POWERS WERE FAR GREATER THAN HIS **FATHER'S.** IT WAS EASY TO MAKE THE **STUPID HUMAN** CHANGE HER OUTLOOK...

Look after me! Love me! Feed me!

I MUST HAVE BEEN BLIND... IT'S L... LOVELY!

LIKE A **CUCKOO, THOTH** WOULD **USE** THESE HUMANS—UNTIL HE WAS **READY** ...UNTIL HE **UNDERSTOOD** HIS **VAST POWERS...**

BUT HOW WILL WE KEEP **BABY** A **SECRET?** IF **TORQUEMADA** EVER FOUND OUT...

I THINK **HE** WILL HELP US FIND A WAY...

THE HUMANS WOULD PAY FOR KILLING HIS MOTHER... OH, THEY'D **SUFFER... ALL HUMANS WOULD SUFFER!**

MY BABY!

THE END OF BOOK THREE.

Nemesis
THE WARLOCK

BOOK IV

THE GOTHIC EMPIRE

Manuscript: Pat Mills
Artwork: Kevin O'Neill & Bryan Talbot
Illumination: Steve Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Progs 387-406

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK FOUR

THE INSANE TERMINATORS' MISSION TO EXTERMINATE ALL ALIEN LIFE-FORMS IN THE GALAXY CONTINUES. THEIR NEXT TARGET IS THE GOTHS AN ALIEN, YET STRANGELY FAMILIAR RACE...

WHY ARE THE TERMINATORS ATTACKING US?

IN THE NAME OF TORQUEMADA DIE, DEVIANT!

...FOR, THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO, THE GOTHS—CHAMELEON-LIKE CREATURES—PICKED UP THE FIRST RADIO SIGNALS FROM EARTH AND MODELLED THEMSELVES AND THEIR SOCIETY ON EARLY 20th CENTURY BRITAIN!

GENERAL CORNWALLIS OF THE 3rd SPACE HUSSARS COMPLETES HIS REPORT...

DESPATCH IT AT ONCE. THE ION DUKE MUST LEARN OF THE TERMINATORS' TREACHERY!

THE MESSAGE IS SENT BY PROJECTILE FROM THE FRONTIER PLANET OF MAFEKING...

...THROUGH SPACE TO THE GOTHS' HOMEWORLD —BRITANNIA!

2000 A.D. Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT PAT MILLS

ART ROBOT KEVIN O'NEILL

LETTERING ROBOT STEVE POTTER

COMPU-73

AND THEIR CAPITAL CITY — LONDON!

IT SPLASHES DOWN AT H.G. WELLS SPACE PORT.

FROM THERE, A DESPATCH RIDER TAKES IT BY AIR VELOCIPEDE TO THE WAR OFFICE...

IN THE GROUNDS, SPACE ADMIRAL BEATTY, THE ION DUKE, IS ENJOYING A SPOT OF SHOOTING IN THE COMPANY OF HIS DAUGHTER URSA AND HIS AIDE, COLONEL STARBLOWER...

AN URGENT MESSAGE FROM MAFEKING, PAPA!

LET ME FINISH MY SHOOT FIRST, M'DEAR.

GROBBENDONK HAD BEEN SENT BY NEMESIS TO WARN THE GOTHS OF THE DANGER FROM TERMIGHT...

PULL!

GOOD OF NEMESIS TO SEND ME HIS FAMILIAR! ALWAYS LIKE SOMETHING NEW TO FIRE AT!

I DON'T THINK THAT WAS HIS REASON, PAPA. GROBBENDONK SAID THE TERMINATORS REGARD GOTHS AS ALIENS! WE'RE GOING TO BE EXTERMINATED NEXT!

AND I TOLD YOU HE WAS SPEAKING NONSENSE!

BLAM!

BOOM!

POW!

GIBBERISH, ACTUALLY.

WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN FRIENDS AND ALLIES OF TERMIGHT!

THEY CAME OUT OF SPACE... TERMINATOR SHIPS, DESTROYING EVERYTHING WITH FIRE AND ACID... SLAUGHTERING THOUSANDS IN VAPOURISATION VATS...

OUR LAND IRONCLADS WERE NO MATCH FOR THEM. I REGRET TO INFORM YOU, ADMIRAL... MAFEKING HAS FALLEN... GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE!

WE HAVEN'T RECEIVED A FORMAL DECLARATION OF WAR! THAT'S NOT PLAYING THE GAME!

SNORK THIS!

TORQUEMADA DOESN'T PLAY BY THE RULES, SIR. OUR FORCES, OUR GUNS, OUR SPACE-SHIPS ARE *OUT OF DATE.* YOU MUST CALL IN *NEMESIS!*

A *DEMON* ASSIST THE *IMPERIAL SPACE NAVY?* OUT OF THE QUESTION!

I'M SURE THERE'S A PERFECTLY SIMPLE EXPLANATION. LOOK... *THESE* ARE REAL ALIENS! SHOT EVERY LAST ONE MESELF!

*MEANWHILE... **NEMESIS** HEADS ACROSS MAFEKING ON HIS WAY TO **BRITANNIA** — UNAWARE THAT HIS WIFE, **CHIRA**, HAS BEEN MURDERED ON THE ORDERS OF **TORQUEMADA**...*

SO IT'S BEGUN! I MUST MAKE *THE ION DUKE* SEE SENSE— BEFORE THE TERMINATORS MASSACRE *MORE* INNOCENT CREATURES.

I'M ALSO QUITE CONCERNED I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM *GROBBENDONK*...

HAVE OUR AMBASSADOR IN TERMIGHT MAKE A STRONG PROTEST, STARBLOWER.

VERY GOOD, SIR.

INSIDE HIS DIVING SUIT, THE ADMIRAL IS UNABLE TO HEAR...

IT'S ALL GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN! THE MORE WE INSIST HE USES NEMESIS, THE MORE THE STUBBORN OLD FOOL REFUSES.

HE'S TOO CONCERNED WITH HIS SHOOTING AND FISHING.

URR?

AYE. HE DOES NOT SUSPECT OUR TRUE LOYALTY IS TO *TORQUEMADA*.

IS EVERY-THING READY FOR THE MEETING TOMORROW NIGHT?

YES—AT *'THE EAGLE'*, IN WHITECHAPEL. BUT HE NEEDS MORE *NOURISH-MENT*...

VERY WELL—I'LL BRING A *SERVANT* FOR HIM.

AND WHEN ALL THIS IS OVER, YOU AND I WILL RULE THE GOTHIC EMPIRE.

TORQUE-MADA HAS PROMISED US!

FROM HIS HIDING PLACE, *GROBBENDONK* HAS HEARD EVERYTHING...

SQUIGGLE! SQUIGGLE!

TROTH SHOG OFF!

HE HAD TO INFORM *NEMESIS*, BUT WHICH WAY TO TURN..?

YEFTY? WUZZLE? CAN'T THINKLE!

...THROUGH THE BIZARRE STREETS OF GOTHIC LONDON!

OH, SHUGGLES!

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, ON A STEAMER GOING UP THE THAMES...

PLEASE, MA'AM... WE'RE 'EADING FOR *WHITECHAPEL!* THAT'S WHERE *THE PHANTOM MURDERS* 'APPENED!

THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF, *KITTY.*

I CAN'T 'ELP IT, MA'AM! THEY SAY A *PHANTOM* LURKS THE STREETS OF WHITECHAPEL ...ATTACKING FOLK AFTER DARK ...DOIN' *TERRIBLE FINGS* TO 'EM!

YOU'VE BEEN READING TOO MANY PENNY NOVELS, MY GIRL.

THAT'S ENOUGH, KITTY.

BUT IT'S ME NIGHT OFF. I WAS 'OPING TO GO TO THE MUSIC 'ALL, AND—

I SAID THAT'S ENOUGH!

I CAN PROMISE YOU A MOST INTERESTING EVENING!

WE'RE APPROACHING THE JETTY, MA'AM.

VERY WELL, GRANT.

THERE'S SOMEONE WHO WANTS TO MEET YOU, KITTY...

NEXT PROG: *THE RETURN OF... RO-JAWS*

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK FOUR

NEMESIS ARRIVES IN LONDON, BRITANNIA... HOME-PLANET OF THE GOTHS, THE NEXT TARGET OF THE INSANE TERMINATORS WHO HAVE RESOLVED TO 'CLEANSE' THE GALAXY OF ALL ALIEN LIFE FORMS...

FOR THE GOTHS ARE ALIENS. IN THE 1920's ON EARTH, THE FIRST LARGE-SCALE RADIO TRANSMISSIONS BEGAN... SIGNALS WHICH ALSO WENT INTO SPACE... AND THE GOTHS, CHAMELEON-LIKE CREATURES, PICKED THEM UP — MODELLING THEMSELVES AND THEIR SOCIETY ON EARLY 20th CENTURY BRITAIN!

THE GOTHS WON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THE MIGHT OF TORQUEMADA!

2000AD Credit Card

SCRIPT ROBOT
PAT MILLS

ART ROBOT
KEVIN O'NEILL

LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU-73

FOR ALL THEIR IMPERIAL SPLENDOUR, THE GOTHIC ARMIES, WEAPONS AND STARSHIPS ARE *ANTIQUATED*. ALREADY *MAFEKING* HAS FALLEN...SOON OTHER PLANETS IN THE GOTHIC EMPIRE WILL FOLLOW...

...UNLESS *THE ION DUKE* ACCEPTS MY HELP!

THE BLITZSPEAR LANDS AT *PADDINGTON AIRPORT*...

IT'S *TRAGIC*— THE GOTHS WERE INNOCENT, PEACE-LOVING CREATURES UNTIL THEY PICKED UP THE RADIO WAVES FROM EARTH...*INFECTING* THEM LIKE A *DISEASE*.

HOTEL

AND THOUGH THEY *THINK* THEY'RE HUMAN, THEIR SMALL SIGNS OF *'DEVIATION'* WILL BE ENOUGH FOR THE TERMINATORS TO DESTROY THEM!

LEAVING *SETH*— HIS FAITHFUL BLITZSPEAR —TO PARK HIMSELF IN THE STABLES...

...NEMESIS CHECKS INTO *THE MAJESTIC AIRPORT HOTEL*.

I'D LIKE A ROOM, PLEASE.

AH, YES! *NEMESIS!* WE WERE EXPECTING YOU, SIR. WELCOME TO THE MAJESTIC!

HURRY UP WITH THOSE *HOT COALS*, YOU USELESS ROBOT— *HE'S HERE!* AND CLEAN YOURSELF UP!

GET LOST, NERK-FACE!

AN ELEVATOR CAR TAKES THE WARLOCK UP TO THE *PENTHOUSE SUITE*...

I SHALL REQUIRE THREE HOURS' SLEEP. THEN I WISH TO SPEAK TO SPACE ADMIRAL BEATTY —*THE ION DUKE*— AT THE WAR OFFICE.

I'LL BOOK A CALL, SIR.

WE'VE HAD THE SUITE FITTED OUT TO YOUR -ER- *SPECIAL REQUIRE-MENTS...*

I'M AFRAID WE'RE RATHER SHORT OF STAFF. I'VE HAD TO ASSIGN A *ROBOT* TO BE YOUR PERSONAL *VALET.*

NEMESIS PREPARES HIMSELF FOR THE COMING CONFLICT—

SO...ONCE AGAIN I CROSS SWORDS WITH TORQUEMADA. BUT THIS TIME I *MUST* DESTROY HIM UTTERLY.

IT MUST BE OUR *LAST ENCOUNTER!*

WOTCHA, GUV! I'M YOUR PERSONAL VALET! *RO-JAWS* IS THE NAME. I'VE BROUGHT YOUR HOT COALS...

WE DON'T GET MANY *DEMONS* STAYING AT *THE MAJESTIC!*

I'VE BEEN FLIPPIN' RUSHED OFF ME WHEELS THESE LAST FEW DAYS! MOST OF THE STAFF HAVE LEFT, SEE? *CALLED UP* 'COS OF THE *WAR* THREAT. THAT'S HOW I GOT THE JOB OF VALET...

NORMALLY I CLEAN OUT THE CLUDGIES.

I'LL JUST PUT YER Y-FRONTS IN THE WASH. I'LL LOOK AFTER YOU— IF YOU *LOOK AFTER ME*... GET MY MEANING, GUV?

COR, THE TIGHT BEGGAR! HE'S FALLEN ASLEEP WITH-OUT GIVING ME A *TIP!*

MEANWHILE, GROBBENDONK— THE WARLOCK'S FAMILIAR— HAS FOUND OUT THAT THE ION DUKE'S DAUGHTER, URSA, AND AIDE, COLONEL STARBLOWER, ARE IN LEAGUE WITH TORQUEMADA. HOMING IN ON NEMESIS' PSYCHIC AURA, HE ATTEMPTS TO CROSS GOTHIC LONDON!

OH, FIE! I'M FOOPED!

HUSH ZEPPIES

EYE OUT! AAARRK!

SOME TIME LATER, HE EMERGES THROUGH A DRAIN PIPE INTO THE HOTEL STABLES...

PHEW! SUN LAST!

I USED TO GO AROUND WITH THIS EX-ARMY ROBOT— HAMMERSTEIN. HE WAS A BIT OF A NUT-JOB, Y'KNOW... FLIPPIN' WAR MAD! IN THE END HE ENLISTED AGAIN— SO I WENT OFF ON ME TOD AND ENDED UP HERE...

HAVEN'T YOU ANY WORK TO DO, RO-JAWS?

HOW'D YOU LIKE YOUR CHIMES WRAPPED ROUND YOUR NECK?

'ULLO! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM? YOU LOOK ALL IN!

YURP! TROGGING AND TRUGGING FOR BIG HOOF! MUSHED AND GRUSHED, THEN SNORKED UP THE BAFFLEBAR!

TSSS! SOUNDS NASTY!

SHORTLY...

WE'RE STILL TRYING YOUR CALL TO THE FIRST SPACE LORD, SIR. MEANTIME, THE CHEF HAS PREPARED YOUR SPECIAL MEAL— SERVED IN THE USUAL WARLOCK MANNER.

EXCELLENT!

YOO HOO! GUVNOR!

GOOD GRIEF! THAT *SMELL!*

THAT'S *ME*, DARLIN'! *LOVELY*, INNIT?

FRIEND OF YOURS, GUV.

BIG HOOF!

GROBBENDONK! WHAT HAPPENED?

MY APOLOGIES, SIR. I'LL JUST REMOVE THIS *VERMIN.*

NO!

THE MANAGER FELT AS IF HIS VERY SOUL WAS BEING SUCKED FROM HIM...

AAAAHHHH!

THE WARLOCK SEEMED TO GROW IN SIZE—TOWERING A HUNDRED FEET ABOVE HIM...

I'M SORRY! I'M SORRY!

SO YOU SHOULD BE, YOU *WALLY!* LEAVE MY LITTLE MATE ALONE IN FUTURE!

*GROBBENDONK REPORTED HOW THE CONSPIRATORS WERE PLANNING TO MEET TORQUEMADA IN **WHITE-CHAPEL**—THE SCENE OF THE RECENT **PHANTOM MURDERS**...*

YOU'VE DONE WELL, GROBBENDONK! SO MY ARCH-ENEMY IS ALREADY ON THIS PLANET! *RO-JAWS*... CALL A CAB...

RIGHT, GUV.

WE'RE GOING TO PAY TORQUEMADA A VISIT!

NEXT PROG: *THE PHANTOM STRIKES!*

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK FOUR

IN 1922, MARCONI BEGAN RADIO TRANSMISSIONS FROM LONDON... THESE AND SUBSEQUENT SIGNALS WERE PICKED UP BY **THE GOTHS**, CHAMELEON-LIKE **ALIENS**, WHO MODELLED THEMSELVES AND THEIR SOCIETY ON **EARLY 20th CENTURY BRITAIN**...

NOW **TORQUEMADA**— RULER OF TERMIGHT (EARTH, THOUSANDS OF YEARS IN THE FUTURE)— HAS ARRIVED ON THE GOTHS' HOME PLANET, **BRITANNIA**, DETERMINED TO EXTERMINATE THEM!

IF MY TERMINATORS COULD SEE ME NOW... **TORQUEMADA**, THE MOST FEARED NAME IN THE GALAXY, ALONE AMIDST A HOWLING SEA OF DEVIANTS! STALKING THE STREETS OF **WHITECHAPEL**... HUNTED... DESPERATE...

FOR, UNLESS I **FEED** SOON, I FACE... **OBLIVION!**

BUT THEY MUST NEVER KNOW I AM USING **ALIEN** ENERGY TO SURVIVE! IT... IT IS **NECESSARY** SO THAT I CAN CONTINUE WITH MY **GREAT WORK**.

IN HIS DESPERATION, TORQUEMADA IS HARDLY AWARE HE HAS SET HIMSELF ABOVE HIS OWN LAWS.

UP AHEAD, THE GOTHS IN LEAGUE WITH HIM HAVE BROUGHT 'NOURISHMENT'...

KITTY! COME BACK!

NOT LIKELY, SIR! THIS IS WHERE **THE PHANTOM** COMMITTED THEM 'ORRIBLE **MURDERS!**

PHANTOM STRIKES AGAIN

LAWKS!

YES, KITTY... 'LAWKS'!

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PAT MILLS

ART ROBOT
BRYAN TALBOT

LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU·73E

THIS IS A *HYPER-STILETTO*, KITTY. WITH IT I CAN DRAW OFF *YOUR SPIRIT* AND RENEW MY OWN...

YOU... YOU MUST BE...

THE PHANTOM!

I TELL YOU THIS, KITTY, SO YOU MAY DIE *HAPPY*. KNOWING THAT, IN SAVING MY LIFE, THERE HAS BEEN SOME POINT TO YOUR OWN MISERABLE EXISTENCE...

OH, NO, SIR... *PLEASE*, SIR...

HELP! POLICE! MU-URRRR-GGHH!

*MEANWHILE, **NEMESIS** AND HIS VALET, **RO-JAWS** — ALERTED BY **GROBBENDONK** — ARE ON THEIR WAY TO WHITECHAPEL BY AERO-CAB...*

THIS GOLDEN GUINEA IS YOURS, CABBIE, IF WE REACH THE EAGLE INN BEFORE MIDNIGHT!

COR! THIS CLOAK 'N' DAGGER STUFF BEATS WORKING IN 'THE GENTS', GUV!

RE-ENERGISED, TORQUEMADA ENTERS THE EAGLE...

OVER HERE, WHERE WE WON'T BE OBSERVED.

LOOK AT THEM! THE DEVIANTS! *APEING* HUMANS! *MOCKING* US!

STARBLOWER AND URSA DISCUSS THE NEXT MOVE... BUT THE GRAND MASTER'S MIND IS ON OTHER THINGS...

UP AND DOWN THE CITY ROAD, IN AND OUT OF THE EAGLE, THAT'S THE WAY THE MONEY GOES, POP GOES THE WEASEL!

OH, FOUL! FOUL! EVERYWHERE I LOOK I SEE DEVIANTS... PSEUDO-HUMANS ...WEIRDOES! OH, I MUST CLEANSE THIS PLANET! ALL MUST ENTER THE VATS!

TORQUEMADA... ARE YOU LISTENING TO US?

YES, YES... YOU ARE MEMBERS OF THE 'HELL-FIRE CLUB', A SECRET SOCIETY OF YOUNG GOTHS, SWORN TO OVERTHROW THE OLD REGIME. CONTINUE.

WE ARE NOT TRAITORS. WE WANT TO CREATE A BETTER, MODERN WORLD, BASED ON THE RADIO AND TV BROADCASTS OF THE LATE TWENTIETH CENTURY. THESE ARE BANNED BY OUR ELDERS WHO SAY THEY WILL LEAD TO HELL-FIRE AND DAMNATION!

HERE IS A NEWS-FLASH... FOLLOWING THE TERMINATORS' TREACHEROUS ATTACK ON MAFEKING, THE PRIME MINISTER SENT AN ULTIMATUM DEMANDING THE IMMEDIATE WITHDRAWAL OF TERRAN FORCES. NO REPLY HAVING BEEN RECEIVED...

WE ARE NOW IN A STATE OF WAR WITH TERMIGHT!

THE ION DUKE HAS ORDERED THE HIGH SPACE FLEET TO LEAVE ITS BASE AT SCAPA FLOW AND DO BATTLE WITH THE INVADERS...

AND WE'VE JUST RECEIVED THESE PICTURES FROM MAFEKING... SHOWING THE LAST GLORIOUS CHARGE OF OUR AIR CAVALRY IN THEIR **SOPWITH SABRES**...

SPLENDID!

TOP HOLE!

WE'LL TEACH THE TERMINATORS A LESSON!

AND GIVE THAT BLACKGUARD TORQUEMADA THE THRASHING HE RICHLY DESERVES!

TORQUEMADA ...SIT DOWN!

I SAY... STEADY ON, OLD CHAP!

RULE BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA RULES THE STARS! OUR EMPIRE SHALL STRETCH FROM HERE TO MARS!

TORQUEMADA... CALM DOWN!

RULE BRITANNIA! THANKS TO THE RADIO WAVES, GOTHS NEVER, NEVER, NEVER SHALL BE SLAVES!

RULE BRITANNIA! BRITANNIANS ARE **MEN!** NEVER, NEVER, **NEVER** CALL US **ALIEN!**

I GIVE YOU A TOAST..! TO 'ER GRACIOUS MAJESTY **QUEEN VICTORIA**, GAWD BLESS HER...

AN' **DEATH TO TORQUEMADA!**

GUNFIRE! COME ON!

ALIEN FILTH...

I WILL CLEANSE YOU ALL!

BULLETS GO RIGHT THROUGH 'IM!

HE MUST BE *THE PHANTOM!*

STOP HIM!

NEMESIS!

SO WE MEET ONCE MORE, TORQUEMADA...

RAGE

KLIK!

FOR THE LAST TIME, WARLOCK!

NEXT PROG: SECRETS OF THE HELL-FIRE CLUB!

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK FOUR

RADIO AND TV SIGNALS FROM EARTH HAVE BEEN PICKED UP BY THE GOTHS... CHAMELEON-LIKE ALIENS WHO MODELLED THEMSELVES AND THEIR EMPIRE ON EARLY 20th CENTURY BRITAIN. NOW THE HUMANS THE GOTHS ADMIRE SO MUCH HAVE COME TO EXTERMINATE THEM...

THE DREADNOUGHTS OF THE GOTHS' HIGH SPACE FLEET ARE NO MATCH FOR THE TERMIGHT FIGHTERS. AS LASERS PENETRATE THE MAGAZINES, THE IMPERIAL SHIPS EXPLODE...!

THE DISASTER IS RELAYED TO SPACE ADMIRAL BEATTY, THE ION DUKE...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH OUR BLASTED SHIPS TODAY?

AT THE CENTRE OF EVENTS IS TORQUEMADA, WHO NEMESIS HAS TRACKED DOWN TO WHITE-CHAPEL IN ALIEN-LONDON...

LOOK OUT, GUVNOR!

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PAT MILLS

ART ROBOT
BRYAN TALBOT

LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU·73E

THANKS, RO-JAWS.

NICE ONE, GUV!

HE MUSTN'T ESCAPE ME AGAIN!

YOU FOOL! DON'T JUST STAND THERE— *STOP HIM!* IF HE KILLS TORQUEMADA WE LOSE EVERYTHING!

EN GARDE, SIR!

SO YOU ARE *STARBLOWER*... TORQUEMADA'S LACKEY. DON'T YOU REALISE THE GRAND MASTER IS *EVIL?*

THE MISTAKE IS YOURS, SIR... INTERFERING IN OUR AFFAIRS!

AS THEY FIGHT, THE WARLOCK PROBES STAR-BLOWER'S MIND... AND DISCOVERS WHY THE GOTH IS ASSISTING TORQUEMADA...

HE IS A MEMBER OF THE 'HELL-FIRE CLUB', A SECRET SOCIETY OF YOUNG GOTHS INFLUENCED BY LATER BROADCASTS FROM EARTH, BANNED BY THEIR ELDERS.

Muffin the Mule

THEY BELIEVE ONLY WAR CAN DESTROY THE OLD ORDER AND CREATE A BETTER, MODERN WORLD.

IS THERE NO END TO THIS MADNESS?

The Tube

HOW MANY MORE PLANETS HAVE BEEN CONTAMINATED BY THE HUMANS' RADIO AND TV SIGNALS?

IN THE ALLEYWAYS OF WHITECHAPEL...

MUST FIND A HOST-BODY...

BY THE LORD HARRY!

MEANWHILE, THE SWORD FIGHT CONTINUES... STAR-BLOWER IS A PAST MASTER, BOTH ON LAND AND IN ZERO-GRAVITY...

AAAAH!

AFTER TRANSFERRING HIS HYPO-STILETTO AND PISTOL, THE SPIRIT OF TORQUEMADA ENTERS THE CORPSE...

...WHICH WILL ACT AS THE GRAND MASTER'S ZOMBIE!

BUT THE WARLOCK'S WEAPON IS THE SWORD SINISTER, EXCESSUS, IN A NEW AND DEADLY GUISE.

THE DEVIL TAKE YOU, SIR!

THAT WOULD BE RATHER DIFFICULT...

THAT'S TORN IT, GUV!

THE LAW!

ARREST THIS CREATURE, OFFICER! HE IS THE *PHANTOM!*

DON'T BE *RIDICULOUS!* I BEAR NO RESEMBLANCE!

I PURSUED HIM FROM THE EAGLE WHERE HE CHANGED INTO THIS *DEMONIC* FORM.

THE LYING TOW-RAG! *HE'S* IN LEAGUE WITH THE PHANTOM!

AND THANKS TO HIM, THE *REAL* MURDERER ESCAPED!

ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE THE WORD OF A DEMON AGAINST A COLONEL IN THE *SPACE HUSSARS?*

AND THE DAUGHTER OF THE *FIRST SPACE LORD!* IT'S THE TRUTH, OFFICER. ONLY A DEMON COULD COMMIT SUCH AN ATROCITY.

I THINK YOU'D BETTER ACCOMPANY US TO THE STATION, SIR.

CAB!

TORQUEMADA..?

THE SAME. QUICKLY... LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE.

THE DRIVER'S AERIAL WHIP CONNECTS WITH THE ANTI-GRAVITY TRANSMITTER, CAUSING THE CAB TO RISE OVER THE CITY...

'G' UP!

IT WILL TAKE THE WARLOCK SOME TIME TO TALK HIS WAY OUT OF THAT!

THE CONSPIRATORS GO OVER THEIR PLANS...

THE *ASSASSINATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA* BY A *TERMINATOR HIT SQUAD* WILL BE A SIGNAL FOR THE YOUNG GOTHS TO SEIZE POWER!

AND HOW CAN WE TRUST YOU WHEN YOU HATE *ALL* ALIENS?

I AM PREPARED TO MAKE EXCEPTIONS.

YOU'D *BETTER!* YOU *NEED* US, TOO, TORQUEMADA.

YOU CAN TRUST *ME*... YOU HAVE MY WORD.

NEXT PROG: *HAMMERSTEIN'S RETURN!*

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK FOUR

NEMESIS HAS BEEN ACCUSED OF BEING THE PHANTOM... A SPECTRE RESPONSIBLE FOR A SERIES OF HORRIBLE MURDERS ON THE PLANET BRITANNIA. MEANWHILE, THE REAL CULPRIT —TORQUEMADA— HAS ESCAPED...

BETTER COME QUIETLY, SIR. WE DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE...

'STREWTH! HE'S LEVITATING!

UUUUUUH!

GET HIM! GET THAT MURDERING DEMON!

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ART ROBOT
BRYAN TALBOT

LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU·73E

AFTER THEM!

TIME TO DO A WHEELER, GUV!

THE MAZE BETWEEN WHITECHAPEL AND SPITALFIELDS...

WHICH WAY NOW?

THE SEWERS — IT'S THE ONLY WAY WE'LL SHAKE THEM OFF!

I KNOW 'EM ALL. I USED TO EXPLORE 'EM ON ME *DAYS OFF!*

SOON...

I MUST HOME IN ON MY ENEMIES' THOUGHTS AND DISCOVER THEIR PLANS.

BUT WOULD THIS TORQUEMADA GEEZER LEAVE HIS MIND UNGUARDED, GUV?

OH, NO... HE'S TOO CLEVER FOR THAT. BUT HIS FELLOW CONSPIRATORS MAY NOT BE...

AS THE WARLOCK CONCENTRATES, AN IMAGE FORMS IN HIS MIND...

THE ILLUSTRATED BRITANNIA NEWS

2d

The DEATH of QUEEN VICTORIA

OF COURSE! THEY PLAN TO ASSASSINATE THE QUEEN! IT WOULD CAUSE CHAOS THROUGHOUT THE EMPIRE AND ALLOW TORQUEMADA'S ALLIES — THE YOUNG GOTHS — TO SEIZE POWER!

COME ON!

COR! THIS REMINDS ME OF THE OLD DAYS WHEN I USED TO GO AROUND WITH THIS WAR ROBOT — *HAMMERSTEIN!* I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT NUT JOB?

ON THE PLANET LUCKNOW, NEXT TARGET OF TERMIGHT AGGRESSION...

FOR TORQUEMADA AND TERRA!

SHORT OF MEN, THE TERMINATORS HAD REFORMED THE OLD ROBOT ARMIES TO HELP CARRY OUT THEIR WAR AGAINST THE REST OF THE GALAXY. HAMMERSTEIN'S OLD CRAVING TO FIGHT — TO OBEY HIS PROGRAMMING — HAD GOT THE BETTER OF HIM. HE'D HAD HIS OLD HEAD REPAIRED AND RE-ENLISTED.

ROBOTS WERE USED AS THE TERMINATORS FACED THE GOTHS' MEDICAL WARFARE CORPS ARMED WITH INFECTIOUS DISEASE WEAPONS...!

GUESS WAR'S ALL I KNOW... ALL I UNDERSTAND...

CHOLERA

BULK TYPHOID CAUTION

IT'S ALL THERE IS!

LIKE HIS COMRADES, MAD RONN, HITAKI AND SKULMO, HE WAS SUFFERING FROM METAL FATIGUE.

THE POSITION TAKEN, THEY CHECKED OUT THE SURROUNDING AREA...

JUNGLE HUT. COULD BE MED-CORPS SOLDIERS INSIDE, SARGE!

IF THERE ARE, WE WASTE 'EM, THE DIRTY-!

NATIVE GOTHS... THAT'S WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE BEFORE THEY 'CONVERT' INTO HUMANS... THEY'RE HARMLESS.

WE STILL GOTTA BLOW 'EM AWAY, SARGE!

THE HUMANS SAY ALL DEVIANTS MUST DIE!

WE DIDN'T SEE 'EM, SKULMO. LET'S GO.

YOU'RE TALKING HERESY, SARGE.

I SAID... LET'S GO!

WHAT THE HECK AM I DOING IN THIS WAR, ANYWAY? MAYBE I SHOULD'VE LISTENED TO THAT BIG-MOUTHED ROBOT I USED TO GO AROUND WITH...

WHAT WAS HIS NAME?

HIS HEAD BATTERED IN A HUNDRED CAMPAIGNS, HAMMERSTEIN'S MEMORY CIRCUITS WERE GOING.

STINKIN' ALIENS! GOTTA WASTE 'EM ALL!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

YOU LOUSY—!

THE AGEING ROBOTS STRIPPED SKULMO FOR SPARES.

I GET HIS FEET!

HEY, SARGE— YOU WANT SKULMO'S DRIVE SHAFT?

IT'S OKAY, RONN. YOU HAVE IT.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH OLD RED-EYES? WITH A NEW DRIVE SHAFT HE COULD LAST *ANOTHER* HUNDRED YEARS!

IT'S AS IF HE WANTS IT ALL TO END!

NEXT PROG: "IT'S NOT WAR..."

Nemesis THE WARLOCK

BOOK FOUR

FOLLOWING THE DESTRUCTION OF THE GOTHS' HIGH SPACE FLEET, THEIR OUTER PLANETS WERE AT TORQUEMADA'S MERCY. THE DESERT PLANET **KHARTOUM** WAS NEXT... AND LEADING THE ASSAULT, A SQUAD OF TERMINATOR ROBOTS COMMANDED BY **HAMMERSTEIN!**

BATTERED IN A HUNDRED CAMPAIGNS, HE WAS AN **ETERNAL WARRIOR**... DOOMED BY HIS PROGRAMMING TO FIGHT **FOREVER!**

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LOOK AT THE SARGE! IT'S LIKE HE DOESN'T CARE ANYMORE!

LIKE HE WANTS TO DIE!

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, RONN... MAYBE I'VE BEEN IN TOO MANY WARS...

DONE TOO MUCH KILLING!

THE FIFTH LANCER BRIGADE MAKE A FINAL DESPERATE CHARGE—

MAGNIFICENT...

BUT IT'S NOT WAR...

...MORE LIKE *MURDER!*

AFTER THE BATTLE...

WHAT'S UP, RED-EYES?

I DUNNO, HITAKI... GUESS IT'S WRONG WHAT WE'RE DOING HERE. THE GOTHS HAVE NEVER HARMED HUMANS.

SEE HERE, SARGE... WE'RE A ***PEACE-KEEPING FORCE***— MAKING THE GALAXY SAFE FOR ***DEMOCRACY!*** IF SOME ***GOOKS*** GET IN THE WAY, WE JEST ***GOTTA*** BLAST THE HECK OUTA THEM!

THAT WAS ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO, RONN.

A ***'CARNIVORE'*** RUMBLED OVER...

THE ***BLACK CARDINAL*** WANTS TO SEE YOU THREE.

THE BLACK CARDINAL— THE MACHINE WHICH LED THE ***ROBOT INQUISITION...*** *ENSURING ALL WAR DROIDS WERE LOYAL TO TERMIGHT.*

IT HAS COME TO MY ATTENTION THAT ***HAMMERSTEIN*** HAS BEEN TALKING ***HERESY***— QUESTIONING THE ORDERS OF OUR HUMAN MASTERS...

AND YOU TWO FAILED TO REPORT HIM.

WELL—ER...

YOU WILL ALL HAND OVER YOUR GUNS IMMEDIATELY AND REPORT TO ***MEK-QUAKE*** ...FOR ***DESTRUCTION!***

MEANWHILE, ON **BRITANNIA**, **NEMESIS** HAS DISCOVERED TORQUEMADA'S NEXT MOVE— THE ASSASSINATION OF **QUEEN VICTORIA**!

MINORCA GRILL ROOMS

LADIES TEA ROOM FROM 10TH SEPT.

'JUMBO' DISPOSABLE MICROCHIPS

I MUST PROTECT HER MAJESTY'S LIFE AT ALL COSTS!

BUT THE WARLOCK IS A **FUGITIVE**— WRONGLY ACCUSED OF THE PHANTOM MURDERS...

DISGUISING **MYSELF** IS NOT TOO DIFFICULT— A SIMPLE **HALLUCINATORY PROJECTION**...

BUT RO-JAWS MAY PRESENT A PROBLEM.

I RECKON YOU 'N' ME ARE STUCK WITH EACH OTHER, GUV— NOW WE'RE ON THE RUNS. NOT THAT I MIND... I WAS GOING TO TELL THAT HOTEL MANAGER TO GET—

THIS IS OUR STOP.

THOMAS·EDISON'S ROBOT EMPORIUM

BY APPOINTMENT

Nestle's

THE **NEW** IMPROVED AUTOMATON Only £52/2/6

'ERE, GUV! WHAT YOU LOOKING AT **NEW ROBOTS** FOR?

YOU'RE NOT THINKING OF GIVING ME THE ELBOW?!

NOTHING OF THE KIND, MY DEAR RO-JAWS. I NEED TO FOCUS MY MIND ON ONE OF THESE GOTHIC ROBOTS TO HELP ME ALTER YOUR... DISTINCTIVE FEATURES.

SHORTLY AFTER... MR JOHN SMITH, TRAVELLER AND ORIENTALIST, AND HIS ROBOT VALET ARRIVE AT GRAND STATION TO CATCH THE **EQUATORIAL EXPRESS**...

PLATFORMS 30, 31 & 32

IN REALITY... NEMESIS AND RO-JAWS, DISGUISED BY THE WARLOCK'S PSYCHIC PROJECTIONS!

EXTRA! EXTRA! LATEST ON PHANTOM MURDERS! SEARCH FOR NEMESIS THE WARLOCK GROWS!

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS ALIEN?

ARTIST'S IMPRESSION

HER MAJESTY WILL ARRIVE AT THE EQUATOR SHORTLY. THAT'S WHEN THE TERMINATORS ARE MOST LIKELY TO MAKE THE ATTEMPT ON HER LIFE...

WAIT FOR ME!

OH, I'M SO SORRY!

MY DEAR FELLOW — MY FAULT ENTIRELY! THINK NOTHING OF IT!

BUT THE GENTLEMAN IS NONE OTHER THAN TORQUEMADA IN HIS LATEST HOST-BODY!

AND THE GREATEST ENEMIES IN THE GALAXY PASS EACH OTHER UNAWARES!

NEXT PROG: MURDER ON THE EQUATORIAL EXPRESS!

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK FOUR

THE EQUATORIAL EXPRESS— 'IRON CHARGER'— THUNDERS OVER THE JUNGLES OF BRITANNIA. ON BOARD ARE NEMESIS AND HIS VALET RO-JAWS, WHO HAVE DISCOVERED A CONSPIRACY TO ASSASSINATE QUEEN VICTORIA, DUE AT THE EQUATOR SHORTLY.

ALSO ON BOARD IS THE WARLOCK'S DEADLY ENEMY... TORQUEMADA!

I KNOW NEMESIS... HE MAY HAVE DISCOVERED OUR PLOT TO KILL THE QUEEN! WE MUST HAVE A BACK-UP PLAN...

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STEVE POTTER

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ALSO ON THE TRAIN, TORQUEMADA'S ALLIES— STARBLOWER AND URSA BEATTY— TRAVELLING WITH THE ION DUKE...

I NEED TO GET CLOSE TO HER—THEN IF MY HIT SQUAD FAILS, I CAN DO THE DEED MYSELF!

BUT YOU COULD NEVER BE PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY!

YOU'RE RIGHT... I'LL HAVE TO TAKE OVER ANOTHER BODY —SOMEONE IMPORTANT...

YOUR FATHER, PERHAPS..?

PLEASE, TORQUEMADA! I DO HAVE SOME FEELINGS!

WAIT! I HAVE IT... THE CHINESE GOVERNOR, *MR MANCHU!* WE'RE HAVING COCKTAILS WITH HIM TONIGHT. I COULD *POISON* HIS DRINK...

EXCELLENT! THAT WAY HIS BODY WON'T BE *DISFIGURED!*

THE COCKTAIL PARTY WAS BEING HELD IN THE COMPARTMENT OF *MR SMITH* — A NOTED TRAVELLER AND ORIENTALIST...

...WHO WAS NONE OTHER THAN *THE WARLOCK* HIMSELF — DISGUISED BY MEANS OF A *HALLUCINATORY PROJECTION.*

WHAT CAN I GET YOU, FOLKS? HARVEY HEADBANGER? CORPSE REVIVER? RUSTY NAIL? GRAPEFUL DEAD?

THE GALACTIC SITUATION IS GRAVE, ADMIRAL.

WE'VE HAD A FEW SETBACKS, MR SMITH, BUT WE'LL WHIP THE TERMINATORS YET.

IF YOU CALLED IN *NEMESIS*, HE COULD BRING THE WHOLE POWER OF *THE CABAL* AGAINST TERMIGHT.

ALIENS? OUT OF THE QUESTION!

BESIDES... NEMESIS IS WANTED IN CONNECTION WITH THE PHANTOM MURDERS.

WHAT'S YOUR OPINION, GOVERNOR?

I... I...

MY DEAR FELLOW, WHAT'S WRONG?

I THINK HE'S GOT A GUT-ACHE!

IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN... I'M FEELING A LITTLE... UNWELL.

MAY I HELP YOU TO YOUR COMPART-MENT?

NO, PLEASE— I DON'T WANT TO SPOIL YOUR EVENING.

UUUHH—! THE PAIN!

MUST TAKE OVER HIS BODY QUICKLY...

COME ON, COME ON! DIE, YOU FOOL!

NO... GUUUHHH... PLEEE...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

CURSE IT! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HE'D HAVE A BODYGUARD!

HYYAAAAA!

AAAHHHH!

THE PHANTOM TORQUEMADA LEAVES THE MUTILATED BODY...

...AND TAKES OVER THE CHINESE GOVERNOR.

NOW TO DISPOSE OF THE BODIES—

AND PROCEED TOWARDS THE FINAL TRIUMPH OF TERMIGHT!

MEANWHILE, ON TERMINATOR-OCCUPIED **KHARTOUM**... **HAMMERSTEIN** AND HIS COMRADES, **MAD RONN** AND **HITAKI**, HAVE BEEN SENTENCED TO DESTRUCTION BY **MEK-QUAKE**...

SORRY I GOT YOU INTO THIS, GUYS!

FORGET IT, SARGE. WE'D HAVE BOUGHT IT SOONER OR LATER, ANYWAY.

SO, HAMMERSTEIN— WE MEET AGAIN... AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!

THE GIANT BULLDOZER ROBOT WAS USING HIS ORIGINAL BODY...

GONNA DO A **REALLY BIG JOB** ON YOU!

JUST GET ON WITH IT, MEK-QUAKE ...YOU'RE DOING ME A **FAVOUR**!

NEXT PROG:
A CHANGE OF PLAN...

Genesis

THE WARLOCK

BOOK FOUR

ON THE PLANET KHARTOUM, **HAMMERSTEIN** AND HIS COMRADES, **HITAKI** AND **MAD RONN**, HAVE BEEN SENTENCED TO DEATH. THEIR EXECUTIONER IS NONE OTHER THAN **MEK-QUAKE**, NOW BACK IN HIS ORIGINAL BULLDOZER BODY..!

THERE'S A LOT OF LEGENDS ABOUT OLD RED-EYES... THEY SAY HE WAS THE FIRST ROBOT TO HAVE EMOTIONS.

BUT THEY RECKON HE'S GONE ***SOFT*** — CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE.

YEAH... CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE KILLING OF CREATURES THAT HAVEN'T DONE HUMANS ANY HARM...

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BRYAN TALBOT

LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU·73E

YOU KNOW YOUR TROUBLE, HAMMERSTEIN? YOU ***THINK*** TOO MUCH! THAT NEVER BEEN A PROBLEM FOR MEK-QUAKE.

HE NOT WORRY ABOUT ALL THAT MORALITY STUFF! HE REALLY INTO GRA... GRA... GRA...

GRATUITOUS VIOLENCE?

MEK-QUAKE'S FAVOURITE KIND!

AND PRETTY SOON MEK-QUAKE CATCH UP WITH YOUR *LITTLE PAL*, TOO! ONE WITH THE TEETH WHO *BAD-MOUTH* MEK-QUAKE!

ALL GOOD THINGS COME TO THEM THAT WAIT... AND MEK-QUAKE WAITED A *LONG TIME* FOR THIS!

ROVER

IT *CURTAINS* FOR YOU, HAMMERSTEIN!

STOP!

UUUUH..?

THE BLACK CARDINAL— IN CHARGE OF THE ROBOT INQUISITION...

THERE'S BEEN A CHANGE OF PLAN... WE'VE BEEN CHECKING YOUR WAR RECORD, HAMMER-STEIN — THE VOLGAN CAMPAIGNS... THE MARTIAN EXPEDITION...*

YOU SEEM EMINENTLY SUITABLE TO LEAD A *SUICIDE MISSION!*

*NOTE: SEE RO-BUSTERS BOOK ONE AND ABC WARRIORS BOOK TWO.

YOUR TARGET IS THE ALIEN CREATURE THAT CALLS ITSELF *'QUEEN VICTORIA'*. WHILE OTHER ROBOTS GIVE YOU COVERING FIRE, YOU THREE WILL BREAK IN AND *TERMINATE* HER.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M GONNA COMMIT COLD-BLOODED *MURDER?*

YOU'LL BE FITTED WITH A PROGRAM THAT WILL *BYPASS* YOUR CONSCIENCE CIRCUITS...

CAUSING YOU TO *SELF-DESTRUCT* ON COMPLETION OF YOUR MISSION.

IS THIS A GOOD IDEA, BOSS? MEK-QUAKE THINK HAMMERSTEIN SHOULD BE *DESTROYED NOW... YEAH!*

ARE YOU QUESTIONING HUMAN ORDERS? PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO GO ON THIS SUICIDE MISSION YOURSELF?

NO, NO, NO... SUICIDE MISSIONS NOT MEK-QUAKE'S STYLE AT ALL! OH NO — WHATEVER YOU SAY, BOSS... THAT GOOD ENOUGH FOR MEK-QUAKE!

MEANWHILE... ON THE GOTHS' HOME-WORLD... THE **EQUATORIAL EXPRESS** APPROACHES THE **STAR TOWER**—A GIGANTIC LIFT FROM **BRITANNIA** TO HER **MOONS**!

SET EXACTLY ON THE PLANET'S EQUATOR, PASSENGERS ARE TRANS-PORTED IN **PROJECTILES** THROUGH AIRLESS TUBES—THEREBY REDUCING FRICTION. MASSIVE **ELECTRO-MAGNETIC MOTORS** PRODUCE THE REQUIRED **ESCAPE VELOCITY**.

INCREDIBLE! THE FINAL TRIUMPH OF THE VICTORIAN EMPIRE..!

AN EMPIRE AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN ON EARTH—IF TWO WORLD WARS HADN'T SHATTERED THE IMPERIAL DREAM.

THE **ROYAL PLANE** LANDS AT LAKE LIVINGSTONE...

THE QUEEN IS HERE TO OFFICIALLY OPEN THE STAR TOWER—RECENTLY COMPLETED BY **ISAMBARD KINGDOM BRUNEL**.

GRAND OPENING STAR TOWER

TODAY

WE MUST BE ON OUR GUARD, RO-JAWS. ANY ONE OF THESE GOTHS COULD BE A HUMAN ASSASSIN IN DISGUISE...

GET 'EM TO DROP THEIR STRIDES, GUV! YOU'D SOON SEE WHO'S HUMAN OR ALIEN WHEN THEY'RE IN THE BUFF!

I PREFER MORE SUBTLE METHODS, RO-JAWS.

IMPERIAL SPACEWAYS

I MUST STAY CLOSE TO THE QUEEN IN CASE OF ANY ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT.

BUT TORQUEMADA HIMSELF IS PRESENT— IN THE BODY OF MANCHU, THE CHINESE GOVERNOR ...

SOON MY HIT SQUAD WILL DESTROY THIS FOUL NEST OF DEVIANTS!

AND IF THEY FAIL... I WILL PERSONALLY PUT A BULLET IN 'QUEEN VICTORIA'!

A PROJECTILE— WITH THE ROYAL PARTY ON BOARD— SOARS TOWARDS BRITANNIA'S MOONS.

HIS OUTWARD APPEARANCE ***DISGUISED*** BY A HALLUCINATORY PROJECTION, ***NEMESIS*** MINGLES WITH THE V.I.P.s—

A REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT, MR BRUNEL. IT DOES YOU CREDIT.

THANK YOU, MR—ER —SMITH.

NO-ONE WAS QUITE SURE WHO MR SMITH WAS... HE CERTAINLY WASN'T ON THE OFFICIAL GUEST LIST.

WHO THE DEVIL IS HE?

BUT ONE LOOK IN MR SMITH'S EYES, AND AWKWARD QUESTIONS SEEMED TO GO OUT OF THEIR MINDS...

YES..?

I'VE-ER-FORGOTTEN WHAT I WAS GOING TO SAY!

MEANWHILE...THE TERMINATOR ***HIT SQUAD*** IS ON ITS WAY. A REPROGRAMMED, ***KILL-CRAZY*** HAMMERSTEIN IS FIRST TO LEAVE THE TERMIGHT ASSAULT CRAFT...

LET'S HIT THOSE STINKIN' ALIENS!

NEXT PROG: THE BRICK MOON!

THE RINGS OF BRITANNIA... A LINE OF IMPREGNABLE DEFENCES AND ARTIFICIAL MOONS ORBITING THE GOTHS' HOME-PLANET... ALLOWING TRAVELLERS TO GO AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY MINUTES—

THE ROYAL PARTY HEAD — VIA THE **STAR TOWER** — TOWARDS THE LARGEST OF THE SATELLITES... THE ALBERT MOON, POPULARLY KNOWN AS **THE BRICK MOON!**

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INSIDE THE PROJECTILE—

ALBERT AND I FIND THE ZERO GRAVITY MOST AMUSING!

HIGHLY AGREEABLE, M'DEAR.

H'MMPH!

AMONG THE GUESTS — MR SMITH... **NEMESIS** DISGUISED BY A HALLUCINATORY PROJECTION...

TORQUEMADA IS DETERMINED TO DESTROY HER. I MUSTN'T LET HER OUT OF MY SIGHT.

AND **TORQUEMADA** HIMSELF — IN THE BODY OF A CHINESE MANDARIN.

SOON THE ALIEN THAT CALLS ITSELF 'QUEEN VICTORIA' WILL DIE AT THE HANDS OF MY HIT SQUAD!

Nemesis THE WARLOCK

BOOK FOUR

CHEER UP, PRIME MINISTER! I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU WITH SUCH A LONG FACE.

THE NEWS FROM THE FRONT, YOUR MAJESTY. FIRST MAFEKING, THEN LUCKNOW... AND NOW KHARTOUM HAS FALLEN.

THE LIGHTS ARE GOING OUT ALL OVER OUR SOLAR SYSTEM... WE MAY NOT SEE THEM LIT AGAIN IN OUR LIFETIME.

THE ION DUKE INTERRUPTS...

BALDERDASH! WE'VE HAD TO MAKE A FEW STRATEGIC WITHDRAWALS —THAT'S ALL!

NOTHING CAN BREAK THROUGH THE RINGS OF BRITANNIA!

A REPROGRAMMED HAMMERSTEIN, FITTED WITH A SELF-DESTRUCT MECHANISM, WAS LEADING THE TERMINATOR HIT SQUAD...

THE ALBERT PALACE! WE WAIT TILL THE BALL GETS GOING...

THEN WE HIT THEM!

THE BALL WAS BEING HELD TO CELEBRATE THE OPENING OF THE STAR TOWER...

YOU DANCE SUPERBLY, MR SMITH!

THANK YOU, YOUR MAJESTY.

TIME WE LEFT— THE HIT SQUAD WILL BE ON THEIR WAY!

HOW'S YOUR TROUBLE IN THE BALKANS, MATE?

PARDON?

YOUR GUT-ACHE. FEELING BETTER NOW?

TORQUEMADA DOESN'T BOTHER TO REPLY.

MISERABLE NERK!

WHILE THE OTHER ROBOTS REMAIN ON GUARD, HAMMERSTEIN AND HIS COMRADES ENTER THE PALACE...

I COULD DANCE WITH YOU ALL NIGHT, MR SMITH — BUT I DO BELIEVE DEAR ALBERT IS BECOMING RATHER JEALOUS!

BLIMEY! *GATECRASHERS!* IT'S ME OLD MATE HAMMERSTEIN — AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!

MMM

REMEMBER ME... RO-JAWS?

NO!

A SUDDEN LOOK FROM MR SMITH THROWS THE QUEEN TO ONE SIDE...

...A MOVE THAT UNDOUBTEDLY SAVES HER LIFE.

OUT OF FIREBALLS— HAVE TO SHOOT THE LAST ROBOT!

BUT HAMMERSTEIN IS DETERMINED TO CARRY OUT HIS PROGRAM...

BULLETS JUST BOUNCE OFF HIM!

HE'S STILL COMING!

KILL! KILL! KILL!

...THEN BLOW HIMSELF UP!

NEXT PROG: TIK-TIK-TIK-TIK-TIK!

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK FOUR

ON THE BRICK MOON, A REPROGRAMMED, KILL-CRAZY HAMMERSTEIN LEADS A TERMINATOR HIT SQUAD... HIS TARGET— THE ALIEN QUEEN VICTORIA.

GOOD GRIEF! IT'S NEMESIS!

HIS PSYCHIC POWERS EXHAUSTED MAINTAINING A HALLUCINATORY PROJECTION, THE WARLOCK NOW APPEARS AS HIS REAL SELF...

SOMEONE STOP THAT ROBOT!

NO LEVITATION OR OTHER DEMONIC SKILLS TO DRAW ON...

HAVE TO DEAL WITH THIS MACHINE...

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...THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY!

HAMMERSTEIN SHORTED OUT—

BLIMEY! WHAT A CHOKER! ME OLD MATE HAMMERSTEIN A TERMINATOR ASSASSIN!

WHY DID YOU DO IT, MATE?

WHAT'S THAT TICKING SOUND?

TIK TIK TIK TIK TIK TIK TIK TIK

GET BACK! HE'S GOING TO *SELF-DESTRUCT!*

MEANWHILE, AS HIS HIT SQUAD FAILS, TORQUEMADA TAKES CONTROL...

YOU ARE... *TORQUEMADA?*

YES, 'MAJESTY'! AND I HAVE COME TO PUNISH YOU FOR *DARING* TO *MOCK* US WITH THIS *FOUL* CHARADE!

BUT WE COPIED HUMANS BECAUSE WE *ADMIRE* YOU! THAT'S WHY WE BASED OURSELVES ON THE GREATEST HUMAN EMPIRE OF ALL... *THE BRITISH EMPIRE!*

ENOUGH! REJOICE THAT YOU ARE TO BE CLEANSED OF YOUR CRIME!

WHAT *CRIME?*

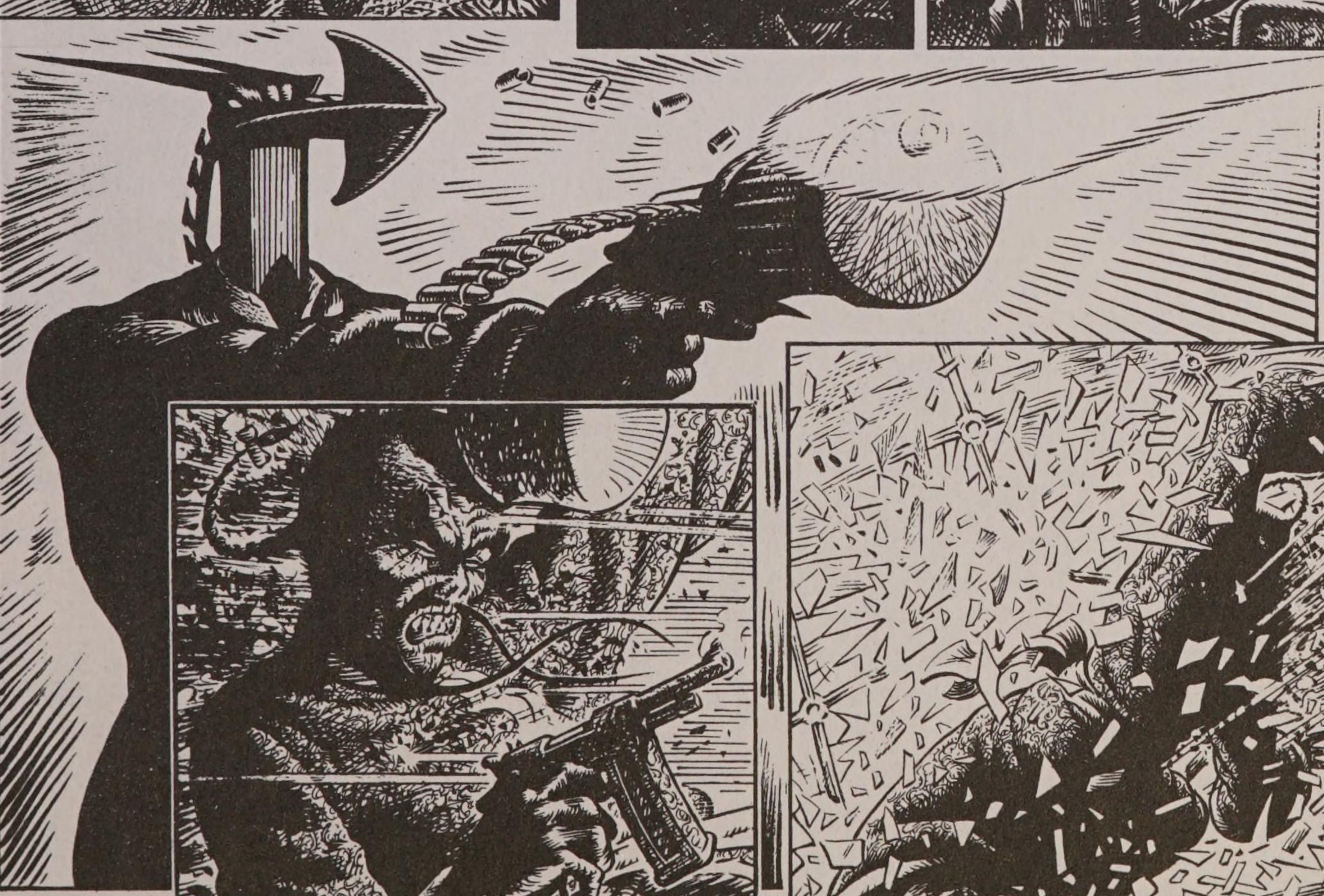
BEING ALIEN!

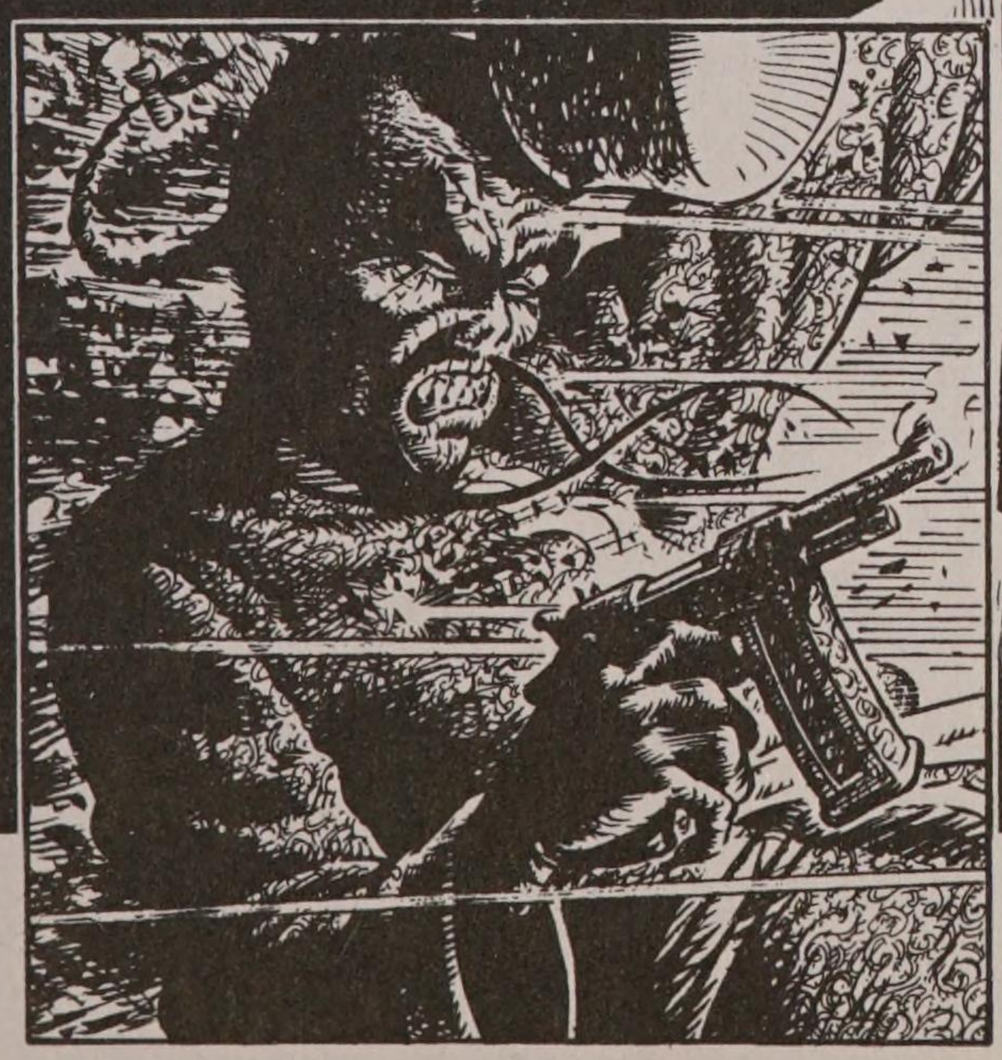
TIK TIK TIK TIK TIK

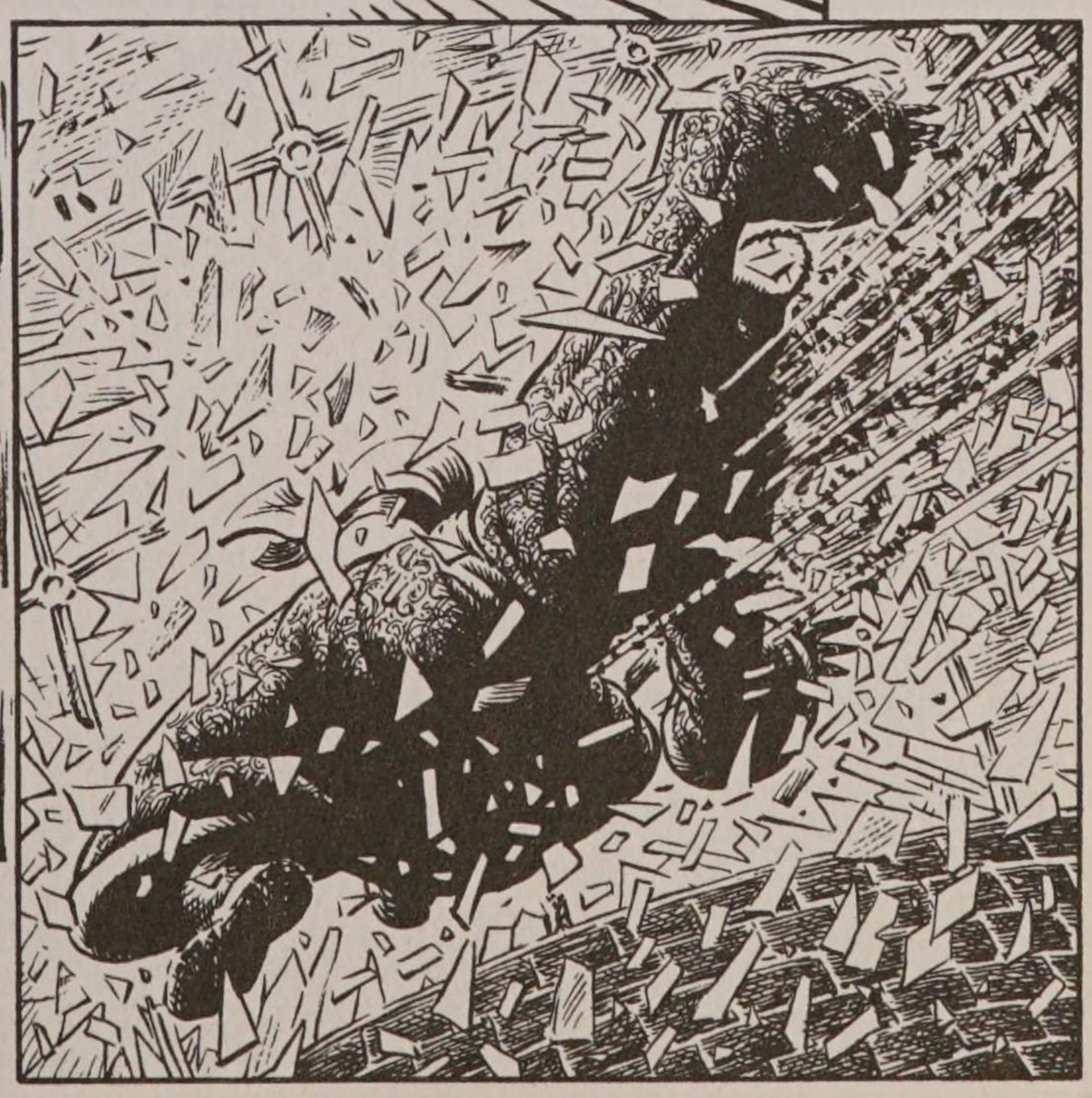
NO!

ALBERT!

NEMESIS TURNS FROM DEFUSING THE BOMB...
TORQUEMADA'S WORK!





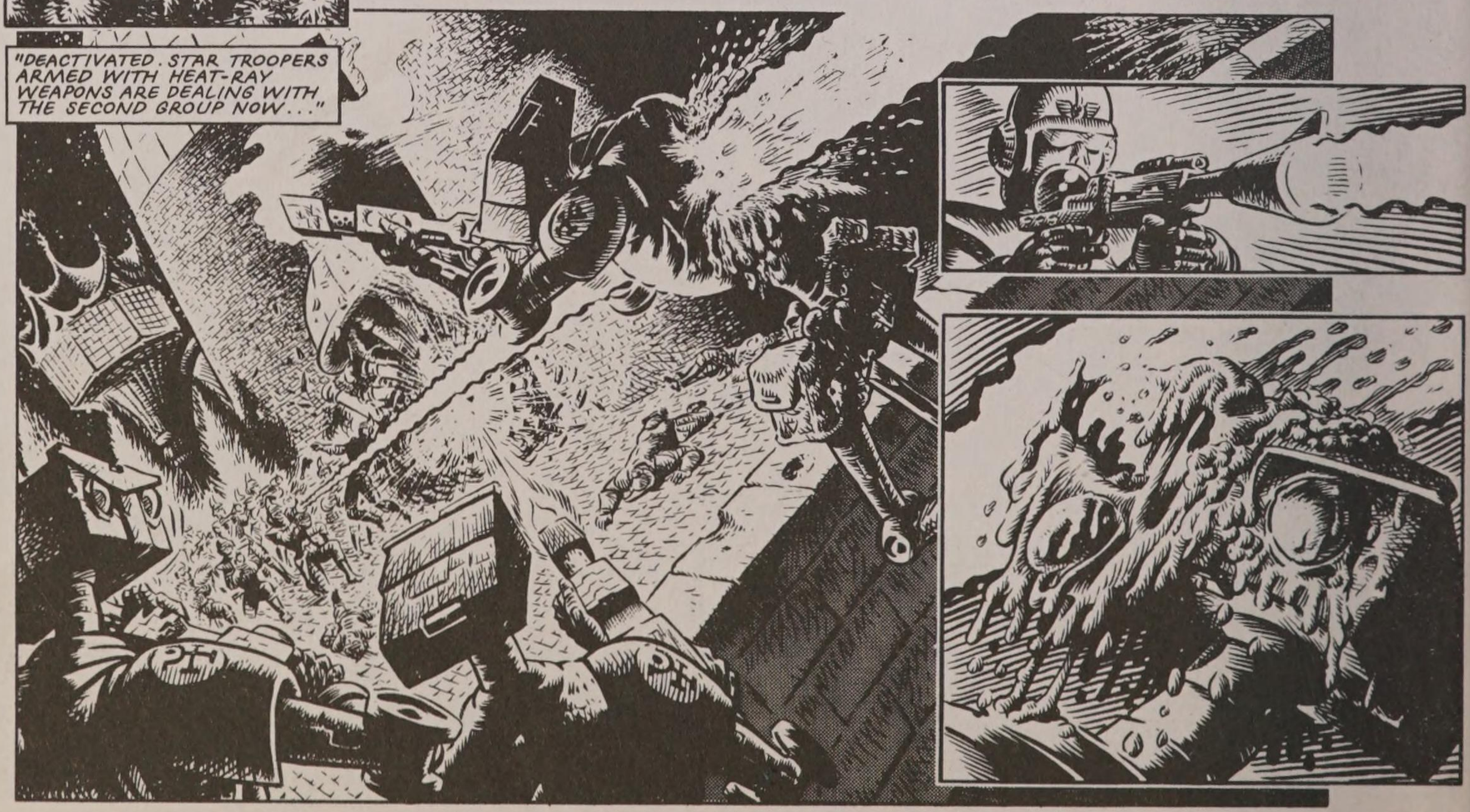


YOU'VE DONE HIM IN, GUV!
I WISH IT WERE THAT SIMPLE, RO-JAWS! TORQUEMADA'S A *PHANTOM* — HE CAN DISAPPEAR AND REFORM AT WILL... TAKING OVER NEW BODIES...

NO... IT'S GOING TO TAKE *MUCH MORE* TO FINALLY DISPOSE OF THE GRAND MASTER!
SKRIT SKRIT

I'M SORRY, YOUR MAJESTY. THE PRINCE CONSORT IS NO MORE.

IT SEEMS WE'RE IN YOUR DEBT, NEMESIS, THOUGH I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU CAME TO BE—
I'VE REMOVED THE PROGRAM THAT TURNED HIM INTO A KILLER. WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?


"DEACTIVATED. STAR TROOPERS ARMED WITH HEAT-RAY WEAPONS ARE DEALING WITH THE SECOND GROUP NOW..."

AH, CAPTAIN! HAVE THIS ONE REMOVED AND DESTROYED AS WELL.

VERY GOOD, SIR.

DESTROYED..? WHAT YOU ON ABOUT?

THEY CAN'T DO THAT! HE WAS *PROGRAMMED* TO KILL! HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING!

HE'S STILL A TERMINATOR ROBOT, RO-JAWS... RESPONSIBLE FOR KILLING THOUSANDS OF INNOCENT GOTHS.

NEMESIS IS RIGHT. THANKS FOR TRYING TO HELP ME, OLD BUDDY, BUT I'VE GOT TO PAY FOR WHAT I DID.

GOODBYE, RO-JAWS.

SHUT UP, YOU NERK!

STOP 'EM, GUV! THEY CAN'T KILL HAMMERSTEIN—NOT AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH!

RO-JAWS DOESN'T UNDERSTAND... AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, I'M *TIRED* OF LIVING. I *WANT* TO DIE.

STAND OVER BY THAT WALL.

IN A FEW SECONDS HE'LL BE A BLOB OF MOLTEN METAL—UNLESS YOU *DO* SOMETHING!

I'M SORRY, RO-JAWS. IT'S OUT OF MY HANDS...

NEXT PROG: NO WEIRD BITS!

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK FOUR

NEMESIS HAS SAVED QUEEN VICTORIA FROM A TERMINATOR HIT-SQUAD LED BY **HAMMERSTEIN**. DESPITE THE PLEAS OF **RO-JAWS**, HIS FRIEND FACES THE FIRING SQUAD...AND THEN...

TAKE AIM!

WAIT! MAYBE THERE'S ANOTHER WAY!

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SIR, THIS ROBOT IS AN ASSASSIN!

THAT'S RIGHT. I DESERVE TO DIE.

BUT YOU'RE MORE USE TO ME *ALIVE*.

FOUR DAYS LATER, THE **BLITZSPEAR** FLIES OVER THE DARK SATANIC MILLS OF **LOWRY**, LATEST PLANET IN THE GOTHIC EMPIRE TO BE ATTACKED BY THE **TERMINATORS**. NEMESIS HAS FINALLY CONVINCED THE GOTHS THEY NEED HIS HELP...

I STILL DON'T SEE WHY YOU SAVED MY LIFE, NEMESIS.

LOOK DOWN THERE, HAMMERSTEIN— THE GOTHS ARE BEING CRUSHED BY THE TERMINATORS BECAUSE THEY LACK AGGRESSION, EXPERIENCE AND MODERN WEAPONRY...

YEAH— THEY'RE A BIT NAFF.

I'D LIKE TO MAKE AMENDS— BUT I'M JUST *ONE ROBOT.*

THEY *NEED* THE MILITARY SKILLS OF A WAR-DROID... LIKE *YOU*, HAMMERSTEIN...

BUT ONCE THERE WERE *SEVEN*— DO YOU REMEMBER..? SEVEN LEGENDARY FIGHTING MACHINES... SEVEN ROBOTS WHO, AGAINST ALL ODDS, TAMED A PLANET!

COULD SEVEN ROBOTS SAVE AN EMPIRE?

THE ABC WARRIORS!

BUT IT'S *IMPOSSIBLE!* WE LEFT *'THE MESS'* ON MARS... *HAPPY SHRAPNEL* DIED SOON AFTER IN A BRAWL...

AND *WHO KNOWS* WHERE THE REST OF THE WARRIORS ARE..?

JOE PINEAPPLES, HAPPY SHRAPNEL, MONGROL, BLACK-BLOOD, 'THE MESS', DEADLOCK... YES— WITH THE OLD TEAM TOGETHER WE COULD SAVE *THE GALAXY!*

I KNOW.

HOW? AND HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT US, ANYWAY?

I KNOW MANY THINGS, OLD RED-EYES...

YEAH, AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT A REPLACEMENT FOR 'THE MESS'. YOU'RE LOOKING AT HIM!

WELL, THE NAME FITS — BUT THAT'S ALL. IT TAKES YEARS OF COMBAT TRAINING TO MAKE A WARRIOR.

LISTEN, YOU NURK! IT TAKES PLENTY OF COMBAT TRAINING TO FIGHT OFF SOME OF THE THINGS YOU FIND LURKING IN SEWERS!

YEAH, I REMEMBER ONCE, I WAS CLEANING OUT THIS ALIEN CLUDGEY, AND IT WAS A BIT UNUSUAL, 'COS THE ALIENS...

YES, YES! ANOTHER TIME, RO-JAWS!

...THAT BIG..!

WITH THE ABC WARRIORS UNDER MY CONTROL, I CAN FINALLY DESTROY THE EVIL OF TORQUEMADA!

MEANWHILE... HAVING FAILED TO ASSASSINATE THE ALIEN 'QUEEN VICTORIA', **STARBLOWER, URSA** AND **TORQUEMADA** HAD RETURNED TO BRITANNIA — TO PLAN AN ALTERNATIVE WAY OF SEIZING POWER!

THEY BEGAN BY VISITING THE **MORTUARY** IN THE **RUE MORGUE**...

MORGUE ALBERT HUMES

HELLO.

GOOD EVENING. WE HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE MORTUARY SUPERINTENDENT.

OH, YES. THE PROFESSOR'S EXPECTING YOU. PLEASE — DO COME IN.

MY DEAR VICTOR! MAY I PRESENT MISS URSA BEATTY, AND HIS EXCELLENCY, TOMAS DE TORQUEMADA...

PROFESSOR FRANKENSTEIN.

HOW DO YOU DO? I TRUST YOU ARE BOTH WELL?

SIR, MY HEALTH IS THE REASON FOR THIS VISIT!

INDEED, YOUR EXCELLENCY. AND EVERYTHING IS READY FOR YOU.

YOU HAVE SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF THE HOST BODY REJECTING MY SPIRIT?

I HAVE— BY CREATING AN ***ENTIRELY NEW*** ONE OUT OF THESE CADAVERS ...FOR ONLY AN ***ORIGINAL*** BODY HAS THE POWER TO REJECT YOU.

INCREDIBLE! YOU CAN CHOOSE THE BIGGEST MUSCLES, THE LONGEST LEGS, THE MOST HANDSOME FACE! IT WILL BE A BODY IN A MILLION!

OF COURSE. NOTHING LESS WOULD DO FOR THE GRAND MASTER OF TERMIGHT.

BUT THE HEAD MUST SUGGEST *POWER* AND *MENACE*, RATHER THAN GOOD LOOKS.

THIS ONE, I THINK.

YOU'RE CERTAIN THERE WILL BE NO SIGNS OF DEVIATION? NO *TENTACLES*, NO *FUR*, NO... *WEIRD BITS?*

YOUR EXCELLENCY, WE WANT THIS EXPERIMENT TO SUCCEED AS MUCH AS YOU. ONLY WITH YOUR HELP CAN THE YOUNG GOTHS DESTROY THE OLD ORDER AND SEIZE POWER.

BUT REMEMBER—ONCE YOU HAVE ENTERED, IT WILL REMAIN YOUR PERMANENT ABODE. THERE CAN BE NO MORE 'BODY HOPPING', TORQUEMADA!

AND SO THE TASK BEGAN... YEARS OF WORKING IN THE MORTUARY HAD GIVEN THE PROFESSOR AN UNRIVALLED OPPORTUNITY TO DEVELOP HIS SKILLS...

THE STITCH MARKS WILL DISAPPEAR IN A FEW DAYS. THEN NO ONE WILL REALISE YOU'RE NOT HUMAN.

UNTIL AT LAST...

WE ARE READY TO SWITCH ON THE POWER, GRAND MASTER.

IN THIS MAGNIFICENT TORSO, I WILL PERSONALLY LEAD MY TERMINATORS TO NEW VICTORIES! CLEANSING AND PURIFYING A THOUSAND PLANETS...

...AND FINALLY CRUSHING MY ARCH-ENEMY, NEMESIS!

NEXT PROG: **MURDER IN THE RUE MORGUE!**

Nemesis THE WARLOCK

BOOK FOUR

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THE WARLOCK'S ARCH-ENEMY, **TORQUEMADA**, HAD AT LAST SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF THE HOST BODY REJECTING HIS SPIRIT—BY HAVING A NEW BODY SPECIALLY CREATED FOR HIM BY **PROFESSOR FRANKENSTEIN**.

FOR THE PROFESSOR AND HIS FELLOW **YOUNG GOTHS** BELIEVED AN ALLIANCE WITH THE GRAND MASTER WAS THE ONLY WAY TO DESTROY THEIR OLD-FASHIONED WORLD AND SEIZE POWER. NOW CAME THE MOMENT WHEN TORQUEMADA'S NEW **'SUPER-BODY'** WAS READY TO BE ACTIVATED...

IS IT WORKING, PROFESSOR?

YES! SEE..? HIS EYES ARE OPENING!

I'M... ALIVE!

BUT I... CAN'T MOVE! I CAN'T MOVE MY ARMS AND LEGS!

CORRECT. THAT WOULD REQUIRE *MORE* POWER.

THEN BOOST IT IMMEDIATELY, PROFESSOR—OTHERWISE I WILL BE HELPLESS.

YES... YOU WILL, WON'T YOU?

WHAT *TREACHERY* IS THIS?

YOU ARE AT OUR MERCY, GRAND MASTER. THIS IS ONE BODY YOU CANNOT ESCAPE FROM. YOU ARE IN A LIVING PRISON.

WE DID IT! WE FINALLY DID IT! WE TRAPPED THE GREAT TORQUEMADA!

HENCEFORTH YOU WILL ACT AS OUR PUPPET. YOU WILL BEGIN BY ORDERING YOUR TERMINATORS TO HELP THE YOUNG GOTHS SEIZE POWER.

OF COURSE! I ALREADY PROMISED YOU THE EMPIRE!

OH, WE WANT MORE THAN A HANDFUL OF PLANETS... MUCH MORE!

WE INTEND TO RULE OVER *TERMIGHT* ITSELF! AND WITH YOUR ...'ASSISTANCE' ... WE CAN DO IT!

YOU SEE, TO THE YOUNG GOTHS, EARTH IS OUR *TRUE HOME*— THE SOURCE OF THE RADIO SIGNALS THAT CHANGED OUR LIVES!

AND IT'S TIME WE CLAIMED OUR INHERITANCE!

I'LL NEVER SURRENDER EARTH TO ALIENS! I'LL KILL MYSELF FIRST!

YOU'LL FIND THAT RATHER DIFFICULT.

AN INJECTION OF MIND-CONTROL SERUM WILL ENSURE YOU DO EXACTLY AS WE SAY.

NURSE... LET'S GET THE GRAND MASTER DRESSED AND INTO HIS WHEELCHAIR...

AS TORQUEMADA LAY HELPLESS, HE REFLECTED ON WHAT HAD LED HIM INTO THE ALIENS' TRAP— HIS NEED OF A PERMANENT BODY...

HIS FEAR OF FADING AWAY...

AND ANOTHER, MORE PERSONAL REASON ...

HIS WIFE CANDIDA, AND CHILDREN PANDORA AND BARBAROSSA...

THE GRAND MASTER CARED DEEPLY FOR THEM, MAKING SURE THEY WERE GUARDED DAY AND NIGHT IN CASE OF SURPRISE ALIEN ATTACK.

AND YET...

I SENSE A CERTAIN COLDNESS IN YOUR MANNER, MY DEAR.

YOU DON'T CALL ME 'TOM-TOM' ANYMORE.

I-I AM AFRAID TO EXPLAIN WHY, TOMAS... IN CASE I SUFFER THE SAME *AWFUL FATE* OF YOUR PREVIOUS WIVES.

I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE—I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THEIR TRAGIC DEATHS.

COME, YOU CAN TELL 'TOM-TOM'. A PROBLEM WITH THE CHILDREN, PERHAPS? OR IS IT GRANDFATHER NOSTRADAMUS AGAIN?

WELL...ER...

YES?

I...

I WANT A DIVORCE, TOMAS.

WHY?

THEN IT ALL CAME OUT... HOW SHE AND THE CHILDREN WERE TERRIFIED OF HIM, NOW HE WAS A PHANTOM. AND THUS, FOR THE SAKE OF HIS FAMILY, HE'D TAKEN THE DRASTIC STEP OF CONSORTING WITH DEVIANTS.

NOW IT SEEMED IT HAD ALL BEEN FOR NOTHING...

YOU SEE, TORQUEMADA, WE *KNEW* YOU'D CHEAT US ONCE YOU HAD A NEW BODY.

SO WE BEAT YOU TO IT.

AND NOT A BAD EFFORT...FOR BEGINNERS. BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE REALISED—WHEN IT COMES TO TREACHERY...

I AM THE GRAND MASTER!

MASSIVE POWER SURGE...

...COMING FROM A SPACE-SHIP OVERHEAD!

THAT WILL BE ONE OF MINE. I SUSPECTED YOU'D DOUBLE-CROSS ME AND ARRANGED A CONTINGENCY PLAN...

URSA! RUN!

YOU WERE PLAYING WITH US ALL ALONG!

YES, IT RATHER AMUSED ME...

BUT THE GAME'S *OVER!*

MY TERMINATORS WILL WONDER WHAT I WAS DOING HERE. AT ALL COSTS, THEY MUST NOT DISCOVER THEIR LEADER NOW HAS THE BODY OF A DEVIANT.

I'LL EXECUTE THEM ON THE WAY BACK TO MY IMPERIAL FLAGSHIP.

YOUNG GOTHS... PAH! *AMATEURS!*

NEXT PROG:
MONGROL!

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK FOUR

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MEKKA... THE FREE ROBOTS PLANET IN THE FRINGE WORLDS. NOMINALLY INDEPENDENT, IN REALITY ITS ROBOT LEADERS OBEYED ORDERS FROM TERMIGHT. HERE HUMANS CAME TO ENJOY THEMSELVES IN WAYS THAT WOULD BE FROWNED UPON IN TORQUEMADA'S PURITANICAL EMPIRE... SUCH AS WATCHING ROBOTS FIGHT FOR THEIR LIVES IN P.T. BAR-NUM'S DEATH CIRCUS...

RAARRGGH!

AND ENJOYING THE THRILL OF FEAR AS MONGROL, MOST SAVAGE ROBOT OF ALL, SMASHED OUT OF HIS CAGE. ONLY THEY DON'T CALL HIM MONGROL NOW, THEY CALL HIM... THE GAWK!

THE GAWK'S ESCAPING!

THE CROWD WEREN'T IN REAL DANGER FROM MONGROL. IT WAS ALL PART OF THE ACT... LIKE THE MIGHTY SPAR-TEKUS COMING TO THE RESCUE...

GET BACK! I'LL HANDLE HIM!

AT THAT MOMENT, NEMESIS ARRIVED ON THE SCENE... READY TO RECRUIT HIS MEK-NIFICENT SEVEN — THE GOTHIC EMPIRE'S LAST HOPE.

OI, BOOGLE! ANY KETCHUP GOING? I'M SLURPY!

SORRY, GROBBENDONK! ROBOTS ONLY LEAK OIL.

OH, FOOP!

MONGROL COULD HAVE KILLED SPAR-TEKUS EASILY. BUT THE HUMANS WANTED TO SEE A HERO WIN. THE MONGROL DIDN'T LOOK LIKE A HERO. HE LOOKED LIKE THE GAWK.

RIP HIS WIRES OUT, SPAR-TEKUS!

HE WAS PAID TO TAKE A DIVE.

HUMANS ENJOYED WATCHING ROBOTS BEING BEATEN UP. IT MADE THEM FEEL SUPERIOR. THEY DIDN'T FEEL ANY PITY...

GAAAHH!

WHO COULD FEEL PITY FOR A HIDEOUS WRECK LIKE THE GAWK?

EXCUSE ME...

KRUNK!

WHO'S THAT FREAK? IS HE PART OF THE SHOW?

IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT TO BE, MONGROL? A FREAK? A FIGURE OF FUN? THE GAWK?

UUH? HOW YOU KNOW MONGROL'S NAME? SOMETIMES—HRRRGH—EVEN MONGROL NOT KNOW HIS NAME!

I KNOW YOU WERE ONCE A MEMBER OF THE *ABC WARRIORS!* ONE OF AN ELITE SQUAD WHO BROUGHT PEACE TO A PLANET!

YOU KNOW LOT! MONGROL THINK YOU ONE OF THEM ROBO-SECURITY SNOOPERS! MONGROL *SMUSH* YOU!

I'M NO SECURITY SNOOPER! I'M HERE TO OFFER YOU YOUR OLD JOB.

MONGROL ALREADY GOT JOB! MONGROL IS THE GAWK!

WHAT WOULD LARA THINK OF THAT? SHE BUILT YOU TO FIGHT FOR FREEDOM — NOT A CIRCUS ACT!

P.T. BAR-U

SPAR-TEKUS

THE GREATEST SHOW

GALAXY

GET IN THERE, AND FINISH THEM BOTH!

IN MONGROL'S CLOUDED BRAIN, THE MEMORIES CAME FLOODING BACK... OF THE GIRL WHO GAVE HIM LIFE... AND DIED FOR IT AT THE HANDS OF THE VOLGAN SECRET POLICE.

SPAR-TEKUS ATTACKED... BUT WITH AN ANIMAL CRY OF PAIN, MONGROL RIPPED HIM APART WITH HIS MASSIVE POWER-PAWS!

LAARAAA!

LARA...

THE BEAUTY WHO BUILT THE BEAST.

MY STAR-ACT'S A WRITE-OFF!

MAKE HIM THE NEXT GAWK. MONGROL'S LEAVING.

HE CAN'T! I'VE GOT A CONTRACT!

BOOF

YOU'VE GOT A HEAD-ACHE!

STOP THEM!

P.T. BAR-NUMS FAMOUS FREAKS CURIOSITIES

THEY TRIED. (BUT NOT VERY HARD).

IN NEMESIS' BLITZSPEAR—

WHO'S THE SNORKER?

THIS IS MONGROL, GROBBENDONK.

NEXT I'M GOING TO RECRUIT *BLACKBLOOD*. HE'S NOW A BUSINESSMAN LIVING IN THE *CHROMER-ZONE*, THE WEALTHY PART OF MEKKA.

BUT HE'S STILL LIVING OFF THE BLOOD OF OTHER ROBOTS. HE'S MADE A FORTUNE SELLING ADDICTIVE SOFTWARE... ROBOTS SPEND YEARS — CENTURIES EVEN — PLAYING HIS ELECTRONIC GAMES.

AND END UP SELLING OFF BITS OF THEMSELVES — JUST TO STAY ALIVE.

GOT TO REACH THE 300th LEVEL!

*BLACKBLOOD WAS LIVING UNDER THE ASSUMED NAME OF **BUNYON SNIPE**, AND HAD MARRIED A FORMER EXOTIC DANCER, **RUBY YUM YUM GLUCK**.*

LIKE THE NEW COAT, RUBE? PURE STEEL WOOL — MADE FROM THE SKINS OF TEN ROBOTS... SSSS! SSSS!

OH, BUNYON! YOU ALWAYS KNEW HOW TO RING MY BELL!

RRING!

I'VE COME FOR BLACKBLOOD.

THERE'S NO ONE OF THAT NAME HERE. I'M BUNYON SNIPE.

NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME — I'VE AN APPOINTMENT AT MY POLISHERS... SSSS!

BUT, BUNYON HONEY, YOUR MEMORY CIRCUITS MUST BE GOING. THAT OLD UNIFORM IN THE LOFT HAS '*GENERAL BLACKBLOOD*' ON IT.

HE PUTS IT ON ONCE A YEAR ...WHEN ALL THESE ***STRANGE*** ROBOTS COME ROUND, COVERED IN STRAW. THEY SING VOLGAN WAR SONGS TOGETHER AND HAND ROUND THE MOST ***PECULIAR*** PHOTOS OF A PLACE CALLED BOUGAINVILLE*.

Shut up, Ruby!

*SCENE OF A NOTORIOUS MASSACRE BY BLACKBLOOD'S STRAW DOGS.

ALL RIGHT— IT'S TRUE. SO WHAT? I'VE RETIRED.

CAN YOU RETIRE FROM BEING A WAR CRIMINAL?

GET YOUR KIT. THE ABC WARRIORS WANT YOU.

SO THEY SENT YOU! WELL, TELL HAMMERSTEIN HE CAN FORGET IT! SSSS! I'M NOT AFRAID OF THAT CLAPPED-OUT JUNK-HEAP!

THEN PERHAPS YOU'RE AFRAID OF ME...

REMEMBER ME, BLACKBLOOD?

NO!

NOT YOU!

IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!

SOON...

DON'T BOTHER WAITING UP FOR HIM, RUBY. HE WON'T BE BACK FOR A LONG TIME.

OH, GOSH! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO LOOK AFTER BUNYON'S BUSINESS... AND HIS BANK ACCOUNT.

WELL, A GIRL'S GOT TO LOOK OUT FOR HERSELF HASN'T SHE?

WITH HITAKI AND MAD RONN REBUILT AND REPROGRAMMED, THE WARLOCK NOW HAD FIVE OF HIS SQUAD.

IT ONLY REMAINED TO FIND JOE PINEAPPLES, AND THE MOST MYSTERIOUS ABC WARRIOR OF ALL ... DEADLOCK!

NEXT PROG: AND THEN THERE WERE SEVEN!

Nemesis the Warlock

Book Four

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BRYAN TALBOT

LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU-73E

DOWNTOWN MEKKA ... THE ROBOTS' FREE WORLD. THE POKER GAME HAD BEEN GOING ON FOR THREE DAYS, AND JOE PINEAPPLES WAS WINNING...

JOE WAS AN UNDERCOVER COP NOW. HE'D BEEN ON A CASE FOR SIX MONTHS, AND HE WAS GETTING CLOSE TO HIS QUARRY...

HE KNEW ONE OF THE ROBOTS OPPOSITE WAS THE O-MAN — THE HUMAN CRIMINAL WHO, DISGUISED AS A ROBOT, MOVED FREELY AROUND MEKKA.

BUT WHICH ONE? P45 THE ACCOUNTANT ROBOT?

BLADE-FLYER?

FOUR-EYES?

OR McKANO?

JOE HAD AN IDEA IT WAS P45... AND PRETTY SOON HE'D FIND OUT — WHEN P45 HAD TO PART WITH HIS LEGS...

WHICH ONLY A ROBOT COULD DO...

AND WHEN JOE KNEW FOR SURE, HE'D SHOW THE MEATHEAD — JOE'S NAME FOR HUMANS — NO MERCY.

THE O-MAN WAS A SLAVE-DEALER, KIDNAPPING ROBOTS AND SELLING THEM TO TORQUEMADA AS CANNON FODDER...

JOE WANTED HIM BAD.

AND THEN CAME THE UNEXPECTED FACTOR THAT CAN FOUL UP A CASE. THE JOKER IN THE PACK ... JOE'S GIRL — MS. APHRODITE VON BOO.

HI, JOE. SEE YOU AT THE PRECINCT LATER, OKAY?

FINKIE SEZ RELAX!

PRECINCT..?

JOE SHOULD HAVE REALISED HE'D RUN INTO APHRODITE... SHE WAS A SOCIAL PROGRAMMER — HER WORK, REPROGRAMMING PROBLEM ROBOTS, OFTEN LED HER INTO THE SEEDIER PARTS OF THE PLANET.

YOU'RE A COP!

YOU GOT IT, FOUR-EYES! DON'T NOBODY MOVE!

RIGHT, PUNK! OPEN THAT CHEST-HATCH NICE AND SLOW... LET'S SEE THAT MEAT.

KLIK!

SURE, JOE! SURE! BUT I'M NOT HUMAN!

SEE?

THERE WAS A SUDDEN WHIRR OF ROTOR BLADES. TOO LATE, JOE REALISED...

THE MEATHEAD'S HAD HIS *LEGS* TAKEN OFF—

BLADE-FLYER'S THE O-MAN!

JOE ASSEMBLED HIS OLD MAGNUM 3000 SNIPER RIFLE. THE MEATHEAD WAS MOVING FAST, BUT...

JOE! YOU CAN'T SHOOT HIM IN COLD BLOOD!

DON'T INTERRUPT ME WHEN I'M WORKING, APHRODITE.

THEY'D MET ON A CASE, ONE OF THE FEW TIMES JOE BROUGHT IN A PRISONER ALIVE. SHE BELIEVED HUMANS COULD BE REPROGRAMMED LIKE ROBOTS...

I CAN REFORM HIM! I CAN OPERATE ON HIS BRAIN!

KLAK

ME TOO.

JOE HAD SEEN TOO MANY ROBOTS DIE IN THE DEATH CIRCUSES—TOO MANY HOOKED ON HUMAN SOFTWARE...

LET ME HELP HIM, JOE!

HE DON'T NEED A SOCIAL PROGRAMMER, LADY...

HE NEEDS AN UNDERTAKER!

THIS WAS ONE SLAVE-DEALER WHO WOULDN'T GET OFF WITH A SUSPENDED SENTENCE FROM THE PRO-HUMAN COURTS.

ONE MEATHEAD WHO WOULDN'T RUIN ANY MORE DECENT ROBOT LIVES.

AND THEN... THE ALIEN APPEARED...

WANT TO KILL MORE MEATHEADS, JOE?

JOE RECOGNISED NEMESIS FROM THE POLICE FILES. HE KNEW NEMESIS KILLED MEATHEADS— SO HE WAS OKAY IN JOE'S BOOK.

NO! IT'S 'THINGS' LIKE HIM THAT STIR UP THE HATRED BETWEEN HUMAN, ROBOT AND ALIEN!

JOE WAS ALREADY ON THE DEPARTMENT'S BLACK LIST — FOR PURSUING HUMAN CRIMINALS WITH TOO MUCH ZEAL. HE MADE HIS DECISION...

HAND THIS IN AT THE PRECINCT.

YOUR BADGE! SO IT'S MORE KILLING, JOE... MORE HATE! IS THAT THE ONLY ANSWER?

YEAH.

LATER... THE WARRIORS ASSEMBLED IN THE WARLOCK'S PENTHOUSE SUITE ON BRITANNIA...

I'VE NEVER FORGOTTEN WHAT YOU DID TO ME, HAMMERSTEIN! SSSS! YOU TOOK AWAY WHAT I ENJOY MOST ...THE ART OF CRUELTY!

AND I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN HOW YOU TRIED TO KILL ME ON MARS!

SHUDDUP, YOU MACHO-FREAKS! THE GUVNOR'S COMING!

WHO YOU?

RO-JAWS... THE ROBOT WITH THE BIGGER BYTE, JOHN!

IS GOOD! MONGROL LIKE THAT!

NOW THE WARRIORS ARE FINALLY TOGETHER, LET'S GET TO WORK.

BUT THERE'S ONLY *SIX* OF US...

...DEADLOCK HASN'T ARRIVED YET.

OH, BUT HE HAS.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I AM DEADLOCK.

HOW CAN *YOU* BE DEADLOCK?

UUH! MONGROL NOT UNDER-STAND.

THEN I'LL EXPLAIN.

"AFTER HIS BATTLES ON MARS, THE GRAND WIZARD RETURNED TO EARTH TO TAKE COMMAND OF HIS **KNIGHTS MARTIAL**...

"BUT MUCH HAD CHANGED IN HIS ABSENCE... THE **WATCH TOWER** USED BY THE KNIGHTS TO SCAN THE PLANET FROM SPACE HAD LANDED."

"THE KNIGHTS WERE INDULGING IN FRIVOLOUS PURSUITS — IGNORING THE OLD VALUES OF MEDITATION, PURITY AND DISCIPLINE WHICH DEADLOCK CHERISHED.

"IN TIME, THEY WOULD BE REPLACED BY A NEW HUMAN ORDER... TERMINATORS, WHO WOULD TWIST THOSE VALUES INTO A DOCTRINE OF HATRED FOR ALL ALIEN LIFE-FORMS.

"AND SO, DEADLOCK BECAME INCREASINGLY ISOLATED FROM HIS FELLOW KNIGHTS... SPENDING MONTHS, YEARS, IN HIS CELL, MEDITATING AND STUDYING ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS...

"STRIVING TO ACHIEVE THE ULTIMATE AMBITION OF ALL WIZARDS — TO REACH THE HIGHEST LEVEL OF THE ASTRAL PLANE...

"TO JOIN WITH HIS MASTER — KHAOS. AND AT LAST, WHEN I KNEW HE WAS READY, I CAME FOR HIM.

"AND WE BECAME... AS ONE!"

FOR I AM THE NEMESIS
I AM KHAOS
I AM DEADLOCK
I AM THE WARLOCK
THE SHAPE OF
THINGS TO COME

THE LORD OF THE FLIES
HOLDER OF THE SWORD SINISTER
THE DEATH BRINGER
I AM ALL THESE
THINGS AND MANY
MORE

THE ABC WARRIORS ARE BACK...

LET'S SPREAD THE WORD!

NEXT PROG: BIG JOBS!

WHILE **NEMESIS** RECRUITS HIS **ABC WARRIORS**, THE **TERMINATORS** LAUNCH THEIR FINAL ATTACK ON THE GOTHS' HOMEWORLD...

AND NOT EVEN THE MASSIVE **RINGS OF BRITANNIA**— NOR THE **'CUTTY SHARK'**, PRIDE OF THE FLEET— CAN SAVE THEM!

THE GIANT STATUE OF **BRITANNIA** THAT WELCOMED HER INTREPID SONS HOME FROM THE COLONIES IS DESTROYED...

...AND THE SUN FINALLY SETS ON THE GOTHIC EMPIRE.

Nemesis THE WARLOCK

BOOK FOUR

2000 A.D. Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
PAT MILLS

ART ROBOT
BRYAN TALBOT

LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU·73E

FOLLOWING HIS DAUGHTER'S INVOLVEMENT IN THE HELL-FIRE CLUB CONSPIRACY, THE *ION DUKE* HAS BEEN RECALLED TO THE WAR OFFICE...

ADMIRAL! THE TERMINATORS HAVE HIT *THE ALBERT MOON!*

IT'S SPINNING TOWARDS THE PLANET!

DESTROY IT— AT ONCE!

BUT THAT WILL *INCREASE* THE DEVASTATION!

THE WHOLE PLANET WILL BE COVERED IN *BRICKS!*

SIR, I'M PICKING UP A SIGNAL FROM THE INVADERS!

WELL, WHAT IS IT?

ER...

COME ON! OUT WITH IT, MAN!

IT SOUNDS LIKE... 'BIG JOBS'.

BIG JOBS?

BIG JOBS! BIG JOBS!

BIG JOBS!

SCHOOL BUSTLE

THE BRICK MOON IS COMING!

Nestlés

BIG JOBS!

HOWLING THEIR INSANE BATTLE SONG, THE TERMINATORS ATTACK...

WATCH YE FOR THE MARK OF THE DEVIANT! THE TENTACLE AND CLAW!

THE SCALEY SKIN, THE BUG EYES! THE CLOVEN HOOF AND PAW!

WITH SWORD AND AXE AND MACE, WE CLEANSE AND PURIFY!

WE NEVER SHOW ANY MERCY, ALL ALIENS MUST...

IMBIBE Coca-Cola

REFRESHING DELICIOUS BEVERAGE

5d

DIE! DIE! DIE!

DAY AFTER DAY, *THE ABC WARRIORS* FIGHT BACK AGAINST THE INVADERS, BUT...

SSSSS! IT'S MADNESS! THIS TIME WE'VE MET OUR MATCH!

I'VE SENT A MESSAGE TO *THE CABAL* REQUESTING ASSISTANCE.

WE MUST HOLD THE TERMINATORS UNTIL THEY CAN SEND AN ARMY!

FOR HOW LONG? SSSS!

LOOK!

IT'S *PURITY!* SHE'S BROUGHT NEWS FROM THE CABAL!

SHE'S LANDING! SHE'S GOING TO MAKE IT!

MONGROL MAKE SURE SHE MAKE IT!

MONGROL **SMUSH!**

PURITY! WHAT NEWS? HOW SOON BEFORE THE ARMY ARRIVES?

THERE ISN'T GOING TO BE AN ARMY...

THE OTHER PLANETS REFUSE TO HELP. THEY REGARD THE GOTHS AS IMPERIALISTS — PSEUDO-HUMANS ALMOST AS BAD AS THE REAL THING!

BUT THE GOTHS ARE *SICK!* THEY'RE CONTAMINATED BY THE RADIO SIGNALS FROM EARTH — WE MUST HELP THEM!

IT'S POINTLESS. LET'S JOIN THE HUMANS IN MAKING THEIR ILLNESS *TERMINAL*. SSSS!

SHUT UP, BLACKBLOOD!

AND THERE'S WORSE NEWS...

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL YOU, NEMESIS.

IT'S YOUR WIFE AND SON...

CHIRA AND *THOTH* ARE DEAD... MURDERED BY THE TERMINATORS!

NEXT PROG: **TORQUEMADA'S TRIUMPH!**

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK FOUR

2000 A.D. Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
PAT MILLS

ART ROBOT
BRYAN TALBOT

LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU·73E

AS THE ARMIES OF **TORQUEMADA** INVADE THE GOTHS' HOME-WORLD, **PURITY BROWN** BRINGS GRIM NEWS FROM THE CABAL: THE ALLIANCE OF ALIEN PLANETS REFUSES TO HELP **NEMESIS** AND HIS **ABC WARRIORS** ... AND **CHIRA** AND **THOTH**, HIS WIFE AND SON, ARE DEAD— MURDERED BY THE TERMINATORS!

GREAT UNCLE BAAL WAS RIGHT— I'VE WASTED MY TIME HELPING HUMANS! I'M GOING TO *EXTERMINATE* THEM *ALL*...

I'M GOING TO TURN EARTH INTO A *CHARNEL -HOUSE!*

YEAH... THEY'RE ALL *MEATHEADS!*

THAT'S NOT TRUE, JOHN!

SOME OF THEM ARE WIMPS, WALLIES AND FINKS!

MAY I RECOMMEND MY *STRAW DOGS* FOR THE JOB, NEMESIS? THEY HAVE MUCH PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE! SSSSSS!

YOU CAN'T BLAME ALL HUMANS FOR TORQUEMADA'S CRIMES!

WHAT ABOUT ME? AM I INCLUDED IN YOUR PLAN OF GENOCIDE?

THE RACE THAT SPAWNED TORQUEMADA MUST PAY... IN BLOOD!

VOOR CHIRA AND THOTH... MORT AS A SLORT!

I KNOW, GROBBENDONK. I KNOW.

IN FACT, **THOTH** WAS STILL ALIVE, LIVING SECRETLY ON TERMIGHT WITH SIR HARGAN AND HIS WIFE. THE LITTLE HOMUNCULUS WAS USING HIS DEMONIC POWERS TO FORCE HIS MOTHER'S MURDERER TO LOOK AFTER HIM...

...UNTIL HE WAS OLD ENOUGH TO WREAK A HORRIBLE **REVENGE!**

BUT FIRST I INTEND TO SETTLE SCORES WITH THE GRAND MASTER... ONCE AND FOR ALL!

A FEW HOURS LATER, THE BLITZSPEAR HEADS TOWARDS **'THE CONQUISTADOR'**— TORQUEMADA'S FLAGSHIP IN ORBIT AROUND THE PLANET.

FOR HIS FATEFUL MEETING WITH THE TERMIGHT LEADER, NEMESIS HAS CHOSEN TO ACT... **ALONE!**

IN THE THRONE ROOM, TORQUEMADA... IN HIS NEW 'SUPER-BODY'... IS BROUGHT THE NEWS.

ALONE? IT'S A **TRICK** OF SOME SORT... OH, HE'S **CUNNING**, THAT ONE!

AT ONCE, GRAND MASTER.

INCREASE MY PERSONAL GUARDS AND CHECK HIS **PSYCHIC POWER** BEFORE GRANTING HIM AN AUDIENCE.

SOON—

THE PSI-COUNTER SHOWS A SURPRISINGLY **LOW** LEVEL OF PSYCHIC RADIATION. YOU ARE IN **NO DANGER**, EXCELLENCY.

THEN BRING HIM IN!

NEMESIS... THIS IS A MOST UNEXPECTED *PLEASURE!*

THE PLEASURE WILL BE MINE WHEN I AVENGE MY FAMILY'S MURDER! I CHALLENGE YOU TO SINGLE COMBAT, TORQUEMADA!

I'M DISAPPOINTED IN YOU, WARLOCK. A FIGHT TO THE DEATH? WHEN I CAN ACHIEVE YOUR DESTRUCTION *WITHOUT* RISK TO MY PERSON..?

SO... THE GREAT TORQUEMADA IS A COWARD!

YOU SEEK TO *GOAD* ME INTO FIGHTING? HOW... NAIVE. CLEARLY, GRIEF HAS AFFECTED YOUR JUDGEMENT.

BUT NOT MINE. BROTHER MIKRON... THE *ELECTRO-LASH*, IF YOU PLEASE.

YOU MADE A MISTAKE COMING HERE ALONE— A *GRAVE* MISTAKE!

UNDER THE ELECTRO-LASH, EVEN NEMESIS CRIES OUT...

THE PAIN!

SO SOON? BUT THERE'S SO MUCH MORE TO COME—BEFORE YOUR EXECUTION!

YOU CAN BREAK MY BODY, TORQUEMADA ... BUT NOT MY SPIRIT!

FAIR ENOUGH. I'LL SETTLE FOR BREAKING YOUR BODY!

AT LAST, A SHATTERED, BROKEN-DOWN WRECK, NEMESIS IS FORCED TO CRAWL A GAUNTLET OF ASSEMBLED TERMINATORS...

...TOWARDS TORQUEMADA, WAITING TO EXECUTE HIM WITH HIS OWN SWORD!

ANY LAST WORDS, WARLOCK?

EVEN THOUGH I DIE... *ONE DAY* THE STARS WILL BE RID OF THE HUMAN EVIL! *ONE DAY* THE PEOPLES OF THE GALAXY SHALL BE *FREE!*

ENOUGH OF YOUR BORING PLATITUDES! TO THE BLOCK, SIR!

IN THE NAME OF ALL HUMANITY...

DIE, DEVIANT!

SHWOK!

BEHOLD THE HEAD OF AN ALIEN!

AFTER THE DOCTORS CONFIRM BRAIN DEATH— SO THERE CAN BE NO RISK OF TRICKERY OR MAGIC —TORQUEMADA IS SATISFIED...

NEMESIS IS DEAD.

IT'S OVER. WE CAN GO HOME NOW.

I'VE WON.

NEXT PROG: ?

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK FOUR

2000 A.D. Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
PAT MILLS

ART ROBOT
BRYAN TALBOT

LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU·73E

ON HIS FLAGSHIP, THE GRAND MASTER CALLS AN ASSEMBLY OF THE SEVEN GREAT CHAPTERS OF TERMINATORS... THE INQUISITORS, NEW DRUIDS, DERVISHES, OUTRIDERS, ASSASSINS, DARK BRETHREN AND BERSERKERS...

...TO PROCLAIM HIS FINAL VICTORY OVER NEMESIS — BEFORE THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO TERMIGHT IN HIS NEW SUPER-BODY!

THE WARLOCK IS DESTROYED!

DESTROYED!

WITHOUT HIM, ALL DEVIANTS WILL BE AT OUR MERCY!

MERCY!

TERMIGHT SHALL BE VICTORIOUS!

PURE PATROL

VICTORIOUS!

BUT WE MUST NOT RELAX! I WARN YOU — BEWARE OF THE PSEUDO-HUMAN! WATCH OUT FOR *THE ANTI-BODY*...

THE VILE CREATURE WHO APPEARS NORMAL BUT IS SECRETLY... A DEVIANT!

TAKE A CLOSE LOOK AT YOUR NEIGHBOUR! WHAT DARK SECRETS ARE HIDDEN BENEATH HIS ARMOUR? COULD HE BE... *AN ALIEN?*

MORE THAN EVER, I URGE YOU ALL...

BE PURE! BE VIGILANT! BEHAVE!

BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T, I'LL KNOW. I'LL FIND OUT. AND ONE NIGHT... THE INQUISITION WILL BE CALLING ON *YOU!*

GOOD ADVICE, TORQUE. UNFORTUNATELY YOU WEREN'T VIGILANT ENOUGH!

NEMESIS! BUT YOU— YOU'RE...

DEAD? NO... THAT WAS AN ECTOPLASMIC *DUPLICATE* DESIGNED TO KEEP YOU OCCUPIED...

...WHILE I USED MY HYPNOTIC POWERS TO GET MY *ABC WARRIORS* PAST YOUR GUARDS.

THAT EXPLAINS THE LOW READING ON THE PSI-COUNTER!

SURRENDER, TORQUEMADA!

TO THE DEVIANT? *NEVER!*

THEN *DIE!*

IN THE BATTLE THAT FOLLOWS, THE TWO NEW ABC WARRIORS ACQUIT THEMSELVES WELL...

BLIMEY! THERE'S A NIP IN THE AIR!

BANZAI!'

HITAKI HAD BEEN BUILT BY THE BLACK DRAGON KAI, A SECRET SOCIETY DEDICATED TO RESTORING THE JAPANESE EMPIRE...

...HE WAS PROGRAMMED TO ACT LIKE THE SAMURAI AND KAMIKAZES OF OLD.

IN HIS MIND, HE WAS STILL FIGHTING ANCIENT WARS, OBEYING ORDERS GIVEN CENTURIES BEFORE...

LONG LIVE THE EMPEROR!

WHILE MAD RONN DEALS WITH THE FLAGSHIP'S SECURITY SYSTEMS...

ONCE HE WAS A 'SNIFFER' ROBOT—A BOMB DISPOSAL EXPERT. HIS SNOUT CONTAINED THE MOST SENSITIVE ELECTRONIC SENSORS.

I'VE BY-PASSED THE HUMANS' FAIL-SAFE DEVICES. WE NOW HAVE OPERATIONAL CONTROL OF THE SHIP!

EXCELLENT WORK, RONN! SSS!

BLACKBLOOD BRINGS 'THE CONQUISTADOR' ALONGSIDE THE OTHER TERMIGHT SHIPS AND SUBJECTS THEM TO A DEVASTATING BROADSIDE...

AND, RELUCTANT TO FIRE BACK AT THEIR GRAND MASTER, BY THE TIME THE CAPTAINS MAKE THE DECISION... IT IS TOO LATE!

MEANWHILE...

REIN-FORCEMENTS! CAN YOU STOP THEM, MONGROL?

ANYTHING FOR YOU, PRETTY LADY. YOU REMIND MONGROL OF...

LAAARAAA!

HE'S BRINGING THE ROOF DOWN!

AAAH!

BLACKBLOOD! SWITCH OFF THE GRAVITY!

AS THE SHIP'S ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY IS CUT, THE TERMINATORS FLOAT HELPLESSLY INTO THE AIR...

...AND ARE CAUGHT IN A WITHERING CROSS-FIRE... THE WARRIORS' MAGNETIC BOOTS HOLDING THEM TO THE GROUND.

THE TERMIGHT LEADER SCRAMBLES THROUGH AN EXIT...

Slurp! Ketchup time!

I'LL GET THE MEATHEAD!

NO, JOE... I'M GOING AFTER HIM...

TORQUEMADA'S ALL MINE!

NEXT PROG: VENGEANCE AND RETRIBUTION!

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK FOUR

2000AD Credit Card:

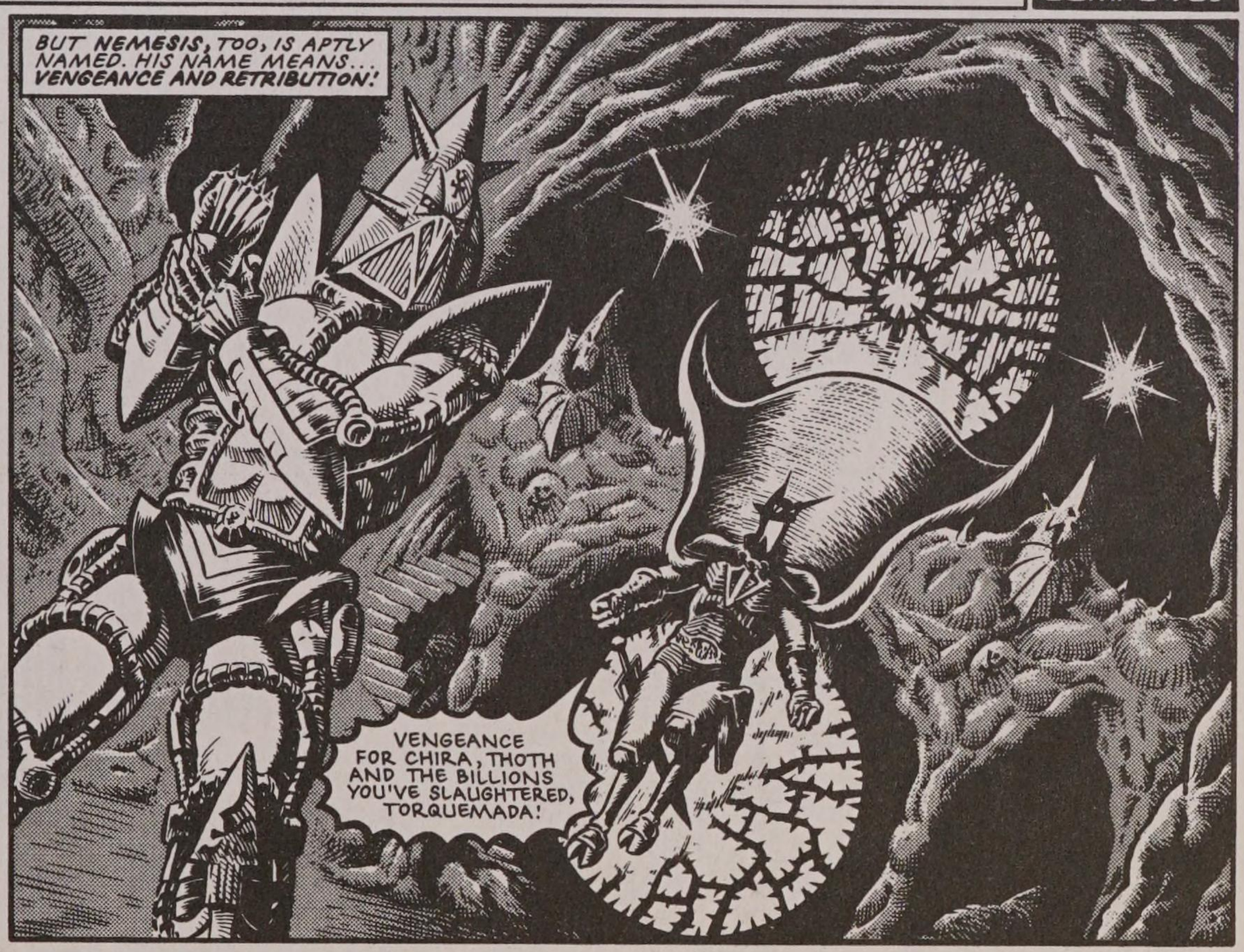
SCRIPT ROBOT
PAT MILLS

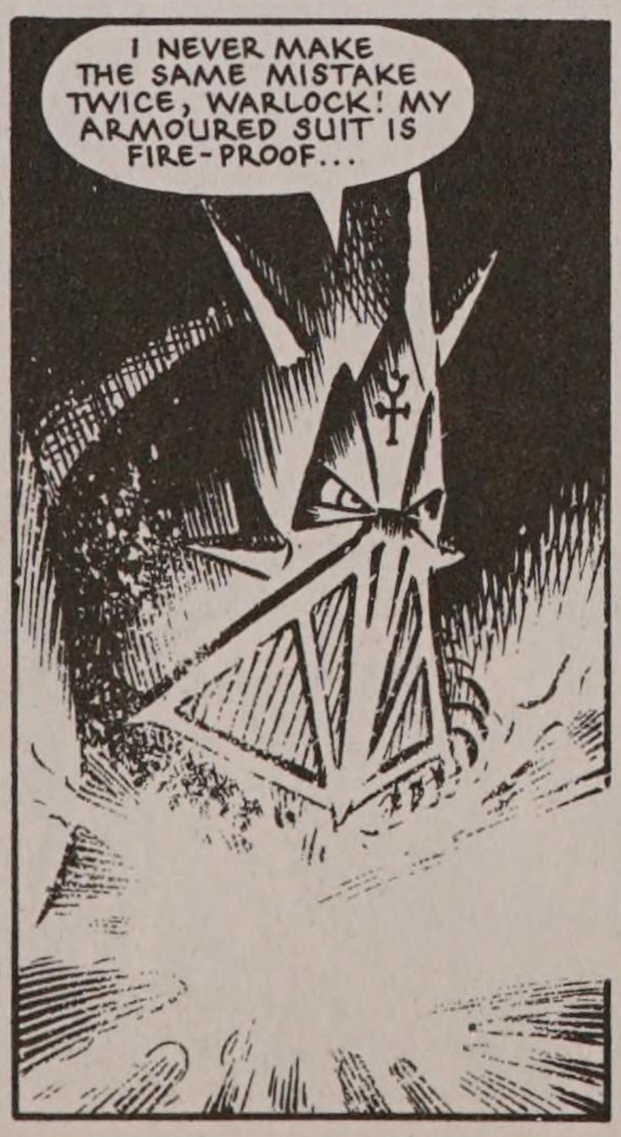
ART ROBOT
BRYAN TALBOT

LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU·73E

KLAK
IF EVER A MAN WAS APTLY NAMED, IT WAS TOMAS DE TORQUEMADA ...CALLED AFTER THE INFAMOUS SPANISH INQUISITOR, HIS NAME WAS LIKE SOME GHASTLY JOKE...
KLAK
IT COMES FROM 'TORQUE'— THE LATIN WORD FOR TORTURE ...AND 'QUEMADA', WHICH MEANS 'THE BURNING'.
KLIK


BUT NEMESIS, TOO, IS APTLY NAMED. HIS NAME MEANS... VENGEANCE AND RETRIBUTION!
VENGEANCE FOR CHIRA, THOTH AND THE BILLIONS YOU'VE SLAUGHTERED, TORQUEMADA!



AND PSYCHIC-PROOF... SO SPARE ME YOUR IMAGINARY MONSTERS!
THIS MATTER MUST BE SETTLED...
...AT CLOSE QUARTERS!

SICK BIGOT! CRAZY FANATIC!

THERE HAS TO BE AN END TO YOUR EVIL!

I REJOICE AT THE MALEVOLENCE OF THE DEVIANT...

...FOR IT SHOWS I HAVE FOLLOWED THE PATH OF RIGHTEOUSNESS!

WHERE'S THAT MADMAN GONE?

KTUNK

DIE, WARLOCK!

NEXT PROG:

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

BOOK FOUR

2000 A.D. Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
PAT MILLS

ART ROBOT
BRYAN TALBOT

LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU·73E

NEMESIS IS TRAPPED... BUT AS A TRIUMPHANT TORQUEMADA MOVES IN FOR THE KILL...

AAAAHHH!

THE GRAND MASTER'S HELMET IS COVERED IN A WEIRD GREEN SLIME...

ACID...

...EATING THROUGH THE METAL...

GOT TO... BURN IT OFF ME!

MEANWHILE, THE WARLOCK USES HIS TELEKINETIC POWERS TO OPEN THE DOOR THAT TORQUEMADA IS USING TO CRUSH HIM.

USING A POWERFUL 'LEVITATION' THRUST, NEMESIS HURLS HIMSELF AT HIS OPPONENT.

THE FORCE OF THE IMPACT SENDS THEM CRASHING THROUGH A PORTHOLE — INTO SPACE!

THIS TIME, MY LIFE IS *REALLY* AT STAKE...

IF I DIE IN THIS BODY... I DIE *FOREVER!*

AS BLACKBLOOD COMPLETES THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TERMIGHT FLEET...

...NEMESIS BACKS TORQUEMADA TOWARDS A LASER CANNON...

EEEEHHH!

IN HIDEOUS PAIN, TORQUEMADA JAVELINS HIS SWORD TOWARDS NEMESIS...

AND DRAWS ALIEN BLOOD!

THEN, TORQUEMADA JETS TOWARDS AN ESCAPE POD.

BROTHER MIKRON!

BUT SOMETHING STRANGE IS HAPPENING TO HIS NEW 'SUPER-BODY'...

PART OF IT REVERTS TO THE **CHAMELEON-SUBSTANCE** FROM WHICH THE GOTHS FORM THEMSELVES...

GET A DOCTOR.

...AND, REACTING WITH THE ARTIFICIAL ENZYMES PUMPED INTO IT BY FRANKENSTEIN, BEGINS TO **GROW!**

BROTHER MIKRON HAD ALWAYS ADMIRED TORQUEMADA—EAGERLY BUYING HIS FAN MAGAZINE 'TORQUE-IN', FILLED WITH FASCINATING DETAILS ABOUT THE ROYAL FAMILY.

BUT NOW HE SAW THAT THE MAN HE WORSHIPPED, HIS **IDOL**, HAD FEET OF...

YEKKKKKK! DEVIATION!

YOU... YOU ARE THE ONE YOU WARNED US ABOUT!

YOU ARE... *THE ANTI-BODY!*

I CAN EXPLAIN!

LIKE MOST TIMID MEN, WHEN BROTHER MIKRON IS FINALLY ROUSED HE BECOMES MORE MANIC THAN THE MOST BLOOD-CRAZED BERSERKER!

LISTEN! IT WAS NECESSARY! MY EMPIRE NEEDS ME!

YOU TOLD US YOURSELF—THERE IS *NO* EXCUSE FOR DEVIATION!

MORE TERMINATORS SEE THEIR GRAND MASTER AS HE REALLY IS—A GROTESQUE ALIEN—AND LOVE TURNS TO HATE!

TRAITOR!

DEVIANT!

YOU HAVE **BETRAYED** US!

MEANWHILE...

NEMESIS! GOT TO RESCUE HIM!

AS THEY RETURN TO 'THE CONQUISTADOR', THE WARLOCK CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF TORQUEMADA'S APPALLING END...

AND HE IS CONTENT THAT THE MOST EVIL HUMAN OF ALL TIME SHOULD FINALLY DIE... AT THE HANDS OF HIS OWN KNIGHTS!

THOUGH PERHAPS EVEN HE FEELS SOME SNEAKING SYMPATHY... SOME PITY FOR THE TERMIGHT RULER'S TERRIBLE FATE.

BUT PROBABLY NOT.

DEATH TO THE ANTI-BODY!

TORQUEMADA CRAWLS ALONG THE FLOOR, HIS SLUG-LIKE BODY NOW SWOLLEN TO VAST PROPORTIONS... SWARMING WITH HIS KILL-CRAZY TERMINATORS...

LIKE A GIGANTIC TERMITE!

NEXT PROG: THE END...?

Nemesis THE WARLOCK

4BOOK FOUR4

2000A.D. Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
PAT MILLS

ART ROBOT
BRYAN TALBOT

LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU·73E

THE TERMINATORS MOVE IN TO FINISH THE GRAND MASTER — YET, EVEN AT THE END, HE IS STILL RESOURCEFUL... STILL SCHEMING...

IT IS TRUE, MY KNIGHTS! I HAVE STRAYED FROM THE PATH OF RIGHTEOUSNESS! GIVE ME A SWORD, THAT I MAY *PERSONALLY* REPENT MY CRIME!

ANOTHER TRICK, GRAND MASTER?

WE KNOW YOU TOO WELL!

LISTEN! BY DESTROYING MYSELF, IT PROVES I STILL BELIEVE IN MY OWN LAWS — IT WILL BE AN EXAMPLE TO YOU ALL!

EXAMPLE? YOUR NAME WILL LIVE IN INFAMY AS THE MAN WHO BETRAYED EARTH!

NO! THE COMMON PEOPLE — THE PROLES — MUST NEVER KNOW OF MY CRIME! IT WOULD DESTROY THE EMPIRE!

OFFICIALLY, I DIED FIGHTING AT THE HEAD OF MY TERMINATORS. GRIEF-STRICKEN, THEY'LL MAKE THE ALIENS PAY A THOUSAND-FOLD!

HE'S RIGHT. GIVE HIM A SWORD.

THROUGH MY DEATH, I WILL UNITE THE HUMAN RACE! THROUGH MY DEATH, I WILL BE EVEN GREATER! THROUGH MY DEATH, I WILL BECOME...

A LEGEND!

I WIN, WARLOCK... *I WIN!*

NO-ONE OUTSIDE THIS ROOM MUST LEARN OF THIS. PREPARE THE BODY...

FOR A HERO'S FUNERAL!

WITH THE FLEET DESTROYED, THE TERMINATORS HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO ESCAPE IN THE FEW SURVIVING CRAFT ...MEK-QUAKE IS AMONG THE EVACUEES...

THERE ISN'T ANY ROOM, MEK-QUAKE!

NO PROBLEM! MEK-QUAKE HELP YOU SQUASH UP!

SOME WEEKS LATER, FULLY RECOVERED FROM HIS WOUNDS, NEMESIS MEETS THE ION DUKE HIGH ABOVE THE DEVASTATED PLANET AT LORD'S CRICKET GROUND...

IT WAS FORTUNATE LORD'S WAS ON TOUR IN AUSTRALIA DURING THE INVASION!

INDEED. THE ASHES HAVE BEEN SAVED...

ALONG WITH MUCH OF OUR WORLD—THANKS TO YOU AND YOUR ABC WARRIORS, NEMESIS.

BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU MODERNISE YOUR DEFENCES, ADMIRAL? THEN NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED.

WE BELIEVED SCIENTIFIC 'PROGRESS' LED TO YOUR TERRIBLE WARS ON EARTH... SO WE BASED OUR WORLD ON YOUR 'GOLDEN AGE' THAT ENDED IN 1914.

AND CREATED AN INCREDIBLE VICTORIAN SPACE EMPIRE!

I SEE NOW SOME 'PROGRESS' IS NECESSARY...

MY OWN STUBBORNESS HAS COST ME THE LIFE OF MY DAUGHTER.

I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, ADMIRAL. THANKS TO THE TERMINATORS, I LOST MY WIFE AND SON.

MEANWHILE, THE WARLOCK'S SON—VERY MUCH ALIVE—WAS PLAYING THE MOST DIABOLICAL GAMES IN A STALSCRAPER ON TERMIGHT...

NO, THOTH! NOT 'YO YO' AGAIN!

HOME

LET'S PLAY 'GOING TO SLEEP' INSTEAD, EH?

FOR A MOMENT, THE HOMUNCULUS CONSIDERED. THEN IT MADE ITS DECISION...

YO YO.

AND HIS MOTHER'S MURDERER FOUND HIMSELF HURLED THROUGH THE WINDOW BY AN INVISIBLE FORCE.

NO!

THOTH WAS STILL VERY YOUNG... WHO KNEW WHAT IT WAS CAPABLE OF WHEN IT GREW UP?

APART FROM ITS OWN POWERS, IT HAD INHERITED THOSE OF ITS MOTHER—AND THE FEMALE WARLOCK WAS ALWAYS DEADLIER THAN THE MALE.

THOTH SAVED SIR HARGAN, AS HE ALWAYS DID, AN INCH FROM THE GROUND...

AAAAHHHH!

THEN HAULED HIM UP, READY TO DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN... AND AGAIN...

SIR HARGAN LONGED FOR DEATH—THOUGH HE HAD THE UNEASY FEELING THOTH WOULD FIND A WAY OF FOLLOWING HIM BEYOND THE GRAVE.

THOTH HAD DECIDED...THIS HUMAN— ALL HUMANS—MUST SUFFER! AND HIS FATHER— HE, TOO, WOULD SUFFER, FOR DESERTING HIS WIFE AND SON WHEN THEY NEEDED HIM.

THOTH HATED NEMESIS MOST OF ALL!

AS FOR MAGNA, WHO WANTED NEMESIS, AND HAD BETRAYED THOTH'S MOTHER TO THE TERMINATORS...

SHE WAS WAITING FOR TIME TO EASE THE WARLOCK'S PAIN, BEFORE SHE MADE HER MOVE...

IN TERMIGHT, THE STATE FUNERAL OF TORQUEMADA TOOK PLACE... LEAVING CANDIDA A WIDOW WITH TWO YOUNG CHILDREN TO BRING UP.

SHE WAS CAREFUL TO HIDE HER JOY. TWICE BEFORE THE GRAND MASTER HAD RETURNED TO HER FROM THE DEAD... WAS THIS REALLY THE LAST SHE'D SEE OF HIM?

AND ON BRITANNIA...

ARE YOU STILL PLANNING TO EXTERMINATE THE HUMAN RACE, NEMESIS?

I SPOKE IN ANGER, PURITY. TORQUEMADA WOULD HAVE LIKED ME TO TRY... TO PROVE ALIENS ARE EVIL.

I'LL RESERVE MY HATRED FOR THE TERMINATORS!

NEMESIS AND PURITY HAD BEEN CALLED TO A MEETING OF THE CABAL...

YOU'RE NOT TAKING *RO-JAWS* WITH YOU, MISS?

YES... I THINK HE'S SWEET.

YOU OBVIOUSLY HAVE NO SENSE OF SMELL!

SOON I WILL RETURN — TO PLAN THE NEXT MOVE AGAINST TERMIGHT.

WE'LL GO ON SPREADING THE WORD.

WWW

THAT'S RIGHT, JOHN...

SPREAD IT!

The End

OF BOOK FOUR

THE END
OF BOOK FOUR

THE SWORD SINISTER

Manuscript: Pat Mills
Artwork: Kevin O'Neill
Illumination: Steve Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Sci-Fi Special 1981

TERMIGHT, CAPITAL PLANET OF A GALACTIC EMPIRE RULED BY TORQUEMADA, LEADER OF THE TERMINATORS ONLY THE AGENTS OF CREDO, THE RESISTANCE ORGANISATION OF NEMESIS, DARE OPPOSE HIM. NOW, IN A DUNGEON FAR BELOW THE TERMINUS BUILDING, A GROUP OF THE REBELS AWAIT THEIR FATE

WHAT WILL THE TERMINATORS DO TO US?

TORQUEMADA WILL THINK OF SOMETHING!

YOU HELPED CREATURES FROM OTHER WORLDS, CHILDREN. I'M AFRAID YOU'RE ALREADY AS GOOD AS DEAD!

AYE! NOT EVEN **NEMESIS** CAN RESCUE US FROM THIS HELL-HOLE! WE MUST BE MILES BELOW THE EARTH!

WHO IS **NEMESIS**, ANYWAY? WE KNOW SO LITTLE ABOUT HIM. HE'S SO **MYSTERIOUS!**

WHAT DO **YOU** KNOW OF HIM, OLD ONE?

I KNOW MANY STORIES AND LEGENDS ABOUT THE NEMESIS, CHILD, FOR I AM VERY OLD AND VERY WISE. BUT PERHAPS THE MOST FAMOUS IS THE STORY OF **OLRIC'S GREAT QUEST!**

NEMESIS

2000 A.D. Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
PAT MILLS

ART ROBOT
KEVIN O'NEILL

LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU·73E

IT IS THE STORY OF **EXCESSUS**, THE SWORD SINISTER. AND A SIMPLE VARK-HERD CALLED **OLRIC**. EVERY DAY OLRIC MINDED HIS VARKS ON THE BLIGHTED SURFACE OF TERMIGHT...

"THEN CAME THE DAY THAT WAS TO CHANGE OLRIC'S LIFE FOREVER..."

IT'S **TORQUEMADA*** HIMSELF! WH-WHAT CAN HE WANT WITH ME?

YOU ARE THE ONE KNOWN AS **OLRIC?**

STOP.

THARGNOTE: BEFORE HIS ACCIDENT IN THE WIRE.

DO NOT BE AFRAID! COME— YOU MAY KISS THE HEM OF MY GARMENT IF YOU LIKE.

I AM GOING TO DO YOU A GREAT HONOUR, OLRIC! I'M SENDING YOU ON A QUEST TO KILL THE EVIL ALIEN, NEMESIS!

WHY ME, YOUR EMINENCE?

WE HAVE DISCOVERED YOU ARE THE **ONLY DESCENDANT** OF THE **WARRIOR M'STRON,** WHO FOUGHT THE DEVIANTS IN THE **FIRST ALIEN WAR** — AND **DESTROYED** THEM WITH HIS LEGENDARY SWORD **EXCESSUS!**

THE SWORD'S POWERS ARE VAST! IT IS MADE FROM A LIVING METAL THAT CAN CUT THROUGH ROCK AND IRON! YOU MUST FIND THE SWORD AND DESTROY NEMESIS WITH IT!

BECAUSE OF YOUR GENETIC CODE, YOU ARE THE ONLY HUMAN WHO CAN HOLD EXCESSUS! IT IS RUMOURED THAT THE SWORD SINISTER IS HIDDEN ON THE ENCHANTED PLANET **NOVALA** IN THE FRINGE WORLDS.

I...I WILL TRY TO PROVE WORTHY OF THIS GREAT TASK!

*"OLRIC'S QUEST BEGAN... AFTER A LONG JOURNEY HE REACHED A **STAR CITY** IN THE FRINGE WORLDS... THE CITY'S CHATELAINE **LADY TANITH,** ALONE COULD SHOW HIM THE ROUTE TO THE MYSTERY PLANET..."*

"FIRST OLRIC HAD TO HELP HER DEFEAT A BAND OF SPACE MERCENARIES WHO WERE BESIEGING THE CITY..."

"THE BATTLE WAS LONG AND BLOODY— BUT AT LAST, AFTER FOUR YEARS, OLRIC WAS **VICTORIOUS**— THOUGH NOT **UNSCATHED**..."

OLRIC, WILL YOU NOT STAY AND SHARE MY CITY... MY WEALTH... EVERYTHING... YOU CAN LIVE A LIFE OF UNIMAGINABLE **LUXURY**...

I'M SORRY, TANITH! MY QUEST MUST COME FIRST! I CANNOT REST UNTIL NEMESIS IS DEAD!

"RELUCTANTLY, TANITH LET HIM GO... SIXTEEN MONTHS LATER, OLRIC'S SHIP REACHED THE ENCHANTED PLANET NOVALA..."

"ONCE, HUMANS HAD ATTEMPTED TO COLONISE NOVALA. BUT THE TERRAFORMING HAD GONE **OUT OF CONTROL**... GRASS GREW AS HIGH AS TREES, TREES GREW AS HIGH AS MOUNTAINS..."

"... MILE-HIGH WAVES CRASHED AGAINST THE SHORE..."

"ONLY THE **NOVAPIGS** KNEW THE WAY THROUGH THE CRUEL GRASS FORESTS... FIRST, OLRIC HAD TO CATCH AND TAME ONE OF THE SAVAGE BEASTS..."

I'VE GOT TO DO IT! I MUST FIND THE SWORD SINISTER!

"THOUGH BADLY GORED, OLRIC WAS TRIUMPHANT. THE NOVAPIG CARRIED HIM ON THE YEAR-LONG JOURNEY THROUGH THE GRASS FOREST..."

"ON THE FAR SIDE, WAS THE GREAT DESERT... NOW OLRIC COULD HEAR IN THE DISTANCE THE HOMING SIGNAL OF EXCESSUS..."

SOON I WILL COMPLETE MY QUEST!

"IT TOOK OLRIC THREE YEARS TO CROSS THAT VAST TUNDRA. ON THE FAR SIDE, THE MAD **GORBELLY** BARRED THE WAY...GORBELLY WAS A HUGE ROBOT, LEFT BEHIND BY THE HUMAN COLONISTS..."

DANGER

I MUST DEFEAT THIS MACHINE! TORQUEMADA IS RELYING ON ME!

"OLRIC MANAGED TO OUTWIT GORBELLY...NOW HE HAD JUST ONE MORE OBSTACLE TO FACE... THE MOUNTAIN!"

"WITH COURAGE AND ENDURANCE, OLRIC CLIMBED THE HUGE ROCK-FACE—BARELY SURVIVING AN ATTACK BY MOUNTAIN VULTURES..."

FOR **FIFTEEN YEARS** HAVE I SEARCHED FOR THEE! NOW, WITH THY HELP, I WILL BE INVINCIBLE AND DESTROY THE EVIL WARLOCK NEMESIS!

"FOLLOWING THE HOMING SIGNAL THAT **HE ALONE** COULD HEAR, OLRIC AT LAST FOUND THE SWORD **HIDDEN** AMONGST THE ROCKS..."

EXCESSUS!

"OLRIC RESTED FOR A MOMENT...FOR HE WAS TIRED AFTER HIS LONG JOURNEY..."

NOW I WILL SEEK NEMESIS OUT...

AND WHEN I FIND HIM...

I WILL SHOW HIM NO MERCY!

"EXCESSUS — IT MEANS... **DEATH!**"

FIFTEEN YEEUUUUUU...!

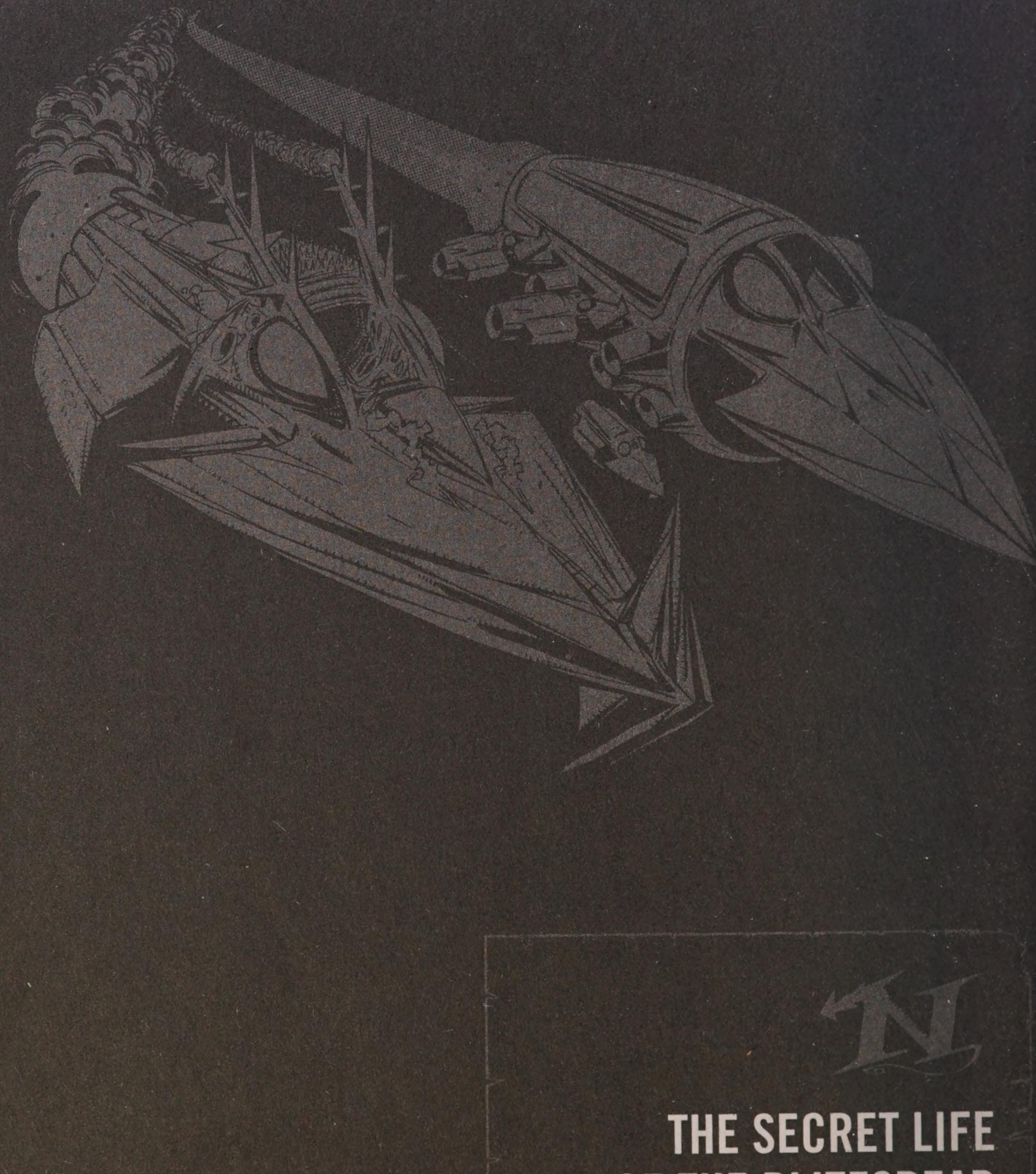
"OLRIC'S GREAT QUEST WAS OVER. HE HAD FAILED."

"BUT NEMESIS WENT ON TO DO MANY **GREAT DEEDS** AND KILLED **MANY HUMANS** WITH THE SWORD!"

NEMESIS!!

I LIKE A STORY WITH A **HAPPY ENDING!**

AND THAT IS HOW OUR GREAT LEADER **RE-GAINED** HIS SWORD. FOR THE HUMAN, M'STRON, HAD STOLEN IT FROM THE WARLOCK MANY YEARS BEFORE— AND FASHIONED IT TO HIS GRASP. BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY FOR ANOTHER DAY, CHILDREN.



THE SECRET LIFE OF THE BLITZSPEAR

Manuscript: Pat Mills
Artwork: Kevin O'Neill
Illumination: Steve Potter

Originally published in *2000 AD* Annual 1983

BULL BLITZSPEAR, FEMALES AND YOUNG BEING CULLED BY THE TERMINATORS. (THE BLITZSPEAR IS THE SYMBOL OF THE ARCH DEVIANT NEMESIS THE WARLOCK).

KEVIN O'NEILL

The SECRET Life of t

A TYPHON OF BLITZSPEARS SOARS THROUGH THE FIERY AIR OF MURDUK, NEMESIS'S HOME PLANET IN THE NETHER WORLDS. ONE OF THESE STRANGE ANIMALS — SETH — WILL BECOME FAMOUS AS NEMESIS'S PERSONAL SPACESHIP IN HIS CONTINUING WAR WITH THE TERMIGHT EMPIRE. THIS IS SETH'S STORY...

STORY: Pat Mills
ART: Kevin O'Neill LETTERING: Steve Potter

...INTO THE AIR! THE ANIMALS FLY BY FORM OF JET PROPULSION — SIMILIAR TO SQUIDS ON TERRA.

HERE WE SEE BUCK BLITZSPEARS IN THE MATING SEASON. EMITTING STRANGE WHISTLING NEIGHS, THEY SHOW OFF THEIR PACES FOR WATCHING COW BLITZSPEARS WHO SNORT AND GRUNT THEIR APPROVAL.

A YEAR AFTER MATING, THE TYPHON FLIES UP TO THE UGLITS ROCK FLOES, SUSPENDED IN MURDUK'S STEAMY ATMOSPHE THE COWS ARE NOW READY TO LAY THEIR EGGS.

THE BLITZSPEARS' MOUTH GRILLES VIBRATE, SENSING MINUTE CHANGES IN ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE...

DETECTING AN ELECTRICAL STORM, THE TYPHON SPEEDS TOWARD IT. IT'S FROM THESE STORMS THE ANIMALS GET THEIR NAME — BLITZSPEAR OR LIGHTNING DART.

THE STORM CLOUD IS COMPOSED OF FRANG — BILLIONS OF MICROSCOPIC PLANKTON CREATURES WHICH NET THEMSELVES TOGETHER IN A WEB-LIKE MASS.

THIS IS A MAGNIFIED VIEW OF ONE.

THE BLITZSPEARS STRAIN THE FRANG THROUGH THEI BALEEN-LIKE MAWS.

LITZSPEAR

BLITZSPEARS AND WARLOCKS SHARE A COMMON ANCESTOR. BOTH EVOLVED FROM A SMALL TRILOBITE THAT ONCE LIVED ON THE BOTTOM OF MURDUK'S LAVA OCEANS.

THE CREATURE FIRST EVOLVED INTO DOLPHIN-SHAPED ANIMALS THRIVING IN THE MOLTEN SEAS. THEN IT MADE ITS GREAT EVOLUTIONARY JUMP...

THREE MONTHS LATER, THE BABY BLITZ-SPEARS HATCH FROM THEIR ARMOUR-PLATED EGGS. THE ONE ON THE LEFT IS SETH, NEMESIS'S BLITZSPEAR.

THE FEMALES CAN ONLY LAY THEIR EGGS DURING A SOLAR ECLIPSE FROM RAMM, ONE OF THE NETHER WORLDS' TWO SUNS.

THE MOTHER MUST FIND PLENTIFUL SUPPLIES OF FOOD, IF THEY ARE ALL TO SURVIVE.

THE TYPHON CRUISES OVER THE PLAINS. SETH AND HIS BROTHERS AND SISTERS STILL RELY ON THEIR MOTHER FOR NOURISHMENT.

INSIDE, THE FRANG IS CONVERTED INTO RICH PROTEIN FOR THE BABY BLITZ-SPEARS WHO CANNOT PROCESS IT THEMSELVES.

BUT WITHIN FIVE YEARS, SETH WILL HAVE BECOME A BUCK, FIGHTING THE OTHER YOUNG BUCKS FOR A TYPHON OF HIS OWN.

IT WAS THEN **NEMESIS THE WARLOCK** AND HIS FATHER, **THOTH**, FOUND **SETH**... ENJOYING THE **HOT LAVA** LAPPING AGAINST HIS LEATHERY HIDE.

THAT'S A FINE LOOKING BUCK, **YOUNG NEMESIS!**

ONLY WHEN YOU HAVE **CAUGHT** AND **TAMED** YOUR OWN BLITZSPEAR, ARE YOU **TRULY** A **WARLOCK!**

MAY **RAMM**, WHOSE **RAYS** SPREAD LIKE **ANTLERS** OVER ALL, WATCH OVER YOU! I, **THOTH, SON OF RAMM**, GIVE YOU MY **BLESSING!**

I WILL PROVE MYSELF WORTHY, FATHER!

O'NEILL-

ALTHILY, NEMESIS STALKS THE
TZSPEAR. THEN LEAPS...

AS NEMESIS LANDS ON HIS BACK, THE ENRAGED ANIMAL TAKES OFF, SPURTING A **LETHAL ACIDIC GAS** THROUGH ITS **HOLLOW HORNS.**

E BLITZSPEAR
ES INTO
E UGLITS...

...WHERE HE HOPES TO SHAKE OFF HIS RIDER. SETH'S **MUSCLES** SQUEEZE EVERY GRAM OF **POWER** FROM HIS **AIR SACS.**

SCUDDING DESPERATELY FORWARD, THE FURIOUS CREATURE GRINDS THE WARLOCK AGAINST THE ROCK FLOES.

UHHHHH!

THER THAN ACCEPT
IDER, SETH PLUNGES
MURDUK IN A
CIDE DIVE.

TZSPEARS
VE ONLY
WEAK SPOT—
WEEN THE
HORNS!

AVOIDING VENOMOUS GAS POURING FROM THE HORNS, NEMESIS TEARS THROUGH THE MEMBRANE COVERING **THE TEPHIT**— THE BRAIN CAVERN.

AND ENTERS THE BRAIN.

GRIPPING THE **CEREBRAL NODULES,** THE WARLOCK EXERTS THE POWER OF HIS MIND OVER SETH. AT THE SAME TIME, HE BURNS OUT THE MEMBRANE SHIELD.

DEFEATED AND EXHAUSTED, **SETH** PULLS OUT OF HIS DEATH DIVE, ACKNOWLEDGING **NEMESIS** AS HIS MASTER.

NEMESIS PILOTS THE ANIMAL TOWARDS THE **ARK BUILDER.**

I WILL CALL YOU **SETH**— IT MEANS WILD AND DARK ONE.

PTAH, THE ARK BUILDER, PREPARES HIS INSTRUMENTS.

YOU HAVE DONE WELL, YOUNG WARLOCK. IT WILL BE A PRIVILEGE TO **CLAD** SUCH A STRONG HEALTHY ANIMAL.

A **CANOPY** IS PLACED OVER THE **TEPHIT.** SETH, EMBLAZONED WITH NEMESIS'S **PERSONAL CREST,** IS AIR-TIGHT AND READY FOR SPACE.

A WEEK LATER, **THE HIGH STAGS, THE IMPERISHABLE ONES,** MEET FOR A **LAUNCHING CEREMONY** TO CONFER THE **DARK POWER** UPON THE BLITZSPEAR.

ON THE FAR RIGHT IS **GREAT UNCLE BAAL**— BEFORE HIS CONTROVERSIAL **EXPERIMENTS** ON HUMANS CAUSED HIM TO BE BANISHED FROM MURDUK.

LIKE A COMET, SETH ROARS INTO THE HEAVENS.

IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOW, NEMESIS'S BLITZSPEAR BECOMES A **LEGEND** ... DESTROYING COUNTLESS **TERMIGHT FIGHTERS.**

EVERY CENTURY, THE BLITZSPEAR SHEDS ITS OUTER LAYER OF **TCHAM,** LEAVING A **SILVER FLEECE** UNDERNEATH. THE BLITZSPEAR IS **VULNERABLE** FOR SEVERAL DAYS UNTIL THE **SKIN HARDENS** AGAIN.

THE **OLD METAL SHELL** IS HIGHLY PRIZED BY **TERMINATORS** FOR USE AS **ARMOUR.**

THIS **BLITZSPEAR** WILL BECOME YOUR **ARK!** A **CELESTIAL BOAT** TO CARRY YOU THROUGH **THE GREAT WATERS OF SPACE!**

*NEMESIS COMFORTS THE FRIGHTENED BLITZSPEAR AS IT IS **EMBALMED.***

THIS EMBALMING IS NOT DEATH, SETH—BUT **RESURRECTION.** YOUR **METAL COAT** PREPARES YOU FOR A NEW LIFE WITH ME... **AMONG THE STARS!**

*THE METAL IS **TCHAM**, A DENSE **STAR METAL** FROM THE NETHER WORLDS' SECOND SUN— **SOTHUS.** THE **SAME METAL** NEMESIS'S SWORD **EXCESSUS**, IS MADE FROM.*

*THE **TCHAM** WILL GROW WITH THE BLITZSPEAR FOR THE REST OF ITS LIFE.*

AS **BLOOD** ONCE POURED FROM YOUR BODY, NOW LET **FLAMES** GUSH FORTH!

THROUGH THE **POWER** OF THE **KANAGA**, ƎE, **TURN BLOOD INTO FIRE!**

*ESCAPING THROUGH THE **BLACKHOLE BYPASS**, SETH HAS STRUCK AT THE VERY HEART OF THE EVIL **TORQUEMADA'S EMPIRE**: TERMIGHT, **MIGHTY TERRA!***

*'N THEIR MANY ADVENTURES TOGETHER, THE BLITZSPEAR HAS REMAINED LOYAL TO HIS MASTER. **SETH** AND **NEMESIS** HAVE BECOME AS **ONE.***

THE BEGINNING...

AFTERWORD

Meeting and working with Pat Mills was as great a career shift as finding a job at IPC Magazines in the first place. The route from council estate to comic publishing was not at all clear in 1969-1970 and, reflecting back, I'd no sooner got an office job on *Buster* than I was complaining about the rather poor quality of much of the Juvenile Department's output and how it was so much better in the old days or at Odham's etc. I guess my youthful piss and vinegar attitude had not abated by 1976 when, on the eve of getting married, I told publisher John Sanders that if I didn't get a transfer from *Monster Fun* - the Sargasso Sea of humour comics - to the rumoured new SF comic (code named JNP13) I'd quit. How he must have laughed on the inside at such grandstanding from an art department bodger*. To his credit he allowed me an interview with Pat Mills and Kelvin Gosnell who were the prime movers on the project. I took along art samples and got the job on the embryonic *2000 AD* assisting art editor Janet Shepherd and maverick art editor Doug Church.

Five years later I was freelance and had worked with Pat on both *Ro-Busters* and *The ABC Warriors*. By then I was an ex-*2000 AD* art editor and Pat had long since given up his editorship of the comic to write freelance. Somehow in one of our marathon phone sessions we devised 'Terror Tube', spinning it off from a Ro-Busters tube chase sequence that management censor Bob Batholomew had truly despised. In those days we could simply ring up the office and say we were doing this or that and it happened. No meeting. No outlines. Just a chat with new editor Steve MacManus and we were up and running. *Terror Tube* unlocked some deep, dark, wellspring that carved a new course for both of us. We were never short of material for *Nemesis* – indeed we probably only put in a fraction of what we discussed. When the series proper began we produced two episodes of *The Gothic Empire* – ten pages made up as we went along – both desperate to top one another's mad flights of fancy. I was having a ball crossing Ro-Jaws from *Ro-Busters* into the worlds of Nemesis but somehow we seemed to have galloped too far ahead and Nemesis seemed rather lost and unexplained in this environment. It had all begun with our mutual interest in British colonial history and mad Victorian inventions. But this had steered us a little off course from Termight. We stopped work on *The Gothic Empire* and began again.

An aside here on working with Pat. He encourages artist input. No big thing these days but back then, rather unique in British comics. As we shared a similar warped vision - and Catholic background - the world of Torquemada grew and grew. (Perhaps the ultimate compliment was his slogan "Be Pure! Be Vigilant! Behave!" painted on the Berlin Wall back in the 80s.) It was Pat who suggested that Nemesis - unseen in the first two episodes - have a head similar in shape to the Blitzspear.

This whole period is my favourite in the golden early days of *2000 AD* though we had censorship problems and readers vote charts dictating the views of, frankly, a minority. Unless they were positive in which case, of course, they were a fair reflection of all our readers.

Another aside. Readers with more mainstream tastes often lag behind the more progressive - and smaller - audience. We listened to our instincts and, usually, the readership caught up sooner or later.

Nemesis also represented the first strip I got to draw on my own rather than the shared experience common to the material hungry early *2000 AD*. This had a huge and liberating effect on my work and I see *Nemesis The Warlock* as the start of my career proper.

By the time Pat caught up to *The Gothic Empire* material I had moved on to pastures new. This was not a decision made lightly and I did suffer a sense of almost bereavement at the loss of my favourite strip. I did return for the odd appearance here and there but *2000 AD* was changing, as it always has, and Pat continued with a wide range of artists.

I have been privileged to only work with great writers and, believe me, if the words aren't worth reading then the pictures aren't worth drawing. So a salute to Pat Mills! And Credo to all our readers.

Kevin O' Neill
September 2006

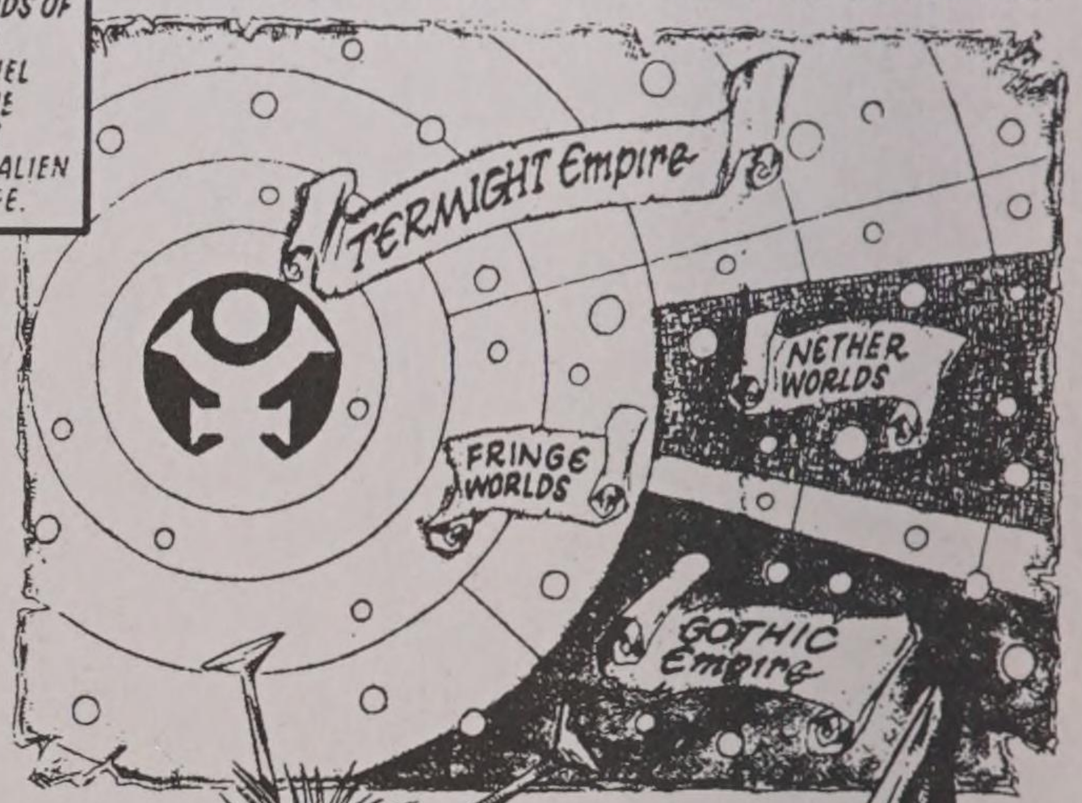
*Bodgers fixed art, stuck down logos, corrected lettering, pasted up reprints etc.

GALLERY

TEXT: PAT MILLS. ART: KEVIN O'NEILL. LETTERING: TOM FRAME.

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK
WHO'S WHO

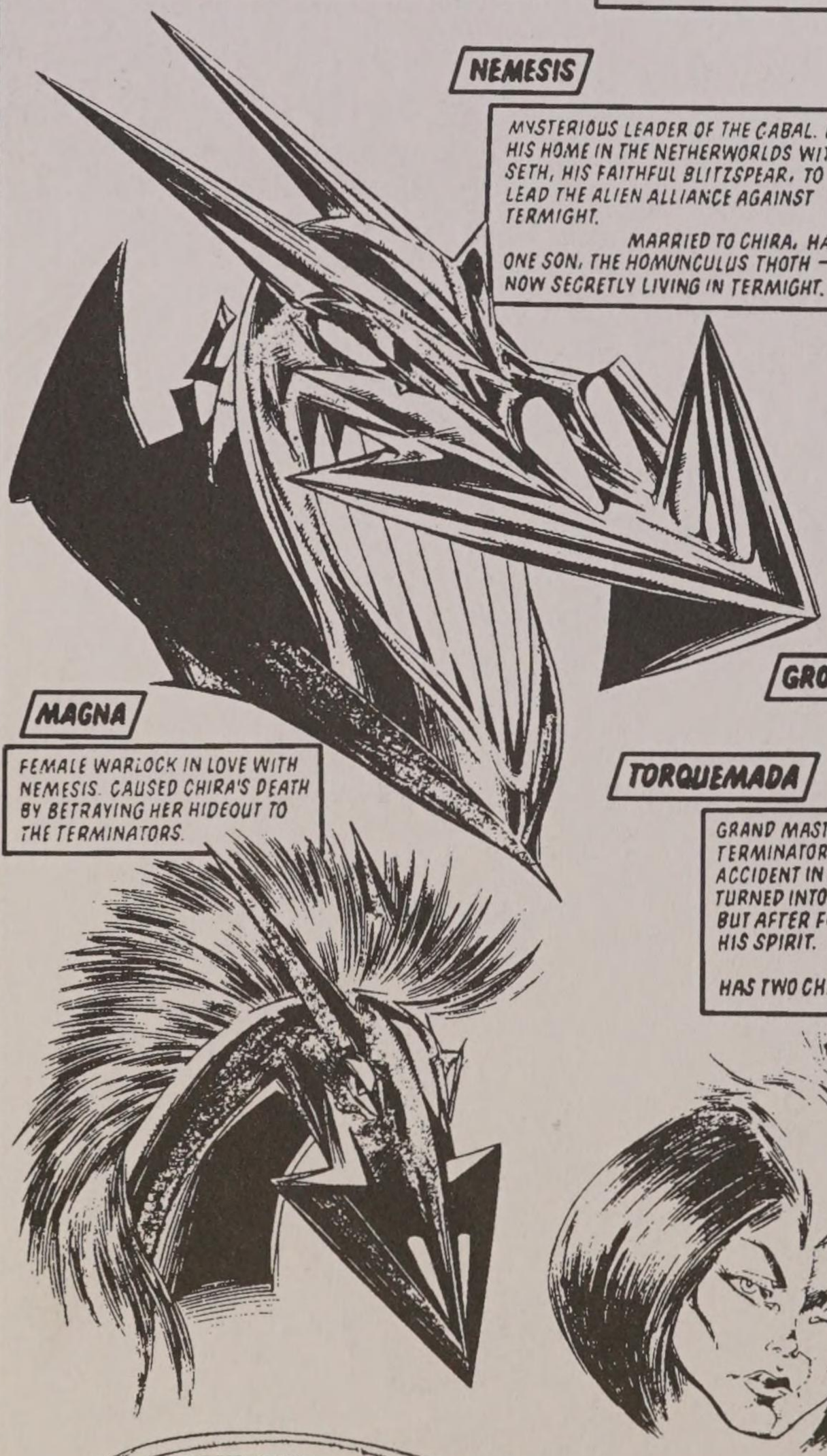
TERMIGHT... EARTH, THOUSANDS OF YEARS IN THE FUTURE... CAPITAL PLANET OF A DECAYING AND CRUEL GALACTIC EMPIRE. RULED BY THE **TERMINATORS** – EVIL KNIGHTS DEDICATED TO WIPING OUT ALL ALIEN LIFE.



NEMESIS

MYSTERIOUS LEADER OF THE CABAL. LEFT HIS HOME IN THE NETHERWORLDS WITH SETH, HIS FAITHFUL BLITZSPEAR, TO LEAD THE ALIEN ALLIANCE AGAINST TERMIGHT.

MARRIED TO CHIRA. HAS ONE SON, THE HOMUNCULUS THOTH – NOW SECRETLY LIVING IN TERMIGHT.

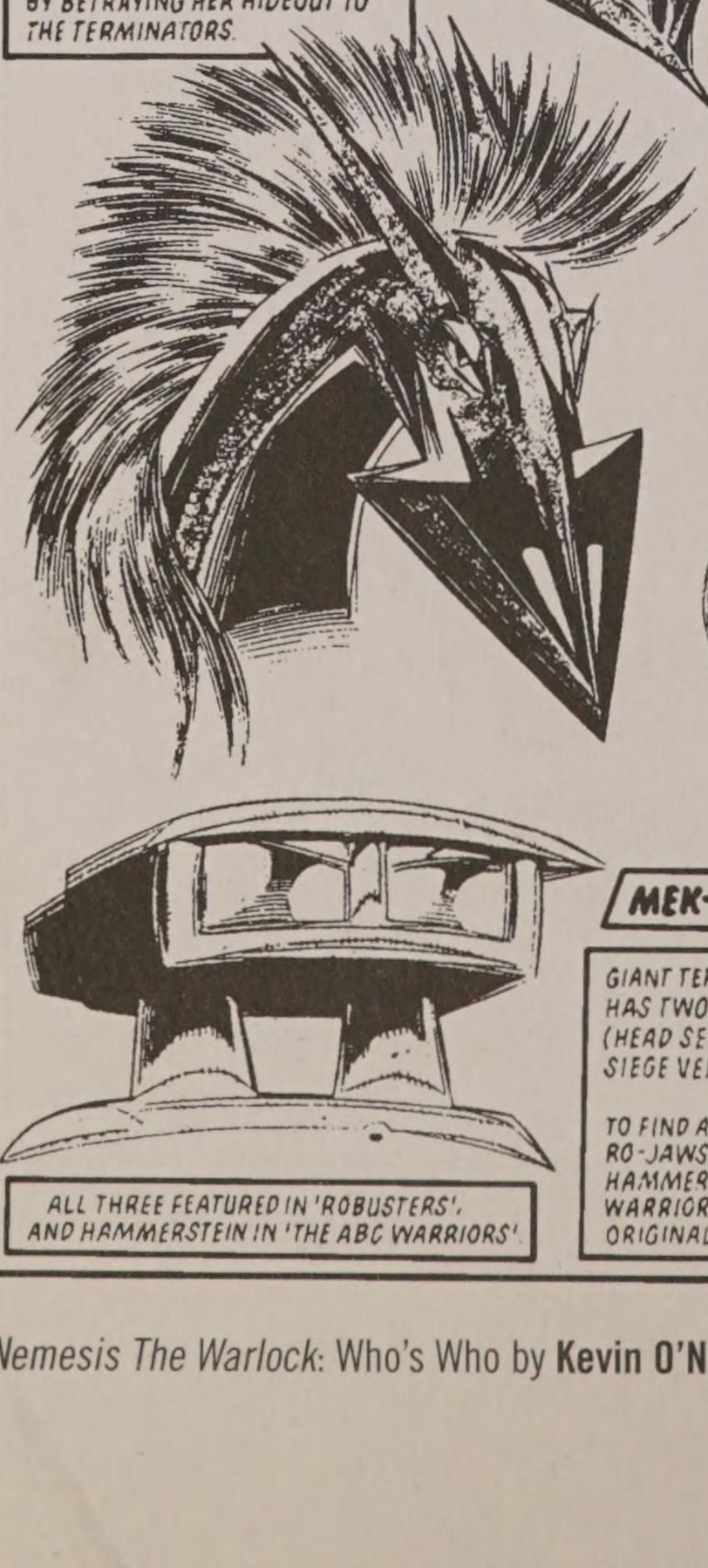


GROBBENDONK

NEMESIS' FAMILIAR.

MAGNA

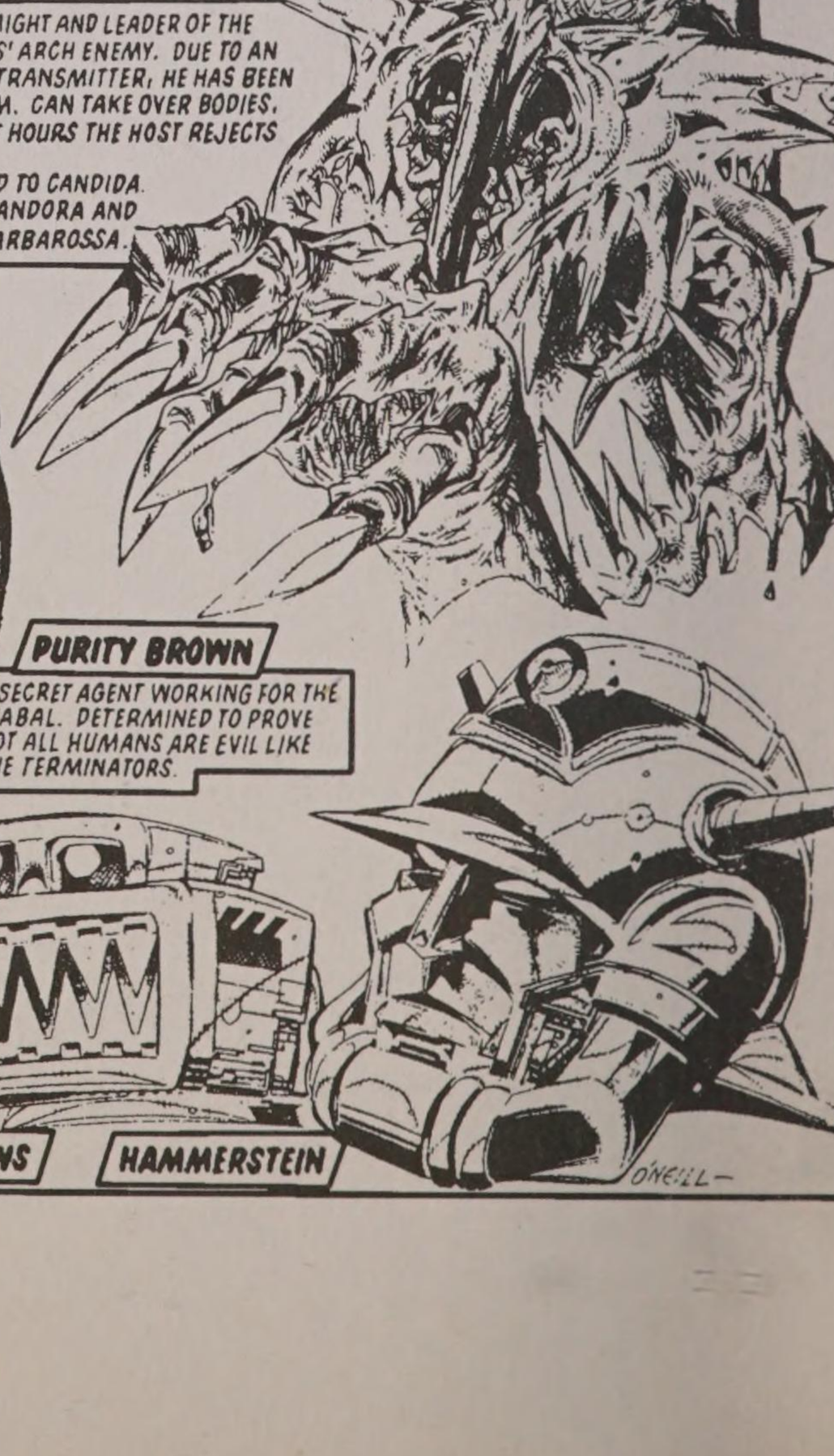
FEMALE WARLOCK IN LOVE WITH NEMESIS. CAUSED CHIRA'S DEATH BY BETRAYING HER HIDEOUT TO THE TERMINATORS.



TORQUEMADA

GRAND MASTER OF TERMIGHT AND LEADER OF THE TERMINATORS. NEMESIS' ARCH ENEMY. DUE TO AN ACCIDENT IN A MATTER TRANSMITTER, HE HAS BEEN TURNED INTO A PHANTOM. CAN TAKE OVER BODIES, BUT AFTER FORTY-EIGHT HOURS THE HOST REJECTS HIS SPIRIT.

MARRIED TO CANDIDA. HAS TWO CHILDREN – PANDORA AND BARBAROSSA.



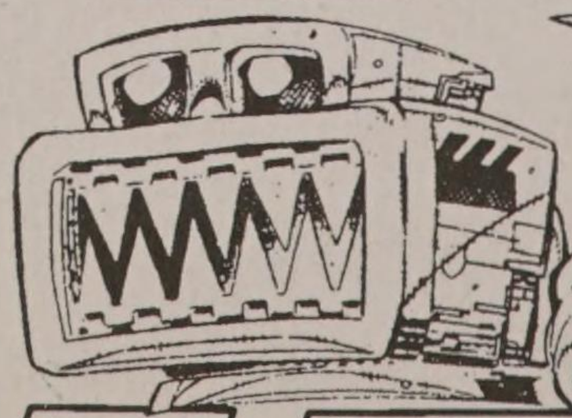
PURITY BROWN

SECRET AGENT WORKING FOR THE CABAL. DETERMINED TO PROVE NOT ALL HUMANS ARE EVIL LIKE THE TERMINATORS.

MEK-QUAKE

GIANT TERMINATOR ROBOT. HAS TWO BODIES: A BULLDOZER (HEAD SEEN HERE), AND HEAVY-DUTY SIEGE VERSION.

IS DETERMINED TO FIND AND KILL HIS OLD ENEMIES... RO-JAWS, A SEWER ROBOT, AND HAMMERSTEIN, AN EX-ABC WARRIOR (SEEN HERE WEARING HIS ORIGINAL HEAD).



RO-JAWS

HAMMERSTEIN

ALL THREE FEATURED IN 'ROBUSTERS', AND HAMMERSTEIN IN 'THE ABC WARRIORS'.

O'NEILL

Nemesis The Warlock: Who's Who by **Kevin O'Neill**

COMING SOON TO A PROG NEAR YOU...

DUMP DALLAS, ELBOW EAST-ENDERS, MAKE WAY FOR –

TORQUEMADA THE GOD!

THE HEARTWARMING FAMILY STORY OF A GOD...

HIS WIFE...

HIS BROTHER...

HIS CRITICS...

as he struggles to lead his flock back to the path of righteousness.

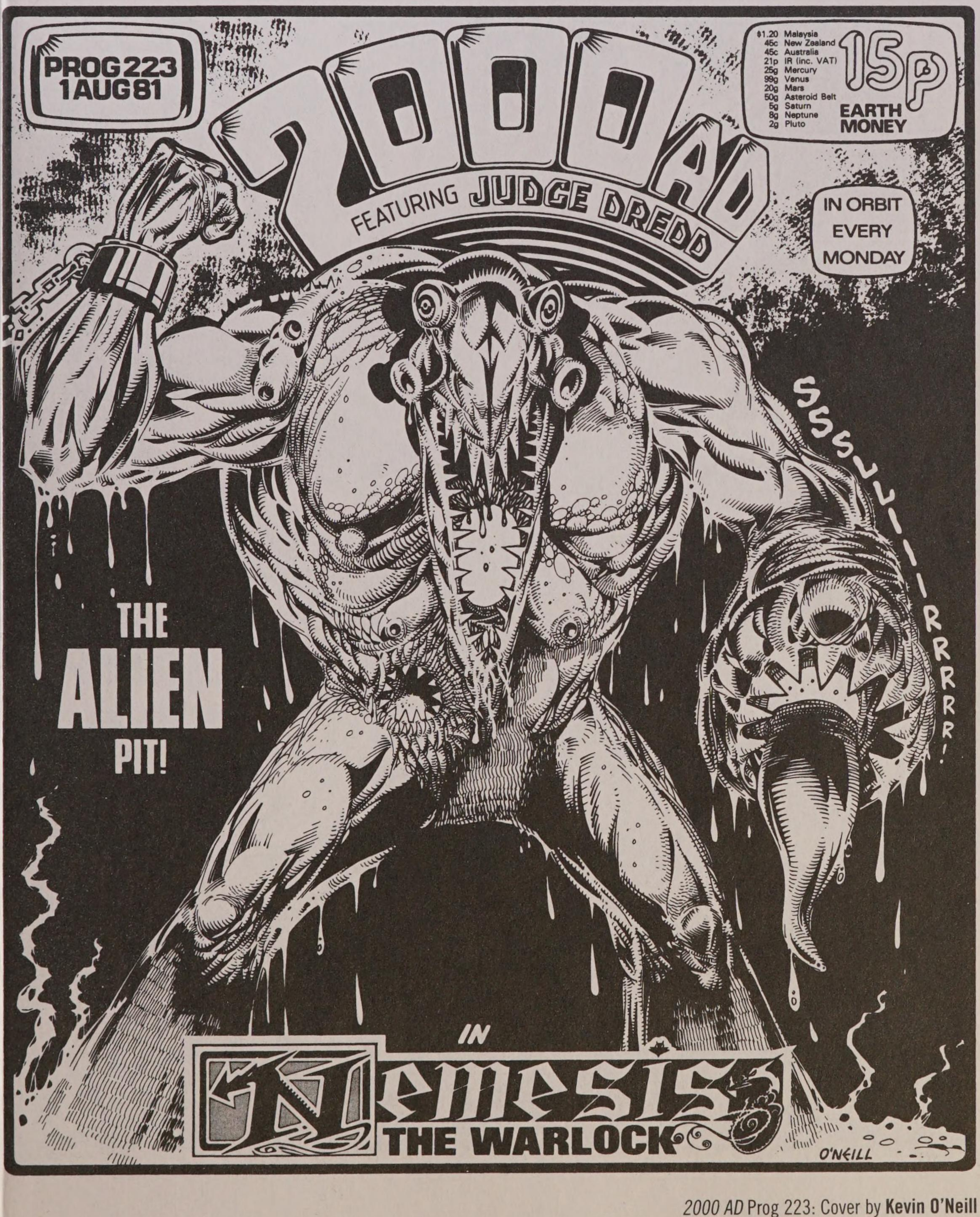
You'll laugh, you'll cry – you'll read it

OR SUFFER THE SCREAMING HORDES OF KHAOS!

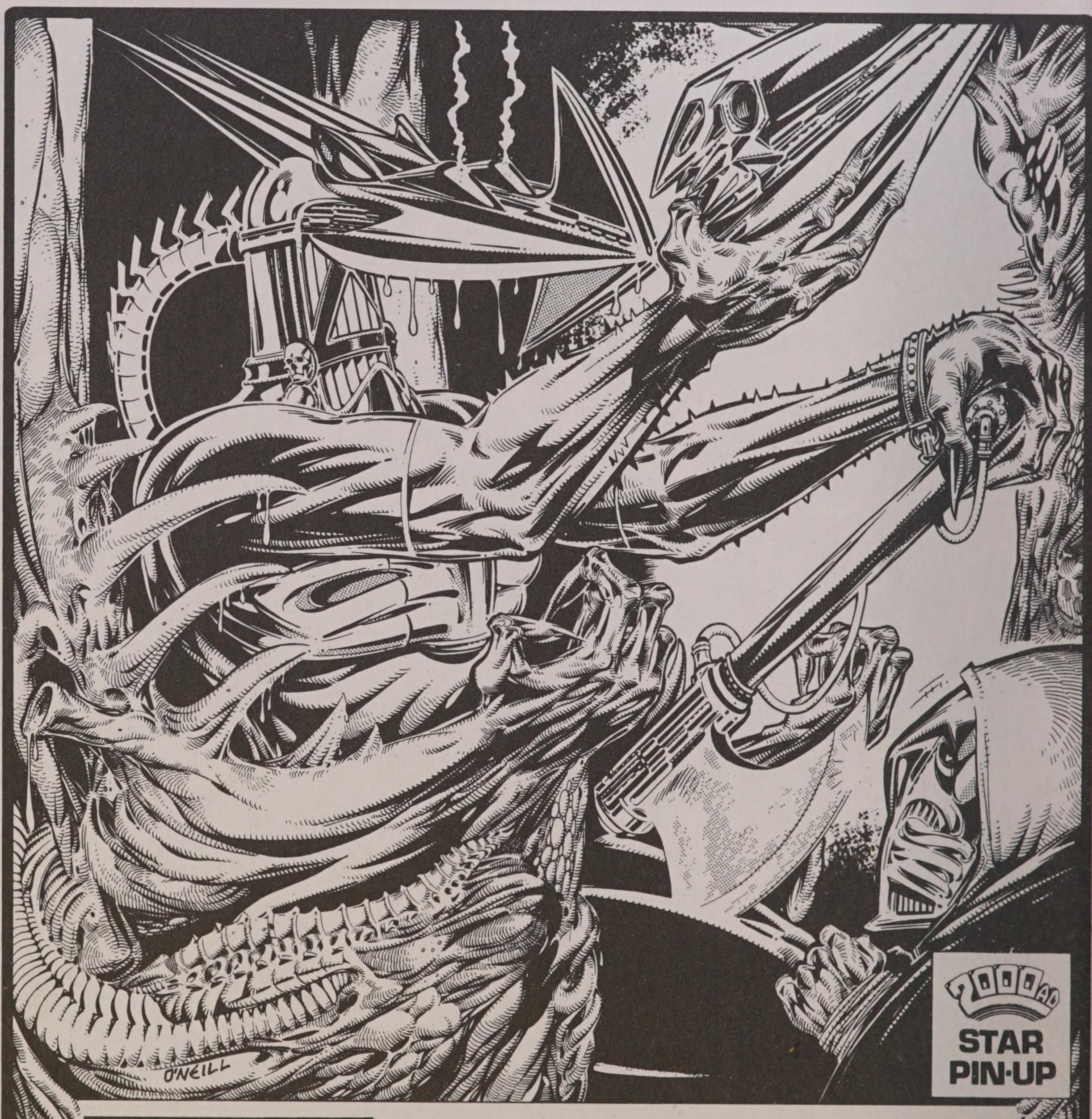
TORQUEMADA THE GOD – A COSMIC MEGA-SOAP

Torquemada The God: Advert by **Kevin O'Neill**

2000 AD Prog 222: Cover by **Kevin O'Neill**



2000 AD Prog 223: Cover by **Kevin O'Neill**



Genesis
THE WARLOCK

2000 AD Prog 224: Pin-up by **Kevin O'Neill**

PROG 230
19 SEP 81

$1.25 Malaysia
45c New Zealand
45c Australia
23p IR (inc. VAT)
25g Mercury
99g Venus
20g Mars
50g Asteroid Belt
5g Saturn
8g Neptune
2g Pluto

16p
EARTH MONEY

2000AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

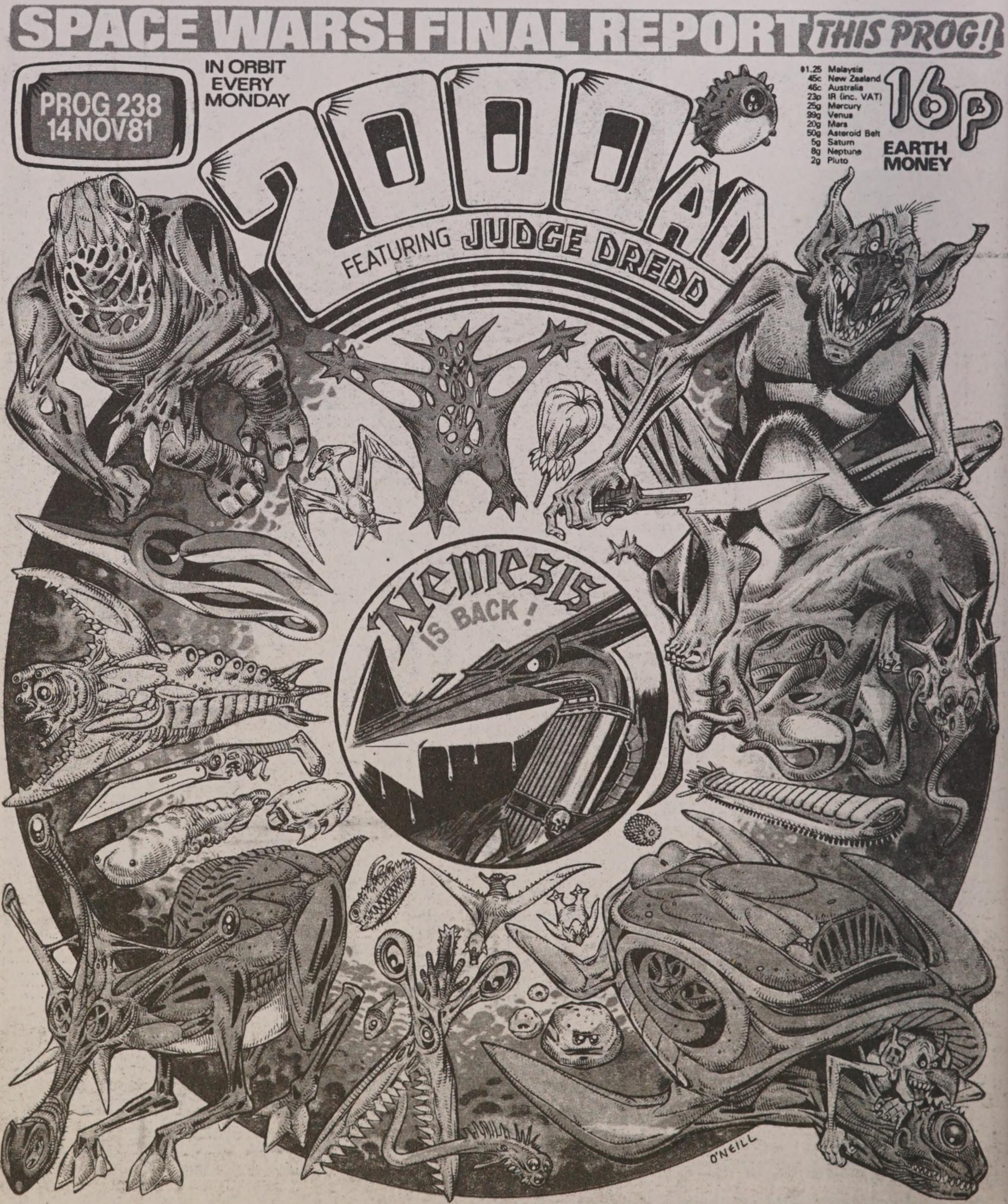
IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY

REVENGE OF THE WARLOCK!

NEMESIS HITS BACK - INSIDE!

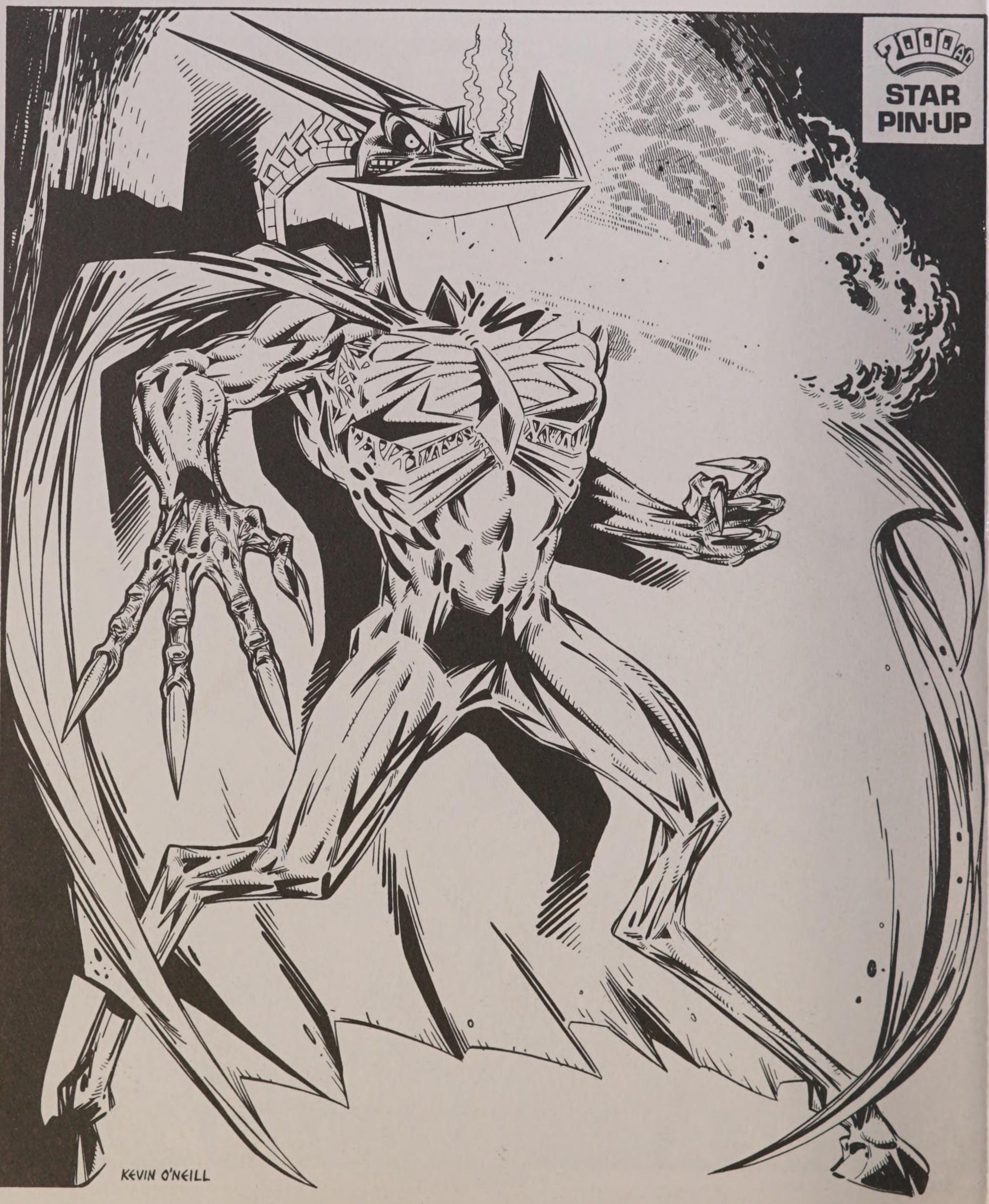
O'NEILL

2000 AD Prog 230: Cover by **Kevin O'Neill**



2000 AD Prog 238: Cover by **Kevin O'Neill**

2000 AD Prog 239: Cover by **Kevin O'Neill**



2000 AD Prog 249: Pin-up by **Kevin O'Neill**

2000 AD Pin-up by **Kevin O'Neill**

PROG 252
20 FEB 82

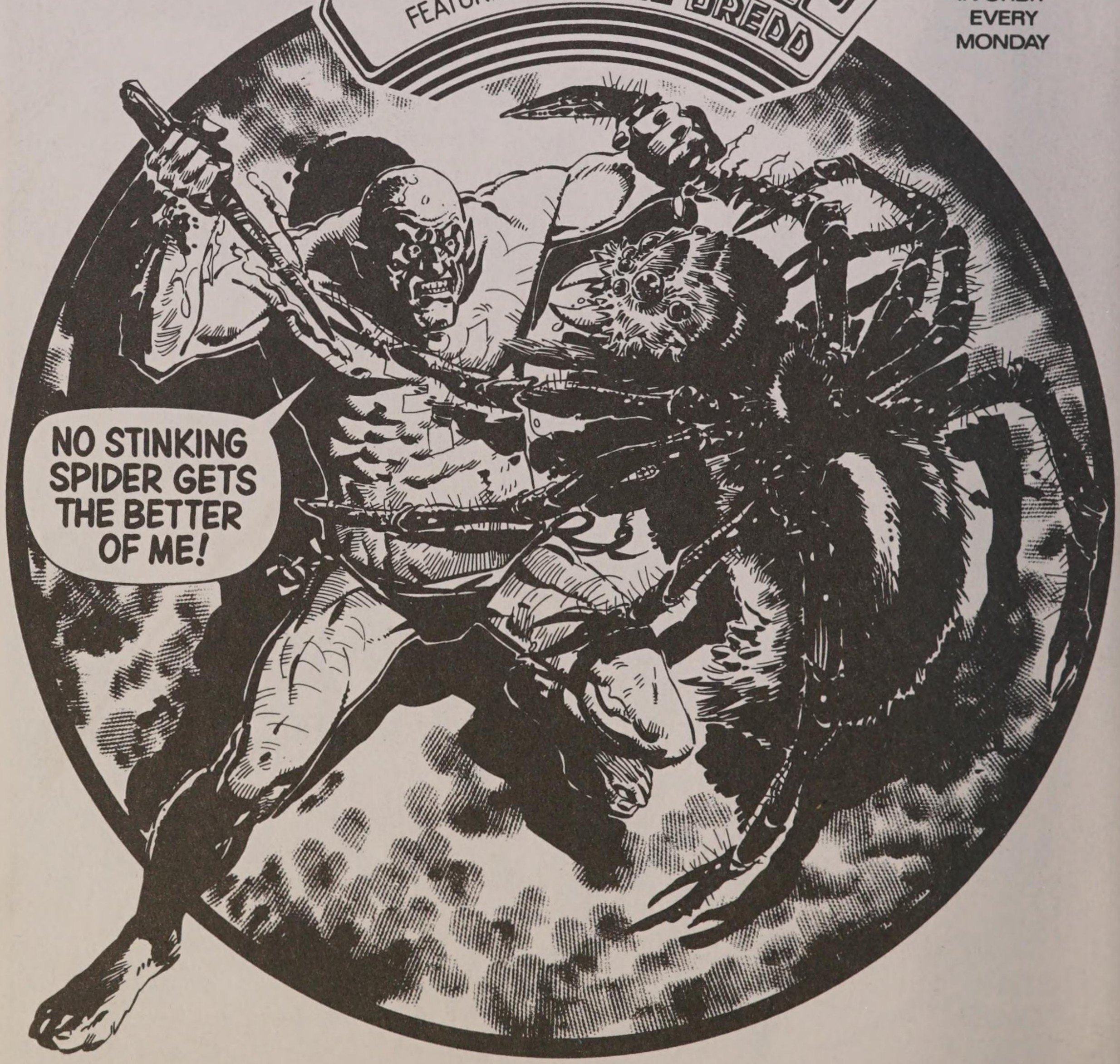
2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

$1.25 Malaysia
45c New Zealand
46c Australia
23p IR (inc. VAT)
25g Mercury
99g Venus
20g Mars
50g Asteroid Belt
5g Saturn
8g Neptune
2g Pluto

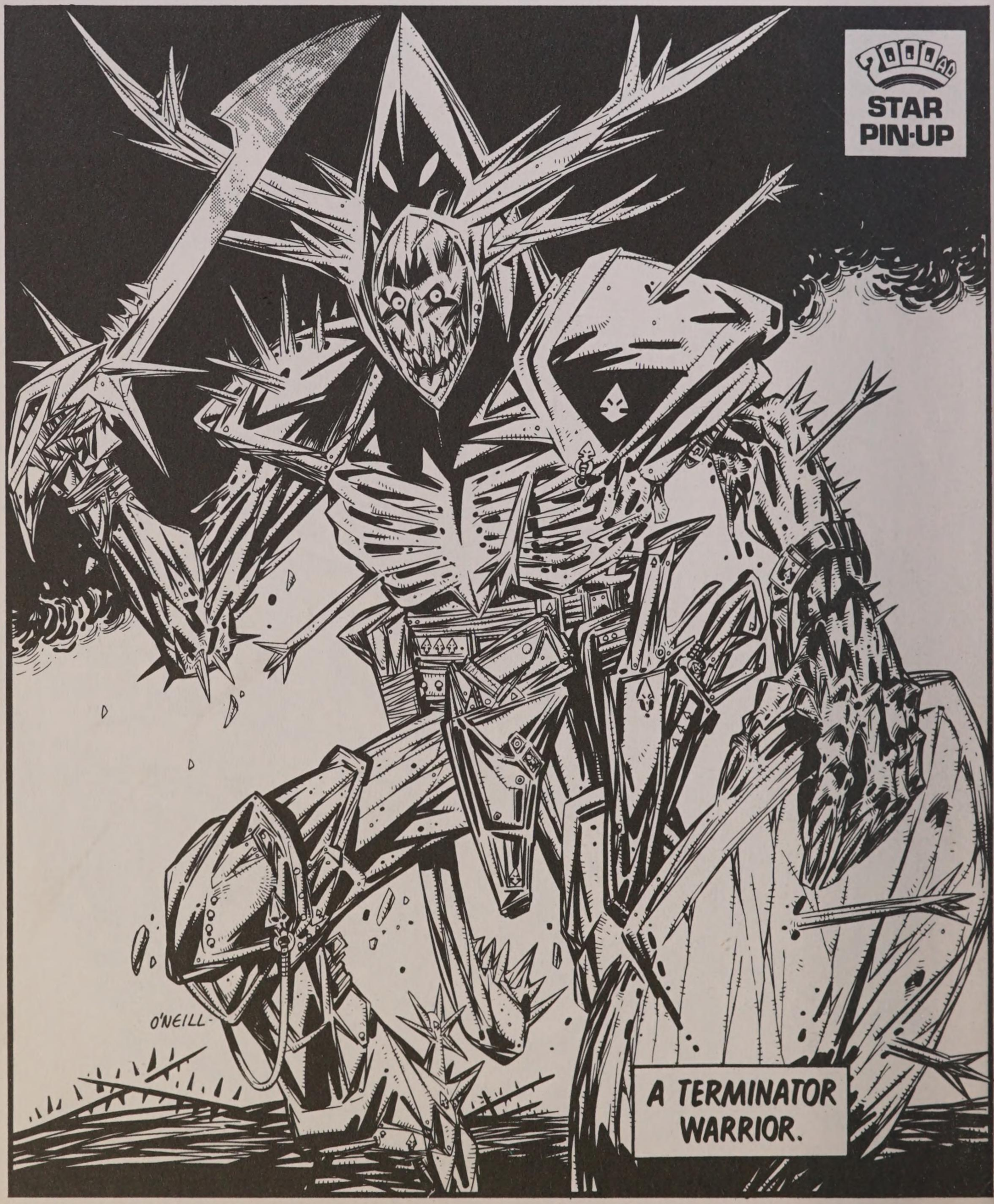
16p
EARTH MONEY

IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY



2000 AD Prog 252: Cover by **Jesus Redondo**

2000 AD Prog 253: Pin-up by **Kevin O'Neill**



2000 AD Prog 254: Pin-up by **Kevin O'Neill**

OFFICIAL PIN-UP OF

THE A.B.C. Warriors...

ATOMIC ★ BACTERIAL ★ CHEMICAL ★

Purity Brown

2000 AD **S**ecret **A**gent **S**can

2000 AD Prog 403: Pin-up by **Bryan Talbot**

2000 AD Prog 257: Cover by **Jesus Redondo**

SOMETHING SLIMY THIS WAY COMES...

JOIN NEMESIS AT THE HATCHING!

2000 AD Prog 337: Cover by **Kevin O'Neill**

TO ACTIVATE

Borag Thungg, Earthlets! Here is another zarjaz pull-out poster for you to display on your bedroom wall. To detach the poster open the staples in the middle of the comic. Then, using a pair of sharp scissors, neatly trim off the sides up to the black line. Lastly, paste the poster on to a piece of cardboard which has been cut to size. Look out for another amazing cover poster soon!

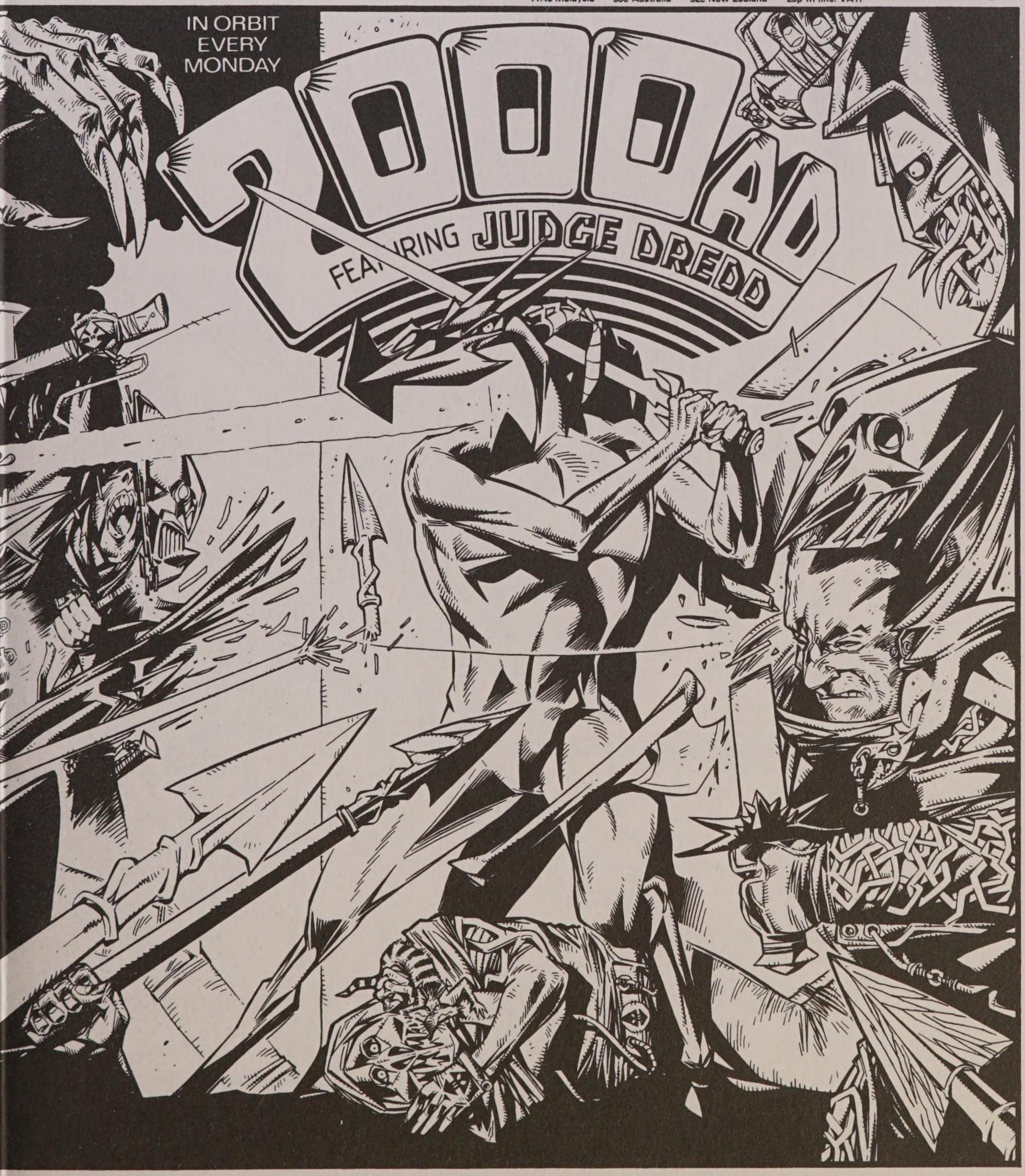
2000 AD Prog 340: Cover by **Kevin O'Neill**

OG 340
OCT 83

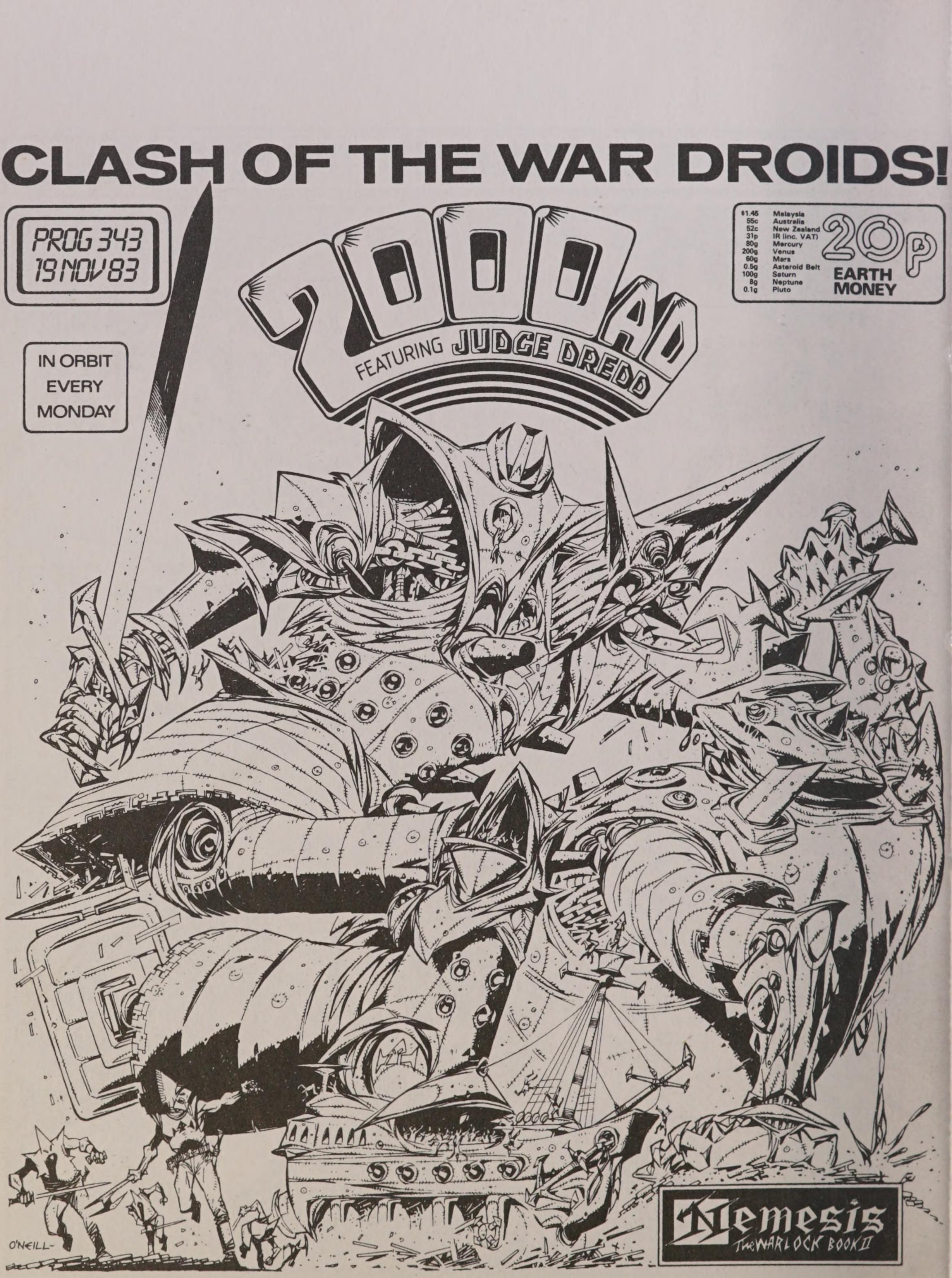
Nemesis COVER POSTER THIS PROG!

20p

$1.45 Malaysia 55c Australia 52c New Zealand 29p IR (inc. VAT)

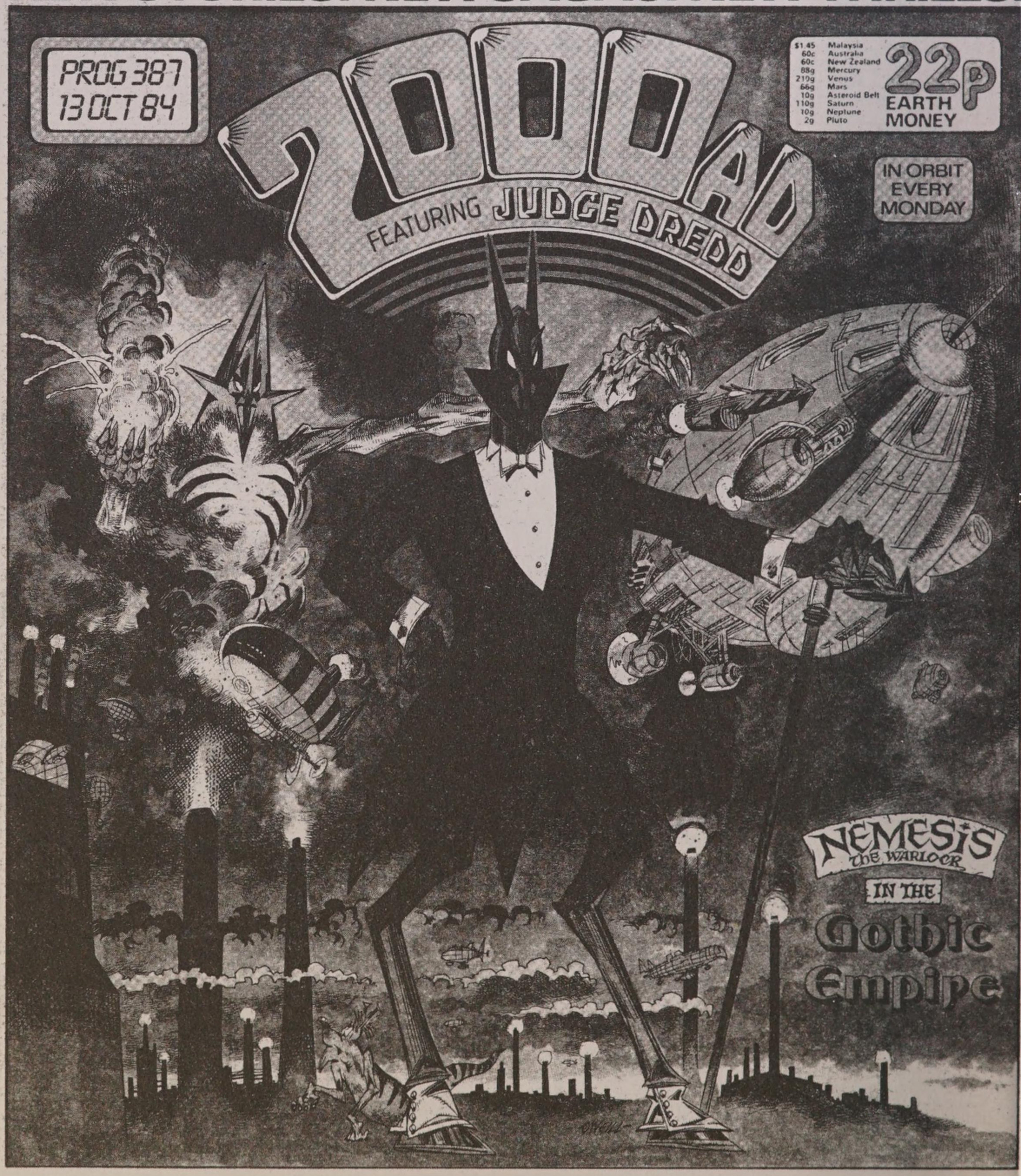


CLASH OF THE WAR DROIDS!



2000 AD Prog 343: Cover by **Kevin O'Neill**

2000 AD Prog 349: Cover by **Kevin O'Neill**



2000 AD Prog 387: Cover by **Kevin O'Neill**

2000 AD Prog 395: Cover by **Bryan Talbot**

A.B.C. K.O. B.E.M. S.N.A.F.U! (O.K?)

PROG 399
5 JAN 85

2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

$1.45	Malaysia
60c	Australia
60c	New Zealand
88g	Mercury
210g	Venus
66g	Mars
10g	Asteroid Belt
110g	Saturn
10g	Neptune
2g	Pluto

22p EARTH MONEY

IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY

MONGROL SMUSH!

TALBOT 84

2000 AD Prog 399: Cover by **Bryan Talbot**

PAT MILLS

Pat Mills is the creator and first editor of *2000 AD*. For the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, he is the writer and co-creator of *ABC Warriors*, *Finn*, *Flesh*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *Sláine*, *M.A.C.H 1*, *Harlem Heroes* and *Savage*. He also developed *Judge Dredd* and wrote one of the early Dredd serials — 'The Cursed Earth'. He wrote *Third World War* for *Crisis!*, a politically-charged spin-off from *2000 AD*, and *Black Siddha* for the *Judge Dredd Megazine*. Outside *2000 AD* he is the writer and co-creator of the long-running classic anti-war story *Charley's War*, as well as *Marshal Law*. He has also written for the *Batman*, *Star Wars* and *Zombie World* series for the US market. Currently Mills is writing the best-selling series *Requiem — Vampire Knight* for Editions Nickel of France with artist Olivier Ledroit, and a spin-off series, *Claudia — Vampire Knight*, with artist Frank Tacito. Two further French series are in production.

KEVIN O'NEILL

Kevin O'Neill is a *2000 AD* legend. From working as an art assistant on the very first prog, he quickly became involved in the creative side of the comic, co-creating classics like *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Bonjo From Beyond The Stars*, *Metalzoic* and *Nemesis the Warlock*. O'Neill has also written for the comic on strips including *Dash Decent*, *Future Shocks*, *One-Offs*, *Tharg the Mighty*, and has illustrated *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *M.A.C.H. 0*, *One-Offs*, *Ro-Busters*, *Ro-Jaws' Robo-Tales*, *Tharg the Mighty* and *Torquemada*. Outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, O'Neill was briefly notorious as the only artist ever to have his work rejected wholesale by the Comics Code Authority! Happily, his notoriety quickly became fame and acclaim, as his work on strips like *Marshal Law* and most recently *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen* have raised him to a very high profile. O'Neill's other work includes *Green Lantern* and *Batman*.

JESUS REDONDO

Jesus Redondo worked on several strips for *2000 AD* including *Tharg's Future Shocks*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *M.A.C.H. 1* and *Return to Armageddon*.

BRYAN TALBOT

Bryan Talbot is one of the UK's most respected comics artists. He has contributed to *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *Ro-Busters* and *Sláine* in the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, and most recently wrote and illustrated a silent One-Off.
Beyond *2000 AD*, Talbot is renowned for his body of graphic novel work, which includes *The Adventures of Luther Arkwright*, *Heart of Empire*, *The Tale of One Bad Rat*, *Alice in Sunderland* and *Grandville*.

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